

10c

DIZZY • TONY  
DEAN • MANERO  
• GEORGE  
BRUCE

POPULAR SPORTS

JUNE 1937

10¢

# POPULAR SPORTS MAGAZINE

JUNE

FEATURING

**POP BRENNAN,  
ROOKIE**

A Complete Baseball Novel

By  
**GEORGE  
BRUCE**

A THRILLING  
PUBLICATION

**SO YOU WANT  
TO PLAY GOLF**

Inside Facts and  
Helpful Hints

By **TONY MANERO**

U.S. Open Golf Champion

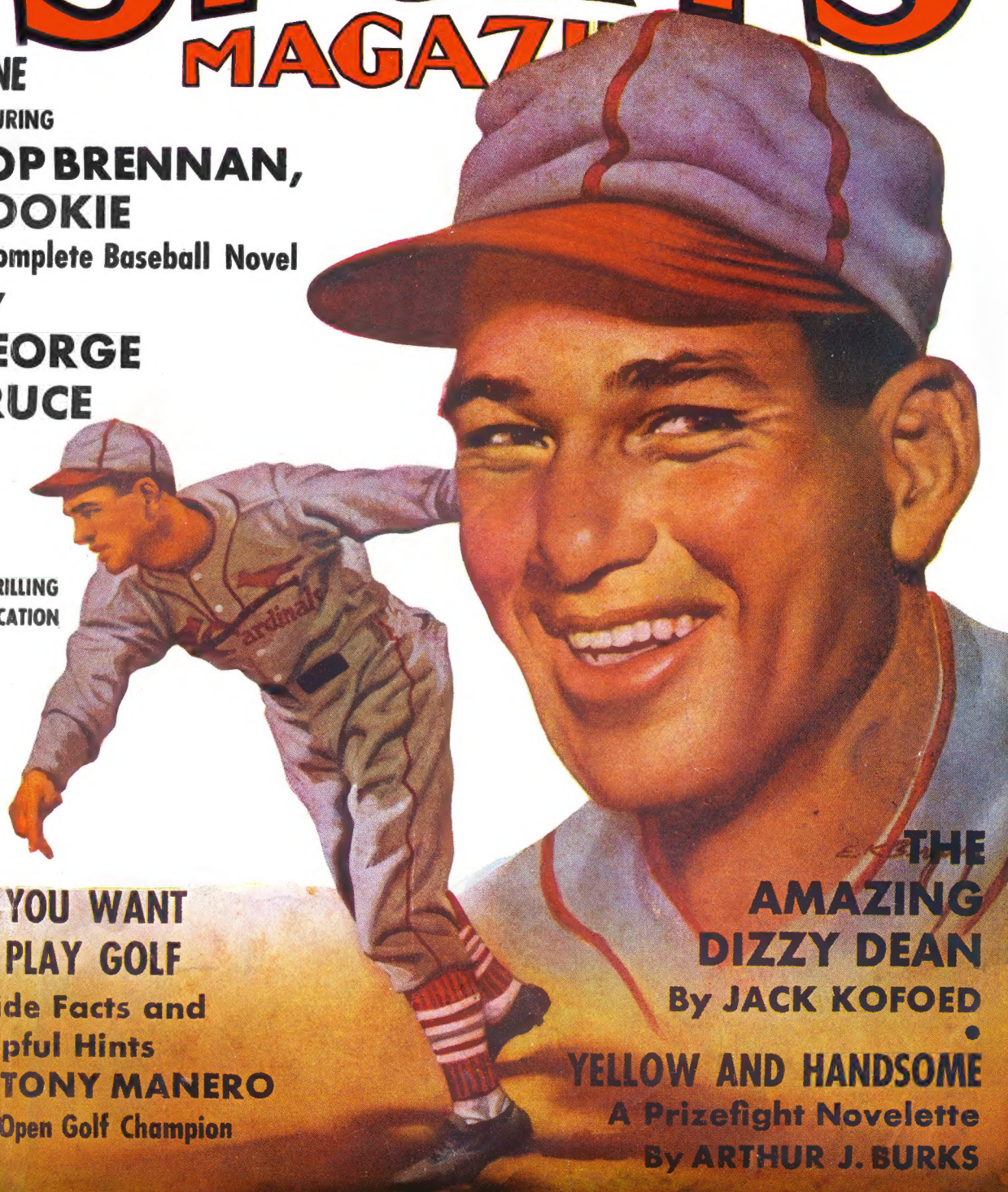
**THE  
AMAZING  
DIZZY DEAN**

By **JACK KOFOED**

**YELLOW AND HANDSOME**

A Prizefight Novelette

By **ARTHUR J. BURKS**





# SWELL NEWS!

*Start Now* to Clear up Your Skin!  
Learn the New Steps! **BE POPULAR**

## ARTHUR MURRAY World's Greatest Dance Instructor— Tells you how to do the very Newest DANCE STEPS **FREE!**

IT COSTS \$5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON  
TO LEARN THESE STEPS IN  
MR. MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO



### ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD ...

Don't slip up on this big chance, boys and girls! Begin today to save yeast labels for Arthur Murray's exciting book of 20 dance lessons!

You CAN'T BUY this book anywhere! The only way to get one is with Fleischmann Yeast labels. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily for 27 days. Save the label from each cake. Paste these on the free Fleischmann Dance Card your grocer will give you.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 81 Yeast labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted up on plain paper.

Send your labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington St., New York City. And don't forget to include your name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in cases outside U.S. and Canada; see newspaper, or ask your local grocer.)



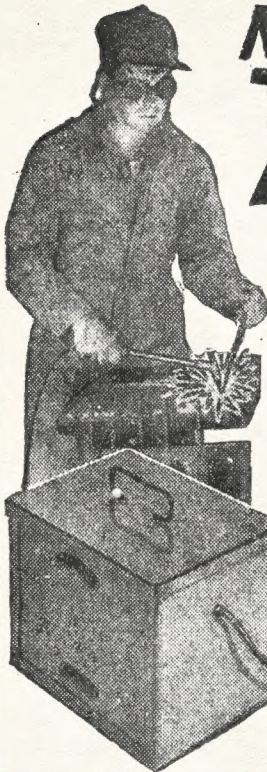
"Keep eating it regularly," says Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, "and FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST will help clear up ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."

After the start of adolescence important glands develop, causing disturbances throughout the system. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break through.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps to overcome adolescent pimples by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes daily—one about 1/2 hour before meals—plain, or in water.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated





# New 6-Volt TRINDL Electric ARC WELDER

PATENTS PENDING

**Works on Storage Battery  
or 110 Volt Light Circuit**

**A REAL WELDER**

Men, here is the hottest specialty item that has come along in years. A real honest to goodness electric arc welder that does a man size job. Built sturdily of the finest materials. Requires no mechanical knowledge—any one can use it. Every demonstration should make a sale. This new Trindl Electric Arc Welder is made possible by the invention of a low voltage carbon which gets white hot from the current of an ordinary 6 volt storage battery such as in your automobile. It only uses about 20 to 25 amperes of current which is about the same current drain as 4 head-light bulbs, yet develops about 7000 degrees of heat.

**MELTS IRON AND STEEL  
INSTANTLY**

The Trindl Welder is simple to use. Expert welding can be done by anyone. The

Trindl Arc Welder is the only battery welder that, after a rigid test, has been approved by the Automotive Test Laboratories of America. It is ideal for making permanent fender repairs—also for broken castings, radiators, cylinders, water jackets, holes in auto bodies, hog troughs, boilers, tanks, milk cans, radios, batteries, etc. Iron, Steel, Brass, Copper and Tin can be worked on for a quick and permanent repair. The repaired part will be as strong as before.

**NEW 110 VOLT CONVERTER  
MAKES FULL SIZE PROFESSIONAL UNIT**

This new converter is used on any 110 volt 60 cycle electric light socket in place of a storage battery. It is especially designed to be used with the Trindl Electric Arc Welder—**COSTS LESS THAN A GOOD BATTERY**—The combination makes a full size professional electric arc welder that everybody can use. Ideal for fender and repair shop needs. This is a sensation, not only in price but also in actual results. The converter represents the same fine construction and engineering skill as the arc welder. The complete outfit, including the transformer, is easily portable so that it can be brought right to the job.

**USERS SWEAR BY IT**—The price is so low that now anyone can afford to have a real welding outfit. Think of the profit you can make introducing this Trindl Welder and Converter—a simple five minute demonstration should make a sale to every interested prospect, especially when they hear the amazingly low price. Garages, radio and battery men, tanners, sheet metal workers, janitors, farmers and home-owners all need the Trindl Welder and Converter.

**ACT NOW!** There are big profits and a steady business waiting for you taking care of your territory for us. Don't let someone else get in before you—Send coupon Today.

**TRINDL PRODUCTS**  
2229-HM Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RETAILS  
FOR

**3 75**  
**EA.**

## FACTS

Here are just a few excerpts from the many letters of praise we have received from Trindl Electric Arc boosters.

"Please find enclosed for 12 welders by return mail for I am about sold out now. They are selling fine."—W. C. Anderson, Nebr.

"Received my Trindl Arc Welder and am both pleased and surprised."—Louis F. Glier, Ohio.

"Results are very gratifying with your welder. I am enclosing an order for 12 more Electric Arc Welders."—Nelson O. Lyster, Florida.

"I received my welder, and it is a regular repair shop in itself."—J. R. Harper, La.

"I sold 4 of your Trindl Electric Arc Welders in three minutes."—C. Gillies, Canada.

"I sold 9 welders in my first ten calls."—F. W. Stice, Iowa.

\$10.50 a day profit for you for only selling 6 Trindl Arc Welders. No matter where you turn, you will find people who will want to buy arc welders from you. Garages, shop men, radio repair men, farmers, home-owners, mechanics, janitors, all of them need Trindl Electric Arc Welders. Be the man in your territory to clean up with Trindl.

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

TRINDL PRODUCTS  
2229-HM Calumet Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois

Yes! Rush me free particulars of how I can make big money with Trindl Electric Arc Welders and Converters. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....  
Local Address.....  
City .....  
State .....



# POPULAR SPORTS MAGAZINE

Vol. 1, No. 1

June, 1937

Price 10c

## A Complete Baseball Novel

- POP BRENNAN, ROOKIE** - - - - - George Bruce 14  
*Ike Hogan, Big League Scout, Pours Oklahoma Oil on the Troubled Waters of the Flatbush Furies*

## A Complete Boxing Novelette

- YELLOW AND HANDSOME** - - - - - Arthur J. Burks 58  
*"Pretty Boy" Lahme They Called Him—a Powder-Puff Puncher Fast as a Streak of Light!*

## Thrilling Short Stories

- STREAMLINED NERVE** - - (Air Racing) - - Kent Sagendorph 47  
*Bill Racklin, Pilot, Wrestles with the Demons of Failure*
- SPIKES FROM SQUEEKTOWN** (Track) - - - - - Victor Spencer 80  
*Ted Polin Puts the Indian Sign on Sprinters!*
- NO GOAL** - - - - - (Basketball) - - - - - Spencer Towne 100  
*Krowder Nets a Brace of Points for Basketball Ethics*
- DAVY JONES' ROCKS** - - - (Yachting) - - - - - Bennett Wright 110  
*Jeff Brandon Fights a Sinister Shadow with Cold Courage!*
- MIDGET MOTORS** - - - (Auto Racing) - - - Will Sandmann 117  
*"Caster Oil" Reynolds Proves He Can Eat Fire!*

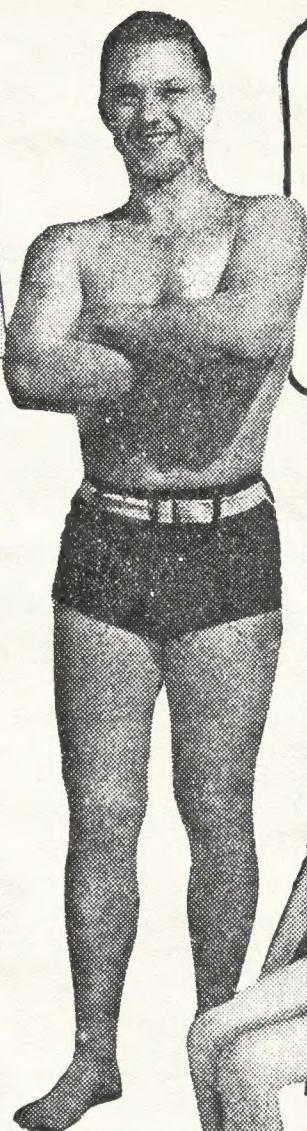
## Special Articles and Features

- THE AMAZING DIZZY DEAN** - - - - - Jack Kofoed 38  
*America's Outstanding Baseball Phenomenon!*
- THE GREATEST TRACK AND FIELD STAR** - - Arthur J. Daley 74  
*A Sportswriter Picks Glenn Morris—Who's Your Choice?*
- SO YOU WANT TO BE A GOLFER?** - - - - - Tony Manero 88  
*Inside Facts and Helpful Hints by the National Open Champion*
- THE WHIRL OF SPORTS** - - - - - Our Roving Reporter 97
- SPORTS REVIEW** - - - - - Coming Events 108

POPULAR SPORTS, published bi-monthly by BETTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., at 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y. N. L. Pines, President. Copyright, 1937, by Better Publications, Inc. Yearly \$6.00; single copies \$1.00. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. Application for entry as second-class matter pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence.

Read our companion magazines: *Thrilling Sports, Thrilling Confessions, Everyday Astrology, Popular Western, Thrilling Mystery, Thrilling Western, Thrilling Detective, Thrilling Adventures, Thrilling Love, The Phantom Detective, The Lone Eagle, Sky Fighters, Popular Detective, Thrilling Ranch Stories, Thrilling Wonder Stories, and G-Men*





Posed by professional models

# SKINNY?

**Thousands Have Gained Normal Attractive Flesh This Special Quick Way**

**W**HY should thousands of people today remain skinny and friendless when this new discovery is giving other thousands solid, normally attractive flesh—gains of 10 to 25 pounds—in just a few weeks!

People who never could gain an ounce before have not only put on all the weight they wanted, but also report naturally clear skin and good-looking color, wonderful new pep and energy that bring loads of new friends and joyous new popularity. Don't be a "stick-in-the-mud" when you too may build yourself up this easy way.

## Why it builds so quick

Doctors now know that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you

up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color come. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm.

## Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they

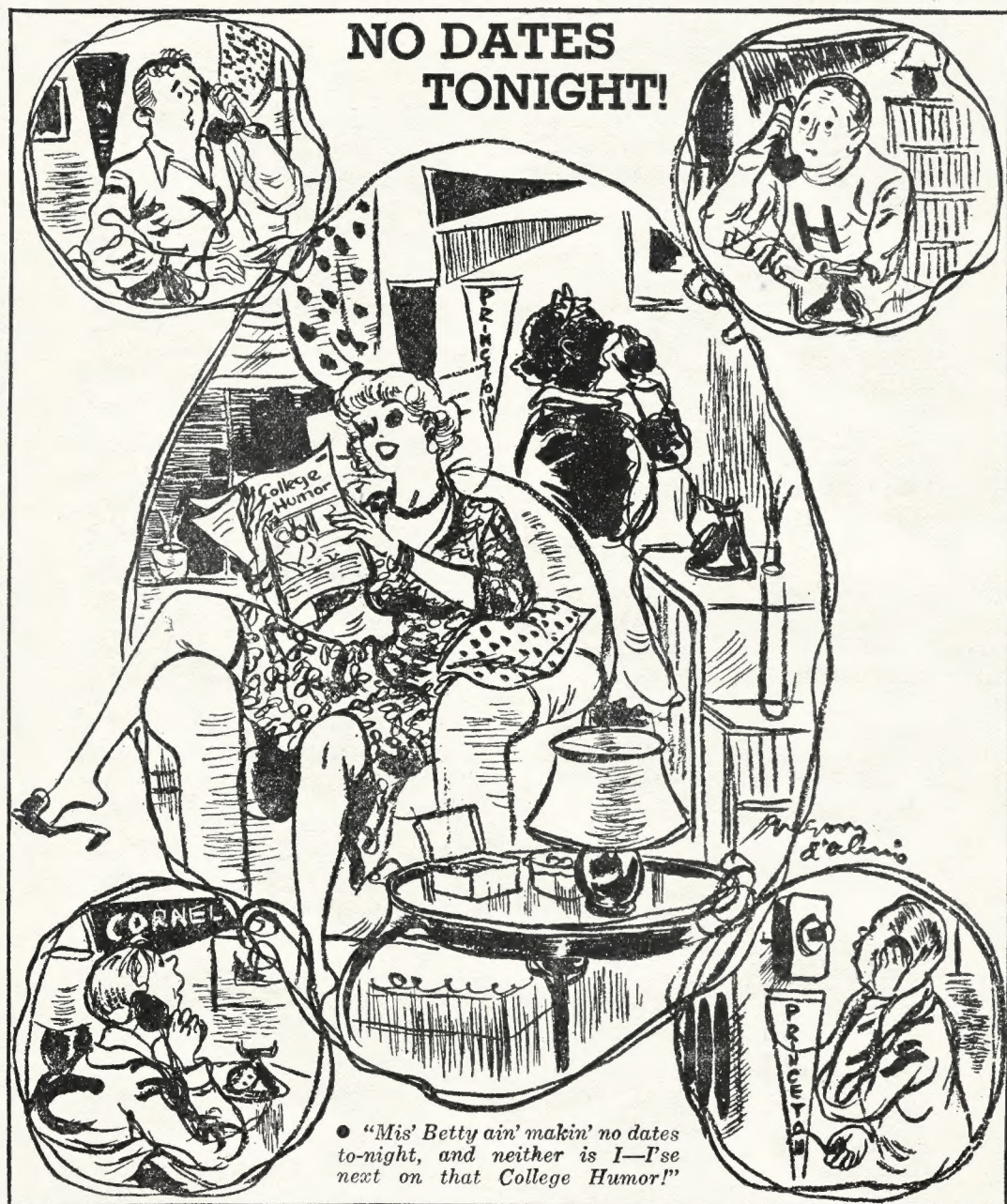
have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. Beware substitutes. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

## Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 776, Atlanta, Ga.





• "Mis' Betty ain' makin' no dates to-night, and neither is I—I'se next on that College Humor!"

**SPECIAL!!**  
**NINE ISSUES FOR**  
**\$1.00**

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., COLLEGE HUMOR TF6  
 22 WEST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

My dollar is pinned to this coupon. Please send the next nine issues to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....STATE.....

(Foreign, \$1.60)



# Make me Prove

THAT I CAN TRAIN YOU  
AT HOME FOR A

## Good Job in Radio



**Here's Proof**  
That My Training Pays



### OWNS PART TIME RADIO BUSINESS

"I am a locomotive engineer with the B. & M. Railroad, and work part time in Radio. In the selling end I have made as high as \$800 in one month and have added to that about \$100 in service work." **FRANK McCLELLAN**, 902 Elizabeth St., Mechanicville, N. Y.

### PARTNER IN LARGE RADIO SUPPLY HOUSE

"Our concern has grown by leaps and bounds until it is today the largest wholesale Radio supply house in New England. We have established branches at Portland, Maine, and Barre, Vt. The N.R.I. Man travels the highway to profits in Radio." **REYNOLDS W. SMITH**, 1187-91 Elm Street, Manchester, N. H.



### DOUBLED SALARY IN 5 MONTHS

"Shortly after I started the N.R.I. Course I began teaching Radio classes at the Spartan School of Aeronautics. After five months I was given a chance to join the American Airlines at a salary double that which I received from the school." **A. T. BROTHERS**, 2554 Hill St., Santa Monica, Calif.

### I Will Send You a Sample Lesson FREE

Clip the coupon and mail it. I will prove to you that I can train you at home in your spare time to be a **RADIO EXPERT**. I will send you my first lesson **FREE**. Examine it, read it, see how clear and easy it is to understand—how practical I make learning Radio at home. Then you will know why men without Radio or electrical experience have become Radio Experts and are earning more money than ever as a result of my Training.

### Many Radio Experts Make \$30, \$50, \$75 a Week

Radio broadcasting stations pay engineers, operators, station managers up to \$5,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as \$300 to \$500 a year—full time servicing work pays as much as \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Many Radio Experts own their own businesses. Manufacturers and jobbers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, servicemen, paying up to \$6,000 a year. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio, and loud speaker systems are newer fields offering good opportunities now and for the future. Television promises many good jobs soon. Men I have trained are holding good jobs in all these branches of Radio.

### Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Starting the day you enroll, I send you Extra Money Job Sheets. They show you how to do Radio repair jobs that you can cash in on quickly—give you plans and ideas that have made good spare time money—from \$200 to \$500 a year—for hundreds of fellows. I send you Radio equipment to conduct experiments and give you practical Radio experience.



### Money Back Agreement Protects You Save Money—Learn at Home

I am so sure that I can train you successfully that I agree in writing to refund every penny you pay me if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you finish. I'll send you a copy of this agreement with my Free Book.

### Get My Lesson and 64-Page Book FREE. Mail Coupon

In addition to my Sample Lesson, I will send you my 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," **FREE** to anyone over 16 years old. My book describes Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in television; describes my Training in Radio and Television; shows you actual letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning; tells about my Money Back Agreement. **MAIL THE COUPON** in an envelope, or paste it on a penny postcard.

**J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute**

Dept. 7F09

Washington, D. C.



## GOOD FOR BOTH 64-PAGE BOOK FREE SAMPLE LESSON FREE

**J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute,  
Dept. 7F09, Washington, D. C.**

Dear Mr. Smith:

Without obligation, send me the Sample Lesson and your free book about the spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address .....

City..... State..... 2FB

**THIS  
FREE BOOK**

Has Helped Hundreds of  
Men Make More Money



---

# I AM A STRIP TEASE GIRL

*Many Men Wanted Me—but  
Few of Them Offered  
Me Their Love!*



**T**HE most garish entertainment which Broadway has to offer to pleasure seekers is the burlesque show.

When I graduated from Miss Willis' dancing school back home, I certainly had no thought of eventually landing in a burlesque show. And at that time I had never heard of a strip-tease girl, the main attraction of these shows.

I was seventeen at the time, and knew that I was as lovely as most of the girls whose photographs were displayed before the theatres on Broadway. Surely, I thought, there would be something for me to do.

So, full of ambition and hope, I went the endless rounds of the theatrical offices along the Great White Way. I was not discouraged when the first couple of weeks

failed to turn up a job. It was not until the little hoard of money that was mine dwindled to ten dollars that I began to worry.

Today, no one knows of those early struggles of mine. I finally made the feature spot in a big-time Broadway show. But I got there via the burlesque show—a strip-tease girl graduated from Zimsky's to Ziegfeld's.

Maybe it was because I was, at heart, a dancer that I came out of the runway chorus of burlesque and on to a sensational success as one of Broadway's highest paid stars.

Many things happened in my life from the time I stood before Dave Herman, stage manager for Zimsky's burlesque houses, trembling as his bold, black eyes

*Continue This Startling Personal Revelation in the JUNE Issue of*

**THRILLING**

# Confessions

A NEW MAGAZINE OF TRUE STORIES FROM LIFE

Many Stories And Features **10c** Now On Sale At All Stands

---



1938 1939 1940 1941 1942 1943 1944 1945 1946 1947



The leaders of the next ten years will largely be determined in the next ten months. Will you be one of them?

## Will You Be Clerk or Manager Ten Years from Now?

**"SURELY**, this could never happen to me," you say—"that I should be sitting at the same desk—be doing the same work—for ten straight years!"

But wait a minute—

Exactly that same thing has happened to thousands upon thousands of men. It has probably happened to men right in the company you now are working for. And—unless you fit yourself for a better job—there is a very good chance that it may happen to you!

Unthinkable? That's what J. N. Dixon of Columbus, Ohio, said to himself. Yet lack of training kept him slaving away at low wages for a long time.

### TRIPLES INCOME

Here is Mr. Dixon's own story—"Just after I returned from the war, one of your representatives found me plugging away at a bookkeeper's job in Marietta, Ohio. He performed a real service and explained to me the need of further training, and induced me to take the LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy. After a few months of study, I secured a position with the Trust Department of a National Bank. This was the stepping stone I needed to various responsible positions including handling of receiverships and other important duties. That quickly boosted my income several hundred percent."

### ANOTHER AMAZING SUCCESS STORY

If you think Mr. Dixon's success story unusual, please read what J. H. Krouse of Memphis, Tennessee, says. "When I decided to take your training in Higher Accountancy, I was a clerk. Today I am Chief Consultant Accountant for the U. S. Engineer's Office in Memphis, Tenn. Whatever success or recognition I have had, I owe to your training. I have had no other specialized training along this line. Your method of teaching is not only instructive but highly engaging. I have observed other courses, but firmly believe LaSalle has the best to be had anywhere."

Another bit of proof is Mr. R. P. Barthallow's experience. Mr. Barthallow is Chief of the Sales Tax Section of the Tax Commission of Ohio. A department which handles over \$50,000,000 a year. Mr. Barthallow attributes much of his success to LaSalle training.

### SEND FOR These Two Books and

#### Start Toward Bigger Success

Need you hear more before you investigate the opportunities in Accountancy?

Or will you face the problem of your future NOW—and send to LaSalle and get further facts and particulars?

Without cost or obligation, the coupon will bring you two interesting books—one a 64-page book entitled, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays"; the other "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

How about those next ten years—will you wait or will you START TODAY to realize the tremendous opportunities that lie ahead of you through sound and practical home-study business training?

Measure your grit and ambition by what you do with this coupon—NOW.

## LaSalle Extension University

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY,

Dept. 6329-HR

CHICAGO

Opportunities in Accountancy—Check below and we will send you a copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ Higher Accountancy: Cost Accountant, etc.

Other LaSalle Opportunities: If more interested in one of the other fields of business indicated below, check that.

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management

- ☐ Law: Degree of LL. B.
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence

- ☐ Stenotypy
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Effective Speaking



Name .....

Present Position ..... Address .....



---

A NEW MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY!

---

# EVERYDAY ASTROLOGY

YOUR Guide to Happiness!



NOW ON SALE **10c** AT ALL STANDS

---

PACKED WITH VITAL, PERSONAL FACTS

---



*I will train you  
for the BIG jobs  
IN RADIO AND  
TELEVISION...*

**LEARN AT HOME  
DURING SPARE TIME**

**QUALIFY for U.S. GOV'T. LICENSE**

*Proof*

I operate at KGB, a CBS station, and also have a spare time service job at Spare Roebuck which nets me \$100.00 a month more. Then I pick up \$25 to \$50 a month on sale of tubes and parts. Lloyd Mitchell, Escondido, Calif.

...Thanking you for what you helped me with, I found work in two weeks. I am employed at Radio Station WOOD and WASH.

Chas. A. Caldwell, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
At present, I have six offers of jobs, ranging from \$35.00 per month to \$275.00. Neil Anderson, Ellsworth, Kans.

I am now working a seven hour shift on transmitter at KRBC. I had no difficulty in starting in on a shift after the first day, thanks to FNT training. J. E. Casey, Abilene, Texas

Greetings from RGYK in Scottsbluff, Nebraska. I am employed here as an operator. Earnest Neath, Scottsbluff, Nebr.

I have secured employment as Radio Engineer for Lynchburg Police Station and during spare time I am at the local broadcasting station WLVA. Jas. W. Johnson, Lynchburg, Virginia

**FREE BOOK**



**EARN  
\$35  
\$50  
A \$75  
WEEK**

Radio offers tremendous opportunities for qualified men. What's more, commercial television will quickly be demanding thousands of Trained men. Men who LEARN NOW will have a chance at the big jobs.

**TELEVISION BROADCASTS DAILY**

Television Station W9XAL, Kansas City, which we have owned and operated since 1932, broadcasts television programs every day of the year. The advanced discoveries and COPYRIGHTED information fresh from this Television Station, from our commercial station KXBY, as well as from our celebrated experimental laboratories form an important part of our regular study courses. No wonder First National Television training puts you way ahead of others and assures quicker success. *We know because we are doing all the things we teach you.*

**Full Time and Part Time Jobs**—Broadcasting Stations need more operators and technical experts as business increases. Many new stations are being built—and licensed operators make up to \$5000 per year. Spare time earnings up to \$10 and \$20 weekly. We show you how to earn while learning.

**LEARN FROM EXPERTS IN RADIO-TELEVISION**

My celebrated home study course embodies the knowledge of experts in the big field of Radio and Television. Men who have pioneered and spent years in research and development work. My course brings you the newest and exclusive practical information available only through our active engineers of our Commercial Radio and Experimental Television Stations.

**Simplified Modern Training—Easy to Learn.** Over 90 simplified, practical, highly illustrated assignments complete this intensely interesting home study plan—written by men who know. And that's not all—we teach you not only theory but by actual practice.

**Generous Laboratory and Experimental Equipment**—I have made it possible for you to have elaborate experiments and expensive equipment including Cathode Ray Tubes, photo electric cells, 6 tube high fidelity receivers (with both ear phones and loud speaker) ... important and necessary equipment for carrying on your practical experiments ... all yours to keep WITHOUT OBLIGATION or ADDED COST to You.

**Qualify for U. S. Government License.** Here's the ticket that opens the door of opportunity for you. A U. S. Government radio-telephone operator license which qualifies you for the big jobs. Get it the First National way.

**Don't miss this chance at SUCCESS! ACT NOW!!** Get all the facts about my great Radio-Television Study Course. You can earn while you learn! Write today and I will send you absolutely free, my new book entitled "VISION". This is your opportunity. Don't delay—Mail coupon now. **S. Q. NOEL, President ...**

**FIRST NATIONAL TELEVISION, INC.,** TRAINING DIVISION KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

**S. Q. NOEL, President  
First National Television, Inc.  
Dept. 1X6, Power & Light Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

Rush me a copy of your new book "Vision" outlining the opportunities in Radio-Television and how I can earn while I learn at home.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**GET FULL FACTS • MAIL COUPON**

**K  
X  
B  
Y**



---

SCIENCE + INVENTION + EXPERIMENTS

---

# **Mechanics** AND **HANDICRAFT**

THE WORLD'S LIVEST MAGAZINE FOR THE  
MECHANICALLY INCLINED

ANNOUNCES

**A NEW LOW PRICE**

**10¢**

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

**FUN AND MONEY!**

*Opportunities For Everybody  
Who Reads This*

**AMAZING MAGAZINE!**

---

MONEY-MAKING + WOODWORKING + HOBBIES

---





Look at the notes above—they are: F-A-C-E. Could anything be simpler to remember? You have already begun to learn to read music. And it's just as easy to *play*, for a remarkable invention, the "Note-Finder," tells you just where each note is located on the piano.

Just imagine! Instead of spending tedious hours in study, instead of puzzling over obscure points, you look at clean-cut pictures that make every step as clear as day. Even children not yet in their teens soon learn to play by this fascinating print-and-picture method.

## Which instrument do you want to play? Here's *Free Proof* you can learn quickly—at home

**I**F YOU have ever had any desire to play a musical instrument—if you have ever longed for the good times, the popularity and friendships that music makes possible, then here is amazing proof that you CAN learn to play—easily, quickly, in spare time at home. What's more, in just a short time from today, you can actually be **PLAYING**. Yes, playing the piano, the violin, or whichever instrument you please. Playing all the latest, popular songs, the old-time favorites, even classical music.

**Forget all you have ever heard about music being hard to learn. Dismiss your fears of tedious study and practice. Never mind if you do not know a single note of music.**

**This modern way to learn music**

will open your eyes! It's *easier* than you ever thought possible—and it's **FUN**. No old-fashioned drudgery, no tiresome drills and exercises. Instead, you start playing real tunes by note almost at once. You are thrilled to discover that you can actually create music! Soon you are experiencing the joys of musical self-expression. Soon you are winning popularity; you are being showered with compliments and applause.

Perhaps you have never thought of making money with music. But you may be pleasantly surprised to find how many opportunities it brings! Others have quickly started turning spare hours into cash and not a few have been launched on brilliant musical careers.

Does it all seem "too good to be

true?" Then send for the Free Proof. Mail the coupon for the fascinating illustrated booklet that tells all about this wonderful way to learn music at home—in just a few minutes a day—without a private teacher, without any special talent or previous training. With the booklet you'll also receive a free Demonstration Lesson that shows exactly how it is done.

Over 700,000 others have already been convinced. Surely, if *you* earnestly want to learn to play, you owe it to yourself to examine the proof. There is no cost or obligation in writing. Just mention the instrument that interests you. If you do not already own one, we can arrange to supply it on easy terms. U. S. School of Music, 2946 Brunswick Building, New York, N. Y.

**SEND FOR FREE  
DEMONSTRATION LESSON**

### PICK YOUR FAVORITE

**Piano  
Violin  
Guitar  
Accordion  
Saxophone  
Cello  
Hawaiian  
Guitar  
Banjo**

**Mandolin**  
**Ukulele**  
**Cornet**  
**Trumpet**  
**Harp**  
**Clarinet**  
**Trombone**  
**Flute**  
**Piccolo**

Organ  
Drums and  
Traps  
Harmony  
and  
Composition  
Voice and  
Speech  
Culture



**U. S. School of Music,  
2946 Brunswick Bldg.,  
New York, N. Y.**

Gentlemen: Please send me Free  
Proof that I can learn to play the  
.....including your illustrated  
booklet and Demonstration Lesson.

Have you  
Instr. ?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# A Complete Baseball Novel

*Three hundred guys  
wrestle me up in the air.*







# POP BRENNAN, ROOKIE

Ike Hogan, Big League Scout, Pours Oklahoma Oil  
on the Troubled Waters of the Flatbush Furies

**By GEORGE BRUCE**

*Author of "The Old Army Game," "Came the Gong," etc.*

## CHAPTER I

### *Burly Sends a Wire*

**S**O I'm sitting on the end of my spine with the dogs cocked up on a radiator in the front window of the Mansion House in Peoria, schmoosing with Rags Barrett which used to be

shortstop on the Boston Braves in 1911 when I played a whale of a third sack for the Phillies. I'm kind of giving the casual eye to what is passing outside the window on the sidewalk, when the smoke which is the front boy in this joint comes along and hands me a telegram.

The minute I feel the insides of that



wire I know from who it is. Nobody in the world can send bigger telegrams than Burly Hines. When that mug files a wire the local telegraph office bars the door to the public for the day and puts on extra help to traffic the message!

Guys have gotten telegrapher's wrists halfway through the first paragraph of one of Burly's scenarios. And the bankers which lays the dough on the lines—which keeps the Dizziness Boys in the business of running out foul tips, catching pop flies in the middle of the skull, stealing second with the bases loaded and forgetting how many there is out—have been known to take one look at the monthly wire bill from the front office, and to wander off into the night, clutching at the diaphragm, a glassy look in their lamps, and mumbling strange words which don't add up to nothing.

**I** MANAGE to get the envelope open with the aid of that gold toothpick the boys gimme for Christmas 1921, and unfold the bad news. Even in his good minutes Mr. Hines is not exactly a Beau Brussel in his cherce of words, and when he attends to his social correspondence he has to fill his fountain pen with Pyrene and scribble on asbestos paper! When the guy is rarin' it's just a case of Katy-bar-the-door.

Many's the time the Western Union Office has sent a red-faced messenger boy around, returning some of Burly's cherce copy, with a suggestion that it needed a little editing here and there to get it by the Penal Code which says that no obsleen matter can be made public.

So here is the wire:

My Dear Mr. Hogan:

I dislike very much to interrupt your meditations or to interfere with your continuous vacation but may I remind you that you are working for a baseball team, you lug, which is now in seventh place by only a couple of numbers which Mr. Einstein would not even nod at, and which is not only in need of some pitching but also has use for a third baseman and a couple of hard-hitting outfielders and a first baseman which can run on one leg anyhow and don't run around in circles under foul balls before he falls down and gets hurted.

I don't mind going in there and pitching every other afternoon, but I need some rest and I can't double no more for left-handed

shortstops which get their brains knocked out on bunts, and putting myself in for centerfielders which forget which subway to take to the ball park.

When you left here in June you went to get us a couple of ball players which we needed in February. It is now almost September and the only thing I seen from you is a swindle sheet every week and a couple of picture postcards from them Three I and Missouri League tanks in which you have been doing what is laughingly called your scouting.

God help the United States of America if Daniel Boone and them other mugs had scouted the way you been doing business. We still wouldn't know what is on the other side of the Hackensack River and the Bronx would still belong to the Indians.

If it ain't too much trouble would you kindly take in a couple of ball parks along the way? They must be playing baseball somewhere. You remember—the game in which there is nine to a side if a guy is lucky, and is played with a round thing, stuffed with yarn and covered with the outside of a dead horse. You get three outs and foul tips is on the house.

I ain't aiming to be personal, but if we lose them percentage points which is keeping us in the seven slot, and them Phillies pass us, you and me will cash in on our vote for F. D. R. by cutting us a piece of that home relief.

And it's getting so that the fans don't even act sporting in the bottle-heaving any more. One guy along the first-base line feints you out of position with a phony toss, while another mug on the third-base line lets it go and conks you on the skull. Maybe you should come back and go through the stands and grab us a couple of them bottle-throwers.

What we need right now is a good hard-hitting outfielder who can back up short-stop and kind of work his way around to first base when the squeeze is on. And I'm telling you for the last time, you lug, drag that carcass off the davenport and start looking.

Yours,  
Burley Hines,

Manager, Flatbush National League Baseball Team.

P. S. I just get a letter from Ed. Smith who used to cover baseball for the Daily Transcript and who has to beat it out of town for the wide open spaces because the spots he has in front of his eyes settle on his lungs. He's down in a tank called Sparta, Oklahoma, and is the works on the local squawk. Sparta is a team in the Western Oklahoma League. He says there is a boy down there which can hit a baseball from Okmulgee to Omaha, and can cover the state of Oklahoma with side trips to the Grand Canyon and Boulder Dam, and which is a cinch to make good in fast company. This boy has a batting average of .862 in the last three seasons which is important even if



they toss bean bags underhanded in that league. The ivory's name is Cherokee Jones and he can be had for cigar coupons because he is lousy with money, his ma being a full-blooded Indian which made a fortune when they struck erl on the reservoir. This guy is color because he plays baseball for the fun of it, which would be a sensation in Flatbush, and because he is an Indian and there ain't been a good Indian in baseball since Chief Bender lost the hop on his fast one.

You ask a couple of questions about where Oklahoma is and then find this Sparta joint and grab this here Sitting Bull for the Flatbush Furies. We will go as high as thirty-five hundred bucks a year if the guy can really hit .862 against guys like Hubbel and Warneke and Dizzy Dean. There must be rattlers running to Oklahoma even if you have to look around a little. See if you can get this ivory in Flatbush in time to tee off against them Giants next month.

And how do you like that? Me, goin' to a joint named Oklahoma! I show this here wire to Rags Barret. He kind of shakes his head and gives me a look which says: Well, goodbye, old pal, the boys is goin' to miss you.

"Them Indians down there—they still don't know that the war is over," he says. "And ain't that where Jesse James did his stuff?"

"Listen," I tell him, "when I go out after something I bring it back, even if I have to go through the whole damned Custer Massacre to get to the guy. I can stand it! My grandfather went to California in a covered wagon!"

"Somebody lookin' for him that he had to hide out?" Rags wants to know.

So what can you do with a guy like that, who don't know from nothin' and was only a second-string shortstop anyhow.

**I** LEAVE him sittin' on his ditty box while I make a trip over to the filling station across the street and put the crush on the grease monkey for a road map which will show Oklahoma. After looking at the map for ten minutes the only thing I can tell about the joint is that it's pink and the main roads kind of shy away from it.

I get thinkin' about them Dean boys, which is from Oklahoma or some place like that. That's what makes 'em so tough in a pinch. That Oklahoma is a tough place for anybody's dough, but nobody can say that Ike Hogan ever

dogged it. So I amble over to the rattler garage and buzz the ticket clerk on a strip to Sparta, Oklahoma.

It comes to around sixty bucks, which is just an idea. Hell, a guy can travel to India for sixty bucks these days!

And just to be sure that nobody is going to monkey with the travelin' representative of the Flatbush Furies I buy myself a rod out of a hock shop. I'm a guy what believes in doin' in Oklahoma what the Oakie-Doakies do.

Of course, the cannon is a little asthmatic when you pull the trigger, but then the rod looks all right, and what can you expect for a dollar-and-a-half? I figure that any argument that can't be settled just by lookin' at a rod I don't belong in anyhow.

Well, I saunter across to the quick-and-dirty to give the bad news to Julia, which runs the pie counter, and then I pack the keister and lam for the train.

The conductor looks at the ticket, and then at me.

"Hmm," he says kind of sorrowful. "It's pretty bad out there this time of the year."

"Listen, mister," I tell him. "I'm a guy what has stood up to a three-and-two against guys like Rube Waddell, when the Rube couldn't stand up himself. There ain't no reservoir Indians which is going to make me step away from the plate."

So the guy looks at me, a funny business in his eyes, and hurries on to the next passenger which is probably only going as far as the next stop—not like me.

I always had a lot of admiration for that Columbus guy which sailed the ocean blue in 1492 and which discovered the U. S. A. and which had a baseball team named after him in a Class A League, and about which Columbus, the Gem of the Ocean was writ.

But after I'm aboard the rattler two days and nights, looking out the window at what passes for scenery and seeing the United States of America rolling by at an average of forty miles an hour, I lose all the respect I ever had for the lug.

So Columbus discovered America! So what! How could the guy miss it?



It would have been terrific if he *hadn't* found it.

Well, along about the time I figure I'll have to open the bag and get out a clean shirt, the conductor guy comes along and says:

"Well, we just entered Oklahoma."

And I look out the window, and the guys that draw them maps for the filling stations is all phonies, and they ain't never been to Oklahoma. Because on the maps Oklahoma is pink, and right there in front of my puss is Oklahoma, and it ain't pink at all!

It's kind of mouse-colored with maybe patches of green here and there where some guy is trying to kid himself into believin' he's got a farm. Pink—hell! It just goes to show you, you can't believe nothin'.

## CHAPTER II

### *Ivory and Oil*

**S**PARTA! Holy Cow! That rattler unloads me in the middle of a prairie which is cluttered up with board buildings named the "Last Chance," and the "Frontier," and things like that. It puts me right down on the ground, and the sun bites the back of the neck, and sizzles up off the sand to smack you in the kisser.

I look around. I see a couple of streets, with them board shacks on both sides; and trucks, all loaded down with cast-iron sewer pipe joltin' along through the ruts in the things which they use for streets; and guys, tough lookin' mugs, chawin' tobacco, hanging around, with them five-gallon hats, and them silly looking high-heeled boots which cowboys wear in the movies.

Not one of 'em has even spoken to a razor in a week, and they gimme the eye, and at the same time turn loose a squirt of tobacco juice that would have killed old Burly which is the champion tobacco chawer of the National League.

Just about that time somebody smacks me a thump on the back that nearly makes me kiss the pan on the station platform, and a voice bellers at me:

"Ike—Ike Hogan—hell! I ain't seen you since you fanned in the clutch in the Series of '13 with three men on base, when the guy grooved one and you took it with your bat on your shoulder."

I finally get to breathin' again. There is a big dodo standing over me with a five-gallon hat and a pair of overhauls, and a fancy flannel shirt and a grin.

I have to look at the lug a whole minute before I recognize that chicken-breasted, skinny tramp that used to write sports for the *Transcript*. The guy is as big as a house, as black as the inside of a whale's belly, and as strong as an ox.

If this Oklahoma business does that for a guy which the doctors feel sorry to take ten bucks a trip from before they tear him out of the press coop and give him a gentle push south, hopin' he don't pass out on the way, then I can use a little of that Oklahoma treatment myself. I don't feel so good anymore, say, after three or four drinks and four or five hours of stud. I ain't got the old snap in the legs on them next days.

Well, we howl at each other and I ignore the crack about that strikin' out in the clutch stuff. I don't never use no alibis, so I don't tell him about the guy usin' slippery elm juice on the leather and that I get a ton of sand in the eyes just as he heaves the apple. Take it in silence, that's me. No howls.

**W**E go over to the newspaper office. We go in the back room. He breaks out a bottle. We have a couple of jolts.

"So—you're down here to look at that Cherokee Jones?" he says. You could have heard him six city blocks.

"Hey, not so loud," I tell him. "You got to be under cover on this business. If Terry or Grimm or one of them bandits knew I was lookin' at a piece of ivory down here they'd have guys jumpin' into this tank on the next train—or even by airplane. They keep me covered all the time. Ever since I dug up Dummy Smith."

"That was in 1919—wasn't it?"

"So what? So I dug him up. And was he terrific!"

"Except that he was a sucker for a slow ball on the outside."





*The mayor gives the big guy the bag.*

"Well, they didn't find that out until August, did they, and he murdered them guys since April, didn't he?"

"Well, this boy Jones is no sucker for any kind of pitchin'. He's the greatest hitter I ever see. He stands up there like Terry all easy, and when he hits—zowie! Even Shanty Hogan could get to second base standin' up. I see this boy hit a line drive to left center one afternoon—five feet high—nearly took the second baseman's head off—and he never saw it. And when it got to the fence, it didn't go over the fence—it went right *through* it! Yes, sir—tore a hole on the way out. How do you like that?"

"What do they put in this home brew down here that gives guys such funny visions?"

"Okay! You'll see! He's playing this afternoon. He's playing center field for the Spartans against the Trojans—"

"The whom?"

"The Trojans—Troy, Oklahoma."

"I thought Troy was in New York and maybe had a team in the New York State League or somethin'. When did they move the franchise—"

"Troy, Oklahoma—twenty miles down the road. Our bitter rivals. When those two teams play it's fireworks. Strong men weep. Ladies become wild women. Even the little children in the streets show their teeth and growl. Thousands are won and lost—"

"Yeah, the same thing happens back in Flatbush when the Dizziness Boys are home. By the way, just what is



the reason for sticking this collection of huts out in the middle of a howling prairie like this and giving it a name?"

"Oil!" says he. "Oil—black gold! The magic key to wealth. It flows up from the ground—a golden stream—a 1937 Klondike! Bums become barons overnight. Farmers become First Families. Moochers become Morgans! It's terrific! It's colossal! It's magnificent!"

**T**HE guy thinks he kids me with that line of talk. I hear these real estate salesmen talk before. I don't know everything. I only get to the fifth grade in school before a guy propositions me to play semi-pro ball at six bucks a game and found, but I know that oil don't come from no ground. It comes out of them square tanks in them filling stations, and it's black, not gold. And I know Black Gold is a race hawss which does all right for hisself, and wins the Kentucky Derby or something at nice odds—and I have two bucks on the gee's beak. But I don't say nothing—let the lug rave on.

"You will see baseball like baseball you have never seen. Like baseball as the founder conceived it to be. You will see eighteen magnificently conditioned athletes battling to the grim death for the honor and glory of their fair cities—"

"Don't they pay guys out here for playin' ball?"

"And how! Some of the boys get more than they pay in the big leagues."

"Stop it. In a tank like this?"

Ed goes to the window and waves his arm. "Look!" he tells me. "See those funny looking wooden towers out there on the sky line?"

"Sure. They look like a mass hanging from here—like a gang of gallows."

"They're oil derricks. There is an oil well under each of those things. And money is flowing out of each and every one of those wells at the rate of about a thousand dollars an hour. Money—hell! Right now it's the cheapest thing in this part of Oklahoma! Go across the street to the Busy Bee and order a set of ham and eggs and see if I'm right."

"How much do you think this here,

now, Cherokee Jones gets himself every two weeks for centerfielding for the Spartans?"

"I know how much he gets, because I wrote all the contracts in this league. I got the only typewriter in the county. He gets himself exactly two thousand bucks a month and a bonus for every home run he hits. A hundred bucks for a home run—over twenty! So far this season he has himself the nice little total of eighty-three home runs which gives him a bite on the bonus of exactly sixty-three hundred bucks."

"You're nuts! That's more than Burly gets!"

"But this is Oklahoma—not Flatbush—and the banks here are all public-spirited. Besides, the citizens chip in a purse as an extra bonus for guys that hit home runs."

"My God!" I tell him. "And all on account of *er!*"

"All on account of *er!*" he nods.

"I can't talk no business to an ivory which is already getting more than the manager of the team which wants to sign him."

"Yes, you can," promises Ed. "This boy don't give a damn for money. He wants to hit against big-time pitching—even in Canarsie."

"When can we see this wonder-boy doin' his stuff?"

"In just about thirty minutes. And how do you like this for a newspaper?"

**H**E hands me a copy of the rag he runs. I jump out of the chair. Plastered across the front page is an eight-column streamer:

#### BIG LEAGUE SCOUT ARRIVES TO SIGN JONES

Sparta Hitter to Go to National  
League Club

"Cripes!" I moan. "Even if this guy is good, the whole business is ruined! Listen—you got to pussyfoot in this business! You can't go around with a brass band and the front page of a newspaper. Every guy in the ball park will spot me!"

"Certainly!" says Ed. "You can't expect me to kill a big piece of news like this, can you? Why, it's one of the



biggest things that's happened in town since Hank Smathers gets himself plastered and fights Whiskey Bill Tate's pet bulldog, no holds barred, with Hank down on his hands and knees."

"Who won?"

"It was a draw—Hank got in the first bite. It kind of discouraged the bulldog and he went scientific. Hank couldn't turn around as fast as the bulldog could. But it was a hell of a match."

"Nice place you got here. Let's get out to the ball park before I got to make a speech to the Rotarians."

"I'm saving that till later—till after you give Cherokee his contract—"

"Listen—I ain't even seen the guy yet."

"Oh, you'll grab him!" nods Ed. "It's in the bag. He's as good as batting clean-up for the Dizziness Boys right now." So we go out to the apple orchard.

---

### CHAPTER III

#### *Tank Town Ballyhoo*

---

**W**ELL, the ball yard in this Sparta joint is named Sportsman's Park. Which is an insult to it, on account of because, when we get there, there is about six thousand guys inside the place, and all of 'em bought tickets, and there ain't been six thousand guys inside Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, since the rumor got around in 1927 that Lindbergh was going to land there on his way back.

If them Cardinals or them Browns could get six thousand rabid nuts out to a ball game in St. Loo, they'd celebrate by cutting salaries all around, and pitching Old Diz every day and twice on double-headers.

Not that this apple orchard is anything to look at on the outside. It ain't. It is strictly bushleague, until you get inside. It is fenced around with one-by-twelves standing on end, held together by cockeyed two-by-fours. The gate keepers is all wearing cannons strapped down to the pant's leg, and they is a mean-looking gang.

But inside! Say—that there Sparta ball park would be the galloping jitters to any ground keeper in the big league. The grass is as smooth as a putting green and clipped as short. The outfield is like a billiard table, and the infield is as clean as a bald-headed guy's dome.

No chance for a bad hop in the dirt on that infield. Not even a pebble, and the ground is rolled down as tight as the mouth of a loan shark lookin' for his dough.

It's a real bang to see a layout like this after looking at the brick kilns which go for ball parks in the tanks I been scouting.

"Swell park!" I tell Ed Smith.

He's about to gimme the answer when I hear a brass band comin' up outside the park and swinging in through the gates. The band is playing, "Happy Days is Here Again." Guys dressed in overalls tooting away, and the drums banging, and a big sign carried by two men: "Sparta Brass Band." And right behind that another sign: "Welcome to Our City, Mr. Hogan." And another sign: "So Long Cherokee Jones—Knock 'Em Stiff!"

And the team is practicing out on the field, and the mayor—you know he is the mayor because he is in the only silk hat in Oklahoma—comes in with the band and marches over to the plate. He has a traveling bag in his hand.

The athletes on both teams huddle around the plate, and the mayor waves his arms and makes a speech. Then he gives a big tall guy which looks like Mule Haas, only more sunburned, the bag, and shakes hands with him. And all the guys on the two teams shake hands with this guy.

"Old Home Week?" I ask Ed.

"No, nothing like that. Just a little token of regard—a kind of a farewell gift."

"Oh—is the egg going away?"

"Wait and see."

**S**O the Sparta team begins batting practice, and third up is this big guy which got the handbag. The batting practice pitcher winds up and whistles a fast one, letter high, across



the plate, and this egg takes a cut like Bobby Jones swinging a wooden club.

There is a crack and the centerfielder backs up to the fence, tosses his glove up in the air, and the ball sails over the fence with forty feet to spare. And that fence around that ball park ain't exactly no telephone booth. It's plenty distant.

The pitcher pulls his cap over his eyes and feeds the big moose a slow curve on the inside. That swing goes again, there is that same crack, and another ball goes over the fence—higher and farther.

And a couple of more balls go—hard hit—travelin' like rifle bullets.

"If you haven't tumbled yet," suggested Ed, "that guy up there taking his cut is the guy you came to see—Cherokee Jones. He loses a dozen or fifteen balls like that every day in batting practice. Not counting what he loses during the game. The overhead on that guy is terrific."

"He takes a nice cut," I admit. "A little green—but a little polish will help."

"Don't be like that!" grins Ed. "You know you never see a guy with a prettier swing. This boy is a natural hitter. He'll swing the same way against Hubbell."

"Only faster," I grunt. "What's the idea of givin' him that speech and keister before the game?"

"So he'll have something to carry his other shirt in, when he leaves with you tomorrow."

"But suppose—I don't like him?"

Ed looks around at the guys packing gats in the mob. And just then I tumble to the fact that every one of them monkeys is lookin' at me—and kind of grinnin'.

Ed shakes his head. "They take their baseball pretty hard down here," he says. "This here Cherokee boy is the town hero—and public spirit is plenty high. If you didn't like him it would mean you didn't like the town, either. And the boys wouldn't like that."

"Why, only last month there was a pipe drummer in here who mentioned casually that while Sparta was a great little town, it didn't exactly have all the advantages and comforts of a big city.

Well, they tar-and-feather the guy, and ride him out of town on a rail."

I kind of swallow. I figure it's a rib—but a guy can't laugh off them portable cannon they wear like dollar watches down here—and the way the guys which wear them look.

So what is a couple of bucks to a couple of banks anyhow? Besides, the kid does take a nice swing—and I don't want to go around insulting nobody's home town. I ain't that kind of a guy.

And just then, I look down, and I see a row of five kids standin' in front of me. They look like a flight of steps. They begin at about two feet and go up to five feet, regular, just like steps.

Each and every one is tow-headed with big blue eyes, and absolutely serious, flat pans. They is dressed in blue overhauls, like everybody else but me and the mayor and they is putting the eye right on me. Standing there, looking at my mug without making a crack.

**I** GIVE 'em a smile. I figure they are looking for the aughty graft of the famous scout for the Flatbush Furies, or something like that, and I begin takin' out the fountain pen. It makes a guy feel good to know that kids is interested in old-time baseball players, even away down here in the sticks.

"Hi, boys!" I say to all five.

"Hi!" they all say together, like a brother act.

There is a little silence and we spar for time. Then the top step of the five leads with a line.

"You're Mr. Hogan."

It's a riot. Each of 'em says one sentence, which makes a conversation when it's added up. It goes from the biggest down to the littlest in the line. The next takes up where the one before leaves off.

"You're Mr. Hogan..."

"You're a scout for the Dizziness Boys..."

"We read it in the paper..."

"Flatbush ain't so hot..."

"It's in seventh place."

So I keep the smile on the pan, and reach out to pat the nearest one on the head. It's like patting a cigar store



Indian. The kid never bats an eye or cracks a smile.

"Nice kids," I tell Ed. "Home grown?"

"You ought to see Our Pop . . ."

"Our Pop is a pitcher . . ."

"Our Pop just goes out there and chucks . . ."

"Our Pop is the best pitcher in the world . . ."

"Our Pop just hitches up his pants and the batter ducks."

"Hah, hah!" I tell Ed Smith. "Is this a part of the scenery, like the Gowanus Oyster Fry, and Walking-about Young Men's and Dames' Society? How long does it take the kids to rehearse the act?"

"Oh, them?" grins Ed. "They always talk like that. They're a one-family cheering section. They're in every ball park in the league, every afternoon from June until September."

"Our Pop should be in the big leagues . . ."

"Our Pop would make monkeys out of Mr. Terry . . ."

"And out of Mr. Medwick . . ."

"And out of Mr. Camilli . . ."

"Our Pop ain't scared none of them fellas."

"Who's 'Our Pop'?" I ask Ed.

Ed grins. "Pitcher for the Trojans. Runs a filling station in the winter. Plays baseball all summer. Was here when I came. Raises kids like these boys for a sideline. Not a bad business. They're nice kids."

"Our Pop has a ball that would burn the whiskers off a brass monkey . . ."

"Our Pop throws a big old curve that goes all the way around the bases before it gets to home plate . . ."

"You ought to make Our Pop go into the big leagues . . ."

"Only Our Pop is scared to go so far away from home . . ."

"And Our Mom wouldn't let him."

The umpire is calling time. I smile down sweetly at the five steps. I say with the fatherly smile I use on my kids if I had any kids:

"That's very nice, boys. I appreciate the tip. Let's sit down now and look at the ball game."

"That Cherokee Jones ain't no great shucks . . ."

"Our Pop will make a sucker out of him . . ."

"He's duck soup for Our Pop . . ."

"Cherokee Jones couldn't touch Our Pop for a foul ball . . ."

"Our Pop just laughs and sits him down."

So the five steps walk gravely down to a front-line box where there is a lady sitting, looking at them very proudly. A lady, the like of which ain't been seen since Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, was a five-star hit on the Big Stem.

This lady is dressed in black silk, with a bustle, and she has on one of them 1896 hats which stand out like the poop deck on a garbage barge, all



trimmed with stuffed canaries and things. The canaries is eating a bunch of red cherries. It's quite a get-up.

The five steps sit in the front row of the box, and look at the field. They don't open their traps. They just sit and stare at the players.

**W**ELL, it gets to be a ball game right from the very first inning—from the first Spartan up. I don't remember no names when I'm scouting around except the guy I'm looking at. This first batter comes up, and hits a bobble at the second baseman, who runs in, scoops it up for a dead out, and heaves it over the first baseman's head.

The next Spartan up lays down a sacrifice that the pitcher boots back to the catcher, and before they stop booting the ball around there is a guy on first



and third and nobody down.

And then Mr. Cherokee Jones, swinging *four* bats arrives at the plate, a dead-pan look on his face, his eyes narrowed. He stands there as easy as you please, while he works the count to three and two.

The next pitch is letter high and over the inside corner, and the Indian leans into it and murders it. So help me, that ball travels on a line over the center field fence. It's one terrific belt in any ball game anywhere, and it's hit against a nice fast ball right where it's hardest to hit.

So three runs come in for Sparta, and the natives go wild, and three hundred guys run the last mile with Mr. Jones from third base to home.

"Another hundred bucks on the bonus," sighs Ed Smith. "Well, can he hit?"

"Does he always plough the ball like that?"

"He cut a little under that one, didn't get a square sock at it. Usually he hits 'em farther."

"That's far enough for me. What's the train fare between here and New York—and can we get a reduction for two tickets?"

I hear a voice aimed at me:

"Our Pop would have struck him out . . ."

"He can't hit against Our Pop . . ."

"Our Pop has control . . ."

"He would have given him a curve, low on the outside . . ."

"Our Pop pitched yesterday and gave the Badgers two hits."

"Yes, indeed—I'll bet your pop is a wow," I smile.

All five at the same time: "You said it, mister!"

Well, the ball game goes on and on. The Trojans get back a couple of runs, and the game goes into the eighth inning, with Sparta two runs ahead, on account of because the Trojans can't get this Cherokee Jones out.

That guy is poison. He hits anything that's five feet from the plate. He murders fast balls, change of pace and slow curves. I can close my eyes and see him murdering Hubbell and Dean and them guys the same way, and pinning back the ears of that high, hard

one Warneke throws.

And then in the eighth inning, when he is coming up for the fifth time in the ball game, the umpire walks to the grandstand and announces:

"Brennan now pitching for Troy!"

---

## CHAPTER IV

### *While Rome Burns*

---

A REGULAR turkey-neck comes out on the ball field if I ever see one. You see guys like him in the ridges of the Carolinas. Tall, lanky, gawky guys with elbows and knees that work on hinges. Guys with a big chaw in one side of the jaw, a big Adam's apple that bobs up and down with each chaw, a funny kind of a grin, and grey-blue eyes under black hair.

Only in this Brennan's black hair there are streaks of silver. In a baseball uniform he looks like a stork dressed in fancy costume. The pants is up above his knees and he has an old red flannel shirt under his uniform blouse that makes me sweat just looking at it.

He ambles over to the mound as if there is all the time in the world to this ball game. Then he grins at Mr. Cherokee Jones, grins at the umps, grins at the crowd, and lobs half a dozen balls up to the plate with a lazy sweep of the arm—a motion like Grove's only from the right side of the plate.

And suddenly a piping voice yells at me:

"That's Our Pop!"

"Strike him out, Pop . . ."

"Hey, Pop, we know Mr. Hogan . . ."

"He's a Flatbusher, Pop . . ."

"He wants to look at Mr Jones, Pop."

And Brennan grins and waves his hand at the kids, tips his hat to the lady in the box, and paws the dirt around a little with his toes, and nods his head to the umps.

There is two men on base and one out and Mr. Cherokee Jones at the bat.

Well, sir, those kids start to talk to that turkey-neck. They keep talking in relays, in a straight string. And Brennan settles into his motion, just kind of setting himself to pitch. The guy on



first takes a lead and set himself to fly with the crack of the bat.

There is sudden motion from Brennan. Just kind of a flip of the wrist—and somehow, the first baseman is holding the ball, and has it rammed in the runner's belly, catching him flatfooted, six feet off the bag. He laughs, shows him the ball and the umps gives the runner the thumb. There is a sudden silence on the field.

One tow-head turns around and looks at me and nods like an old man. "He gets 'em all like that."

Brennan just then comes out of slow motion, and there is a streak of white toward the plate—an egg-shaped thing that cracks into the catcher's glove like a rifle shot. The ump says: "Strike!"

Cherokee Jones turns his head and glares at the ump. Brennan grins and flips his hand for the catcher's return.

He sets himself again, rares back, unwinds, lets it go. Jones swings, hard, vicious, murder in his heart—and pops another fast ball into the screen back of the catcher and nearly falls on his face. That makes the second strike.

Brennan squirts tobacco juice in the dirt and hitches up his pants. He's as cool as December 25th in Chicago. He rubs the end of his nose with his glove, looks at the batter and then at the guy on third base.

"He'll waste a couple," say I to Ed Smith. "Two and none, he can afford to try to make the Indian bite on a bad ball."

"The Indian don't bite on bad balls and every pitcher in the league knows it. This Brennan, he ain't fancy, he stays in there and pitches and does a hell of a swell job. I wish we had him—"

**B**RENNAN comes out of his motion, and lets the ball go, and I think for a minute it's a wild pitch. Mr. Jones falls away from the plate. And suddenly I see where the catcher grabs the ball!

"Strike *three!*" sings the ump.

"That was Our Pop's curve!" yelps a kid's voice.

"Our Pop wraps it around their necks!"

"That was just the fast curve, the

slow one is a peach."

"Our Pop struck him out!"

"That was Mr. Jones—batting against Our Pop."

I look at Ed Smith. "I ain't seen a curve ball like that since Kroh dropped out of the Cubs and the National League."

"He can't hit 'em all!" growls Ed. "Anybody can be a sucker for that kind of a curve once in a while."

The five steps look at me.

"You better take Our Pop..."

"'Fore he goes home..."

"Once he gets home..."

"He don't like to get away much..."

"And Ma likes meals on time."

"Maybe I'll talk to your pop, later," I tell the five.

"We'll bring him around—and we won't tell Ma."

So I see a game in Oklahoma, and Cherokee Jones is okay with me. The guy is a murderer at the bat, and I'm figuring on a nice bonus for myself for grabbing him off.

I can see myself sitting in the press coop back at Flatbush, chinning with the newspaper boys, kind of careless-like, the first time the Indian comes to bat in a Flatbush uniform. And remarking, as if it was all in the day's work, when he lines that apple over the wall:

"Oh, sure—he's a guy I found running barefoot down in Oklahoma and put shoes on. Quite a hitter, ain't he?"

Boy—what a sensation!

I turn to Ed Smith. "You know Jones?"

"Sure, we're buddies. I'm his builder-upper."

"Well, you tell him to be at what passes for a hotel in this joint, at nine tonight, packed up and ready to travel. I got a blank contract in my pocket, ready to fill in his name. He's as good as on the team. He signs on the dotted line—and it's a deal."

"That's swell!" says Ed. "I knew you'd like him. He'll be a sensation on the big time."

So I go over and shake hands with the guys on both teams. It never pays to have the six-story hat, even in Okla-



homa. I look around for the turkey-neck, but he ain't to be seen.

Then Ed and I break away through the rioting crowd, and Ed stops long enough to make a speech:

"Fellow Citizens, I am pleased and happy to announce that Cherokee Jones will leave tonight for the big leagues, where you will read his name in the paper as he brings fame and glory to the great city of Sparta, Oklahoma. This here gent, Mr. Ike Hogan, is a big league scout—"

And that is as far as he gets, because somehow a riot starts and I am in the middle of it. Three hundred guys grab pieces of my anatomy and wrestle me up in the air until I am riding on shoulders and heads and things. And in this manner we go down the street until we come to the Silver Dollar Saloon. The procession charges in, and I am set down on the bar with the rest of the bottles. A drink is pushed in my fist, and some guy, about seven foot tall, yells out:

"I'm buyin' a drink for Mr. Hogan here—and for the whole damn shebang! Whooeee! Sparta's got a player in the big leagues!"

**W**HEN that one is poured down, another guy steps up and buys a drink for Mr. Hogan, on account of because he likes Mr. Hogan, and Sparta has a player in the big leagues.

And then they buy 'em three and four at a time.

At about the tenth, I look down from that bar, for a friend. I say to Ed Smith:

"Listen, that makes about ten drinks. I ain't no bathroom sewer pipe. I got a limit. Lemme down out of here."

He looks at me and shakes his head. "Shhhh!" he whispers. "It's an insult out here to refuse to drink with a guy. They take it personal. Men get killed for that. Just grin and bear it—it's a custom of the country. They'll get plastered pretty soon and start fighting among themselves, then you can scram."

"Yeah, but I'm getting plastered ten times as quick. Is that a custom of the country?"

All I get is a shrug.

And then, all I can remember is having drinks pushed in my kisser and me trying to swallow and suddenly—everything kinda goes black and up and down. Night on a stormy sea . . .

\* \* \*

So I'm lying down in a sea of black molasses, and the sea is rolling, and the stuff is smeared all over me, and a devil is standing in the middle of my stomach, with a crowbar driven right in among the works inside. And ten assistant devils is bearing down on the crowbar, yelping, "Yo—heave—ho!"

With every heave the department of the interior gets itself pried up and down in the mess. And on the top deck a couple of more devils are bangin' away on the skull with a rivet gun. I got a mouth full of steel wool which had been doused in alum, and there is a thunder and lightning storm rolling around in the brain, and I got a paralysis of the system, right down to the big toes.

And somebody is barking at me:

"Hey, Ike—Ike—hey, Ike . . ." Over and over.

When the eyes come apart it feels like tearing tissue paper.

After I can see, there is a round blob of white hanging over me, and the blob, in time, becomes Mr. Ed Smith of the local Blat. He's shaking me back and forth.

"Come on—get up—" he keeps telling me. "Jeez! You're unconscious, you got a job to do. And besides—you better wake up and start thinkin'. There's a little sad news to be run on your Page One this morning. It'll make the World War and the sinking of the Titanic just routine news."

"Don't bother me!" I moan. "I got enough bad news going on inside of me. Bad news can't do me nothin'—"

"No? Well, get a load of this—Cherokee Jones was on board the noon rattler that just pulled out!"

"So—he'll be back."

"Not for a helluva long time, he won't," grins Ed. "He's going away to work. And he didn't go alone."

I begin to feel disaster sneaking around the corner. I give a good push on both arms and manage to get the head off the pillow. The room is doing



outside loops mixed up with vertical banks.

"You mean the guy is eloping or something? Well, all ball players is married—"

"He ain't married to this guy. He hopped the rattler with Danny Devlin."

**I** FEEL my feet hit the floor and kind of bounce. I smack against three walls and make a three-cushion bounce into a chair.

"Devlin!" I scream. "Devlin—you're nuts—"

"Mr. Daniel Devlin, ivory scout of the New York Giants, to be exact, and he had a firm grip on Cherokee Jones' arm, and a grin spread all over his pan. And by now they're sailing out of the state of Oklahoma—and your job is sailing with 'em."

"Oh, my God!" I groan. "Stop 'em. Hire a plane. That Jones belongs to me. I saw him first. I'll have the law on him. I'll repossess him. I'll toss that Devlin heel in clink for embezzlement or somethin'. They can't do this to me."

"I hear tell that Devlin came in here day before yesterday, dressed like an oil field worker in overalls and an old hat, and went to the ball game, and got a load of Cherokee Jones and—"

"Listen," I howl. "How does Danny Devlin figure to know anything about this Sitting Bull, anyhow? Where does he get the tip?"

Ed Smith looks sorrowful. "Well," he says, slowlike, "I got to take the rap for that. You see, when I figure this boy is ripe I tip off the front office on the Giants, the Cubs and the Flatbushes. Maybe one is interested. I don't figure that two scouts will land in a tank like this at the same minute. And besides, the boy has a right to a chance—"

"My pal!" I groan. "My pal! Right under my nose he cuts me out from under my job. He gives me the double business. He stabs me to the wishbone! He stands by and watches a bunch of hooligans put me away with poison hootch and while I'm out, a bandit for the Giants comes along and steals my ball player!"

"Ah, don't take it so big!" says Ed.

"We got a million of 'em down here—I'll dig you up another. Besides, you couldn't have touched this boy after Devlin got to him. You don't talk that kind of money. I hear Devlin gives him a five grand bonus for signing the contract and writes in a salary of six grand for the first season. You couldn't beat that—could you?"

"He don't care for money!" I remind the guy. "He's an Injun, all on fire for the glory of the noble red man, and for Sparta. He gets his jack from erl on the reservoir and plays baseball for the fun of it."

"Aw, nuts!" growls Ed. "After all, dough is dough, even to J. P. Morgan. He ain't turning down no money that I heard of."

"Go 'way," I beg. "Lemme alone. I want to suffer. What a hell of a joint to be fired in—Sparta, Oklahoma!"

So Ed goes out. He looks kind of sorry. He's weaving a little when he walks. I sink back in the chair. I'm trying to figure a story to tell the front office. To tell Burly Hines. Something that will keep those pay checks comin' in. Scout jobs ain't exactly no bed of roses, but it's better than walking around in the hot sun.

And just then there is a knock on the door. I figure it's Ed comin' back.

"Come on in," I growl.

---

## CHAPTER V

### *Second-Fiddle Find*

---

**I** SEE the door open, but nothing comes in. I begin to think I got the d. t.s for good, and I'm about to dive under the bed to get away from the willies, when a little voice pipes up:

"Good morning, Mr. Hogan. We brung Our Pop, like you said."

I gulp once. The door is moving again. The five steps are coming into the room, with the lowest step first, which is why I don't see so good. I don't look down that low.

"We been sitting on the front porch, waiting for you to get up. . . ."

"Our Pop is a little nervous. . . ."

"He ain't never talked to a big league scout, but we told him you was a nice guy. . . ."



"Our Mom came along, she's waitin' downstairs, we couldn't fool her, she knows everything. . . ."

"Mr. Cherokee Jones went off with another man. We saw him go on the train."

And then I look up, and behind these five kids is that red-faced, tall, grinning hill-billy I see pitching relief for the Trojans at the ball park.

"I ain't aimin' to bust in here like this, Mr. Hogan," says this turkey-neck. "But the boys here was plumb insistent that you wanted to see me. If you like—I'll get along and come back later. I know, when a man is in his underwear like you, he wants to be comfortable, and can't talk no business to amount to anything."

"Oh, hello, Brennan," I croak at him. "Boy—it was a wild night."

"Yes, sir!" he grins. "When the boys celebrate they sure take out the stopper and let 'er rip. I hear as how the jail house is full. They're mighty stirred up about Jones goin' up to the Giants. I thought you were goin' to take him for the Flatbushers, Mr. Hogan."

I get a certain look on my pan. "Who—him—that big tramp?" I growl. "Hell, I wouldn't have him wrapped in cellophane. Didn't you fan him in the clutch?"

"Sure—but that ain't nothin'. I fan him in the clutch a couple of times. If I done went and spoiled his chances with the Flatbushes I'm plumb sorry."

"Our Pop fans everybody when he gets in there and pitches. . . ."

"Our Pop has a hop on his fast one that goes higher'n a jack rabbit. . . ."

"Our Pop is the best pitcher in the world. . . ."

"Our Pop sends up that floater and they swing and miss. . . ."

"Our Pop wouldn't let them Flatbushers be in no seventh place—wouldya, Pop?"

Brennan kind of grins and looks at the kids. "Don't pay 'em no mind, Mr. Hogan," he begs. "They just figure I can pitch some."

I get a sudden brain storm. Maybe there is a way out. Maybe them pay checks won't stop. Maybe I can alibi about the Cherokee Jones boot. I look at Brennan.

"You didn't spoil nobody's chances nowhere," I tell him. "If I want that Jones Indian, I grab him, see? I see you fan him in the clutch. Maybe he's a great hitter. But I figure I'd rather have the pitcher that can stop the big hitter. Now look here, Mr. Brennan, I'm a guy of few words. I can use a pitcher for the Flatbushers, and I got to leave town today."

"I'll put it up to you. I'll give you a crack at the big time. I'll give you a chance to pitch against real hitters in real ball parks. I'll give you a chance to make the big dough. How about it? We leave on the night train."

"Could I kind of talk it over with the little woman?" says Brennan, his Adam's apple bobbing like a cork floater. "I wouldn't want to do nothin'—without kinda askin' her."

"Sure—talk it over—hustle back here. Wait—I'll get dressed. I'll go with you. I'm a salesman right down to the ground. Hell—you're as good as in Flatbush right now."

**L**IKE HOGAN is not going to take chances on any more guys sneakin' in dressed in overalls. Just a hunch. A silly hunch—a sucker bet on this string-bean with the eagle beak and the funny grey-blue eyes. An old man, almost—with five kids. And a big league rookie. But that's me—a born gambler.

So I struggle into the clothes, and try to forget the hangover and the headache. Everything is a dizzy daze. I see the "little woman." She's cookin' dinner for the family over a burner in a two-room shack they stay in when the Trojans are in Sparta.

I don't know what I say. All I know is there is bawlin', and red eyes, and sniffin'. Pop Brennan bawls as if his heart will break, and the kids howl, and jump up and down, and bawl, all at the same time. It sounds like the sideshow at Barnum and Bailey's with animal feeding time right in the next tent.

And then we're on the rattler, and Brennan is sitting next to me, with a carpet bag on his knees, looking out the window, with a dying calf expression on his face, and tears running out of his eyes.

He says to me, huskylike: "I ain't



never been away from home before. It's kind of a lonesome feelin', ain't it? And what are them kids goin' to do now, without me out there pitchin' and them sitting there watchin' me pitch? They won't do nothin' but mope around like—I better not go."

And I have to put the clutch on him to keep him on the train.

"I'll bet they'll get a big thrill out of you pitchin' in your first world series!" I tell him. "Think of them five swell kids, sitting there, watching their old man settin' down the Tigers or the Yanks or somebody like that?"

"Gee," he says. "You reckon the boss man will let me pitchim important ball like that?"

"You're a cinch," I tell him.

And that's what I keep telling him until I get the following wire from my long-winded boss:

Mr. Ike Hogan  
Enroute

You big lug. I send you to look at a guy which hits .862 in his stocking feet and you wire me that you pass him over for a pitcher which nobody ain't never heard of. You're the kind of a guy which if he went to get married would take the minister on the honeymoon, and leave the bride to go back to bed with the minister's wife.

I just hear that the Giants get that Indian guy which you belittle in your telegram. So help me, if this war whoop so much as gets himself a base knock against one of our pitchers, I'm goin' to fire you and then run you all the way back to Oklahoma. If this Brennan ain't the best pitcher in the world you ain't got no more job than an Alabama Republican.

Yours truly,  
Burly Hines

Manager, Flatbush National League Baseball Team.

P. S. That there item which you stuck on the swindle sheet, entitled entertainment in Peoria, is scratched. I know that entertainment myself. Her name is Julia.

Try sleeping overland with a bully dough like that under your pillow! And with a guy like Pop Brennan sitting in the seat with you, honing for home and the kids!

It was a lovely trip.

When I get to Flatbush, for the first hour Old Burly treats me like a poor relation at the Van Gump's Christmas party. Boy—am I in the dog house!

"Okay," says Burly, sarcastic-like,

"so you sign Old Man Methusalem for us, and you send me a five-hundred word build-up wire. I'm betting you was drunk or somethin' and Devlin put it over on you. But you're supposed to be scoutin' for this team, and I'd be a sucker not to give you the break, seein' as how we're payin' you for doin' the job.

"So I am goin' to let Pop Brennan pitch this afternoon, and I will be out there with the lamps turned on him, and if he is a bust—"

**S**O Flatbush is playin' the Reds that afternoon, and Lucas is pitching for the squareheads, and Lucas is hotter than the Fourth of July at twelve o'clock noon in Jackson's Hole, Mississippi. He has won himself about seven straight and the Cincinnati is windin' up to upset the dope in the League.

They're a bunch of young hellions which don't give a damn and they begin to knock down fences in the National League Parks in July, and to belt pitchers off the mound, and to get very, very tough indeed, and to become big headaches to guys like Grimm and Terry and Traynor. Playing baseball with the Rhinelanders is just as pleasant as spending an afternoon on a bee farm, when the bees don't like you.

The usual three thousand guys is on hand to see the game, including the press, the relations and the players.

And Pop Brennan, in the middle of a big silence, goes out to pitch for Flatbush. Just walks out there, like he walked out on the slab the time I see him pitch back in Oklahoma. He has that big chaw pushed in his face and that old, worn glove on his hand, and the sleeves of the red flannel shirt sticking out from under his new uniform.

Somehow the guy looks like somebody you know, standin' there on the hill, but you can't place him—until suddenly you remember that he has legs like Hubbell, and a body like Grove, and shoulders like Chief Bender, and a face like old Eddie Plank, and he looks like every pitcher that ever pitched good ball—all wrapped up under the same hide.

I ain't no sports reporter, so I don't



aim to tell no play by play of that there game with the Reds. I been lookin' at baseball for forty years or so—and I figure I see everything in that time that can happen on a diamond—but I sit there in a box this afternoon, with the nerves tuned up like the top wires on a piano.

And it ain't only because my job is ridin' on every pitch that turkey-neck lets go. It's because—well, the guy, out there all alone, does something to you, and because the breaks is so lousy against him.

He throws that apple. And Lucas is throwing that apple.

The game is goose eggs all the way down the stretch, and it goes into the eighth inning, still tied at nothing all.

But all day our guys have been kicking the ball around, tossing to the wrong bags, letting pop flies go for Texas League hits, and acting just like the Flatbushes. And Pop Brennan, cool as ice, never flustered, stays in there and pitches. When he has to get them Reds out on strikes—well, he throws 'em that curve or that blazing high hard one—and they go out somehow. It seems he's got 'em hypnotized.

In the last of the eighth, by some accident, Buddy Taylor on our side busts himself a double against the fence. The next guy up, Tex Hames, takes a swing, tops the ball, and bounces it over the second baseman's head for a lucky single. And Taylor, sliding head first beats the throw to the plate and we get a run—two hits off Lucas up to there.

And Pop Brennan, still quiet, still chawing, and still cool as ice, goes out to the rubber with the pressure on, and us with that measly run. He fans the first Redleg up, gets the second on a pop foul to third base, and makes a monkey out of the third man to face him, with a low curve ball on the outside for the third strike.

When he comes in from the rubber, there is a big silence, because nobody in the park has seen any pitching like that from a Flatbush pitcher since old Burly hisself kind of lost the hop on his fast one. Nobody in the park really realizes just how good Brennan

has been goin' in a tight ball game. When the figures is added up, the newspaper flashes the news that Pop Brennan, rookie pitcher, beats Lucas in a pitching duel and allows two hits, and no runs!

So after the game, Burly comes up to my room and tosses his frame on the bed.

"You get yourself a lucky break," he growls. "Old Pop looked like a million dollars out there this afternoon—but he'll fade under pressure. But anyhow, for the time being, we'll forget about it—and you can go back on the road. See if you can remember about that hitting outfielder we need—and don't bring back a halfback by mistake."

So I hie out for the tanks again. That's the hell of bein' a scout. You do all the scouting in the underbrush—never on Broadway.

## CHAPTER VI

### *The Old Giant Serious*

**S**EPTEMBER—and the stretch drive. The Giants going like hammer and tongs, and the Cubs and the Pirates and the Cardinals and the Reds—all bunched together—they can be covered over with a blanket they is so close. Two games and a little over, separating five teams in the National League, and the fans is jittery with the excitement.

Nobody notices that the Flatbushes climb into sixth place in the standings. Not with a race like this goin' on. The first five teams have a swell time throat-cuttin' each other.

I keep watching the papers for news of Pop Brennan. He wins himself two-three games in a row. Then he loses one—gets beat out in the eighth inning. And he loses another, and I start to sweat.

It comes time for the last go-round between the Giants and the Flatbushes which is a very personous matter indeed, what with the Flatbushes always ready and willin' to knock the blocks off them Giants just for the pleasure of seein' 'em stagger. Once-twice, we



knock the Giants right out of the world serious in this last get-together between the two teams.

The dope goes out the window when Flatbush tangles with the Giants. Our guys play like All-Americans against the Giants—even if we is in last place and the Giants out in front by ten games.

During this time Cherokee Jones grabs enough newspaper space to paper a forty-room house. He's a riot. He bats pinch a couple of times for the Giants, and smacks the apple far and wide. Then Terry sends him into center field to play regular, and he's hitting a mite over .400 at the end of his first three weeks with the Giants.

The papers is saying that he's the coming outfield sensation of both leagues and that he has no batting weaknesses, and compared to him, Spoke Speaker was just a guy in a sack race when it came to covering ground in the outfield.

It don't make my ham an' eggs any easier goin' down in the morning, with the sports page poked up in front of my mug. Nor does this gentle message I get from Burly a few days later:

Mr. Ike Hogan  
Mansion House  
Ottumwa, Iowa

Your pet turkey is sick. He mopes around like a bump on a pickle and he don't digest his tobacco so good no more. We are goin' into a crucial series with them Giants day after tomorrow and we got to bat the ears off them birds to even stay in the National League. If we don't take them Giants it will take the National Guard of New York to get us out of the ball park after the game on account of the Flatbush fans is sore for having a team which has now been sixth or worse for ten years.

This here Brennan guy is your idea of a ball player, so maybe you know what will take his mind off his troubles and get him to throwing that low curve again. Tear yourself away and hop a plane from Chicago and come home. Maybe the sight of your ugly mug will cheer the guy up.

Did you notice where Cherokee Jones is standing in the list of hitters? So he's the guy you passed up to get a Pop Brennan? Do something, will you?

Burly Hines

Manager, Flatbush National League Baseball Team.

P. S. We still need that outfielder which can hit!

Anything for the good of the team, that's me. I load myself on a rattler and scam to Chi and grab one of them sardine cans with wings that shuttle back and forth between Chi and civilization. I know I'm never going to get back on the ground, but anyway the boys can pick up the fragments and know I was a game guy, in there pitching to the last for the team which is payin' me the dough.

Much to my surprise I make it, and I get to New York.

And I look up Pop Brennan after having a bull session with Burly.

"**P**LD Pop is roomin' by himself," Burly tells me. "He ain't been to a movie. He ain't been nowhere. He ain't seen nothin'. He ain't talked ten words with anybody on the team since he joined up. He don't eat good. He just kinda mopes. He don't act sick—but something is eatin' on him. We might have a chance if this guy could pitch in one of them games, and turn in a game like that first one against the Reds.

"The Giants is a little punchy and we could take 'em—but we got to have some pitchin'. I figure that Mungo can snatch one, and I figure that Hubbell may take one for them, and after that it's a toss-up. If we could lick Hubbell — man, we'd break their hearts and cop the series."

Well, I find Pop in his room. He's sitting there lookin' out the window when I knock on the door and go in. He gets up, and I see his face. It's plumb mellocoly, like a guy's which has just said, "Goodby — goodbye and goodbye—" in one of them heavy long movies. He brightens up a little when he sees me. He looks real glad to see an old friend.

We get to talkin'. I ask him how he feels and how he likes the Big Town, and how he likes pitchin' in the Big Time, and a lot of questions like that, just to get him started.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Hogan," he says, slowlike, lookin' at me. "I guess — maybe, I'm a mite homesick. Everybody has been fine to me, here. But I get to thinkin' sometimes, how far away I am from Troy and Sparta and

home, and how the kids are doin'. The little woman, she don't write so good, so I don't hear much news, and I get to thinkin' of her a-pinin' for me, and them kids—without their old man in there pitching—and I could bust right down and cry.

"And at night it gets so darned lonesome and things that a couple of times I been ready to sneak away, and try to find the way back home. Only Mr. Hines has been so nice—and I'd like to help him out all I can."

We sit there.

"This here, now, National League, ain't so different from our league," he says, and he's as serious as a judge. "I seen them Giants play a couple of times when we had open dates on the schedule. They are men, just like guys I been pitching against all my life—and they only get three strikes, and I figure I could do all right agin' 'em—but I sure miss them kids and the old woman."

"You sit right here!" I tell him. "And don't you worry none. You ain't goin' to be worried like that no more."

And I barge out, all hot with a big idea. I put the squeeze on the front office for five C notes, and believe it or not, I take another airyplane, and I ride. What I mean—I ride. I got an idea to lick them Giants—and what I mean—shellac 'em. Brains is what counts—even in Flatbush.

**M**UNGO beats Fitzsimmons 3 and 1 in a heartbreaker — even in the newspapers. I don't see the game—I'm flyin'. The Giants get their run on a smack into the far left field bleachers by a guy named Cherokee Jones who steps into a fast one and puts it in mothballs. In this first game, Mr. Jones is slightly terrific with a double, two singles and that home run. He treats our Mr. Mungo like a brother.

Then Gabler pulls a surprise and beats us, 6 and 5, against Lefty Clarke. Clarke is doing all right for himself all the way up to the seventh inning, when he can't find the plate and passes one man, boots the play on the sacrifice, gets mad and walks the next guy.

Before Burly can derrick the guy,

Mr. Cherokee Jones steps up to the dish and belts his second home run of the serious off Lefty, when he hits a curve ball on the inside and smacks it somethin' like 480 feet into the bleachers. Until then, Clarke has himself a 5 and 2 lead.

The third game is a whirlwind, and one of those things. Everybody figures that this is the spot in which Mr. Terry will trot out Mr. Hubbell for the crusher. Only Mr. Terry trots out Smith, and Mr. Smith is steamin'. He pitches like Lefty Grove when Lefty was the fairheaded boy for Connie Mack. Just wild enough to make the batter respect him and not crowd the plate, and just good enough to whip that third one over the dish.

Our guy, Dutch Keller, comes up with one of his good games, and the business busts up in the ninth inning, with Flatbush getting two runs, and the ball game. But Cherokee Jones gets himself three more hits, including another home run with nobody on base, which is a blessing indeed.

And that brings up Hubbell for the Giants, and big trouble for Burly Hines — because he's got nobody to pitch but Pop Brennan, and nothing to lose but his job—and maybe his health.

It's a four game series, and we cop two, which makes the Flatbush fans froth at the mouth and practically mob the Dizziness Boys in their hotel. They stage red light parades all night and things like that, and I come in off the plane in the middle of the festival.

And Burly Hines looks at me and yells: "Well?"

And I take a deep breath and say: "Okay. Don't open your yap — but send Old Pop Brennan in there tomorrow—and if he don't win I am nothing but a monkey's uncle in spades."

"The minute any monkey in the world hears that crack he'll sue you for bustin' his reputation," says Burly. "But I got to pitch Pop anyhow. It's his turn—and nobody can go out there on crutches and pitch against them Otts and them Moores and Bartells and that murderin' so-and-so Jones—"

"Jones?"

"Sure—you heard of him. He gets



himself ten or eleven hits, including three home runs in three games against our side. Outside of that he might just as well have stood back in Oklahoma. And you passed him up!"

Which is just to show you what gratitude a guy gets for working his head off for some people.

## CHAPTER VII

### *Our Pop Scalps an Injun*

**A**BOUT sixty thousand fans is in the stands for that last game with the Giants. About fifty thousand of 'em is from Flatbush, and they got baseball bats, firecrackers, cowbells, and God knows what, which cannot be seen.

They yell their heads off at the Giants. Boy, what a ridin' the Giants take when they play the Dizziness Boys—win or lose. It's Old Home Week at the ball park when them two teams play a serious.

The announcer bellows: "Bat-teries for today—for the Giants, Hubbell and Mancuso; for Flatbush, Brennan and Cross."

The Giants run out on the field, and toss the apple around, and Carl walks out there, takes his place on the rubber and wings a couple of pitches to Man-

cuso. It don't need no yogi to tell the cockeyed world that Carl is plenty hot, and don't care no more about winnin' this ball game than he does about that salary check and world serious dough at the end of the season.

And Old Pop Brennan, red-faced, in red flannel undershirt, just lobs 'em in to Cross, and looks around at all them people, a little sad look on his weather-beaten mug. His heart not in it—but goin' to give everything he has because he's that kind of a guy.

I get a little shaky feeling in the middle of my belly, lookin' at him. Old Pop, a rookie—in the big leagues—and not givin' a damn. Old Pop—rather be back in Oklahoma with his five steps cheerin' him on, and the little woman with the 1896 hat sittin' in the box, beamin' at him—than to beat the Giants every day in the week and a double-header on Sunday.

Three guys on our side go up against Hubbell—and walk away. That screw ball is murderin' 'em.

And then, Old Pop takes up that battered old glove off the first base line and walks up on the mound to pitch in front of sixty thousand people. Old Pop, with a chew in his mug, his Adam's apple bobbing, and a baseball in his hands. Standing there—facing the Giants, with all them sixty thousand guys and gals, quiet, waiting to  
[Turn Page]

# HIS NIGHT CLUB BILL WAS \$62!

"Goodbye, Sir" . . . "Thank you, Sir," says the head waiter fervently, as the little party of four leaves the club. And why shouldn't he—for a \$10.00 tip?

Think that's unusual? Not a bit of it. Young men are making lots of money—and spending plenty—these days. Young men full of health, full of snap and power. And you can bet your bottom dollar that these men watch their health like a hawk—that they see to it that their bowels move regularly. For no man can feel right and do his best if he is held back by the curse of constipation.

So if you want to step up your energy, if you want a quick mind and a vigor-

ous body, remember this one thing and never forget it—*see that your bowels move regularly!*

But the way you move your bowels is important. Instead of taking a laxative that disturbs your system and upsets your stomach, take gentle Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax limits its action entirely to the intestines, where the actual constipation exists. It gives the intestines a *gentle nudge*, emptying the bowels thoroughly—but easily and comfortably. Ex-Lax works in such a simple, common-sense way. And it is such a pleasure to take. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. At all drug stores—10c and 25c. (In Canada—15c and 35c.)

see what he is going to do with hitters like them Giants.

I turn and beat it under the stands. That little something inside the chest is yammering and poundin'. I feel so happy I like to bust. It's a little dark under there out of the sunshine. I got trouble seein' for a minute, and then a voice pipes up:

"Can we go in now, Mr. Hogan? Can we see Our Pop?"

"We want to look at them Giants..."

"We want to see Our Pop put them Giants down..."

"Can we tell Our Pop we're here, now, Mr. Hogan?"

"Do we have to pay to get in, Mr. Hogan?"

I grab all five of 'em, and almost grab that little woman with the canary bird feedin' on ripe cherries on her hat, at the same time. I feel I'm goin' to bust.

I get down on the knees and go into a huddle with the kids. They gather around, serious as the dickens, lookin' at me with big wide eyes.

"You go in there and sit down where I'm goin' to put you, and when I give the word, you take a big breath and yell your heads off for your pop," I tell 'em. "And then you'll see him beat them Giants."

And so, I lead the troupe right up from under the stands into a dugout box behind the Flatbush bench. They don't even look at the sixty thousand people. They can't see anybody in the world but an old guy out there in a red flannel shirt, and a Flatbush uniform.

An old guy with streaks of silver in his hair, and grey-blue eyes under black brows — standin' out there all alone. All them little monkeys have tears in their eyes and lumps in their throats, and the little lady in the black silk dress sits there and grabs hold of the back of the seat in front of her and her hands is shaking—almost as much as mine.

**Y**OU got it, brother! That plane I hops takes me to Oklahoma and back—and on the return trip it's carrying those five kids and their ma. I know what it takes to have Pop Brennan make monkeys out of them Giants

—and Old Doc Hogan is the guy to come up with the right medicine. Surprise! That's me all over—and to hell with the expense. Anything to beat them Giants.

Well, Jo-Jo Moore steps up to the dish, and Brennan sets himself to pitch.

I look at the kids. "Now!" I tell 'em—and I can hardly talk, I'm that excited.

And the youngest of the five Brennan kids pipes up:

"Strike him out, Pop!"

"He's duck soup, Pop!"

"Where's that Jones guy, Pop? We want to see him set down..."

"Them Giants ain't so hot, Pop. The Cards is goin' to win the pennant..."

"Throw him that curve, Pop."

And Old Pop Brennan stands out there on the mound like a guy which has suddenly seen a ghost. He stands holding the ball, and then, without looking at Moore or any of the sixty thousand, he walks off the mound, kinda like walking in his sleep.

He walks all the way over to the box, carrying his old glove, his eyes fixed on the faces of them kids and on that hat with the canary bird. He gets in front of the box, and suddenly he grabs for them kids, and hugs 'em all at once, and snatches at the little woman, and knocks the hat off, and she laughs, and kisses him and the kids pound him on the back.

He looks at the kids. "You think your Pop can beat these here, now, Giants?" he asks in a funny voice. There is a little trickle of tears running down the side of his nose into the corners of his mouth.

"Sure, Pop!" yelps the smallest step.

"They're a cinch, Pop..."

"Don't let 'em have a foul ball, Pop..."

"Show 'em if we're still in the league, Pop..."

"Ma says you can lick 'em with one hand, Pop."

And Pop Brennan kind of grins, as if he gets back his youth all of a sudden. His shoulders go straight, and there is a light in his eyes, and he turns and marches out there to the rubber. He hitches up his pants, spits in the dirt,



grins at Moore—and strikes him out on three pitched balls. And Moore the toughest lead-off man in the league!

Well, you know how it is in a ball game like that, which goes 0 and 0 up to the eighth. You can't see anything but two guys pitchin'. Hubbell and Pop Brennan is the whole show. You remember things, and forget everything else.

For instance, the first time Cherokee Jones comes up there is one out and nobody on. Pop grins at him, heaves the fast one, inside, letter high, and

at a ground ball, flips it to first base for the out. And the mob yells again.

The third time up, with one on and nobody out, Jones belts himself a single to center field, and before the throw-in, Ott who is on first on an error, is on third, and Jones is on first.

Ripple is the next hitter, and he's teeing off, and I can't breathe, and Jones takes a lead on the hit-and-run signal. And suddenly, Old Pop flips the ball with the funny motion, and picks Jones off first, like I see him do to a fella back in Oklahoma when

---

# BEHIND THE SCENES

## of the NATIONAL

### GAME—in

# FRONT OFFICE

# BASEBALL



A Complete Novelette of the Diamond

By **ARTHUR MANN**

In the Next Issue of **POPULAR SPORTS**

---

Jones swings, hard.

There is a crack, and the ball pops up in the air, maybe, fifteen feet. Old Pop takes two steps to his left, holds out his hands and gathers in a little pop-up and Mr. Jones sits himself down. The Brennan kids whoop it up, and the sixty thousand take up the chorus.

**T**HE second time Cherokee Jones comes to the dish, he sets himself again, waiting for the fast ball, but Old Pop feeds him a floater out of the fast ball motion. Jones swings, and Pop stoops over, makes a back-handed stab

Sparta is playing Troy. Jones, with a silly look on his pan, goes back to the dugout, getting an awful panning and with Bill Terry fit to be tied.

Then Pop gets Ripple out on a fly down the well in center field.

We get a run in the eighth inning. Hubbell gives up two hits until the eighth. With two out in the eighth, Truck Moole gets us a run the easy way. He belts a three-and-two count up into the stands for a home run.

The Flatbush fans in the Giant Park are going raving nuts. It sounds like the Armistice.

And then it's the Giants' half of the ninth inning, with Pop Brennan fighting to hold that one-run lead—and to win that serious.

The head of the batting order is up for the Giants.

Moore comes to the dish. He stands there, dangerous, that bat cocked. Pop tosses the first ball. Moore takes a cut, half tops a fast ball, and drives it on a nasty hop between third and short. He pulls up at first, with a single.

Bartell, batting in the second slot, sets himself to bunt. He faces Pop, the bat in front of him. Pop works on him, keepin' the ball high on the outside. On the third pitch, with two balls and a strike the count, Bartell taps one down the third base line.

Woody French comes in fast for it, scoops it up, heaves a perfect peg to first, gets Bartell by a step. But the tying run is on second, with one of the fastest men in the league carrying the mail for the Giants.

Ott comes to the plate, throwing away two extra bats.

Pop hitches up his pants, looks at Moore on second, lets go the pitch. It's where Ott loves 'em, low on the inside, where he can get that mashie shot for that short wall in right field. He swings. The crack of the bat on the ball is like being hit on the point of the jaw. The white thing goes up in the air.

Out in right field, Truck Moole goes back and back, and makes a running jump—picks the ball off the wall—sets himself, and heaves the ball to second base.

But Moore, already touched up, beats the throw to third. The tying run is on third base—and Cherokee Jones is at the plate.

I'm sweatin' all over. Burly Hines is pacing up and down the sidelines. He's white-faced. Sixty thousand people sit there, on the edge of seats.

Then a kid's voice pipes up:

"Show 'em how you pitched to this guy down in Sparta, Pop..."

"Sure, set him down, Pop!"

"Throw him that curve, Pop..."

"He swings like a gate..."

"One-two-three, Pop—you know!"

And the five of 'em jump up and

down and make Indian war whoop noises by patting mouths with hands.

**P**OP BRENNAN grins all of a sudden and the strain goes off his face. He nods and waves his hand, and shifts his chew to the other side of his



mouth. Then he hitches up his pants, puts a foot on the rubber, and lets it fly.

Maybe somebody threw a baseball faster, sometime, but I never see it. There is just a white streak through the air and a nasty crack in the catcher's glove. Jones steps away from the plate and kind of blinks.

And the ump jerks up his right hand and yells: "Str-rike!"

Jones digs his cleats into the dirt, and pounds the plate with his bat. He sets himself for more smoke. And Pop Brennan, with the same motion, rares back and heaves the apple.

Only, it seems to float out of his hand and to take half an hour to get up there to the plate. Cherokee Jones winds himself up to Albany and swings. There is a howl from the mob. He misses that pitch by a foot, and winds up on his panties in the dirt, a surprised look on his face. Ollie Krout, our catcher, is grinning and showing him the ball.

Pop steps back on the rubber and grins at Moore who has a lead off third. Then he turns loose a Johnston flood of Brown's Mule, hitches up his pants



again, looks at the scoreboard, steps on the rubber, and his arm goes back.

And there is a scream from the mob.

On account of because the third pitch is a wide outcurve that starts in the Bronx, and cuts across the heart of the plate — and Mr. Cherokee Jones is standing there, his bat on his shoulder! The umps has jerked up his right fist again, and Mr. Jones wants a recount, but it is strike three — and the ball game, and we beat Hubbell and the Giants 1 and 0.

**F**IVE kids is over the box rail and out on the field, and Pop Brennan is trying to carry all five at the same time as he walks in from the hill—and the fifty thousand Flatbush fanatics are storming out of the stands, trying to hug Old Pop and the team.

In the box a little woman with a bustle, and a 1896 hat is sitting there, cool as a cucumber with a look in her eyes which says this is just what she expected and her old man can do the same thing every day in the week.

And a crazy man which looks like Burly Hines is wrestling with me on the floor of the box and pounding me in the ribs with his fists and yelling:

"Get the hell back to Oklahoma before somebody discovers where it is—and see if you can dig up a coupla more rookies like Pop Brennan. Did you see that curve ball—Holy Cow! Us—knockin' the Giants out of the pennant again! It's terrific!"

"Listen," I tell him from underneath. "I'll take the job and go back there—on a coupla conditions."

"You'll go, conditions or not—"

"No more wise cracks about me scoutin'. And no more chiseling my expense accounts for phony reasons—and I wanna travel by airyplane."

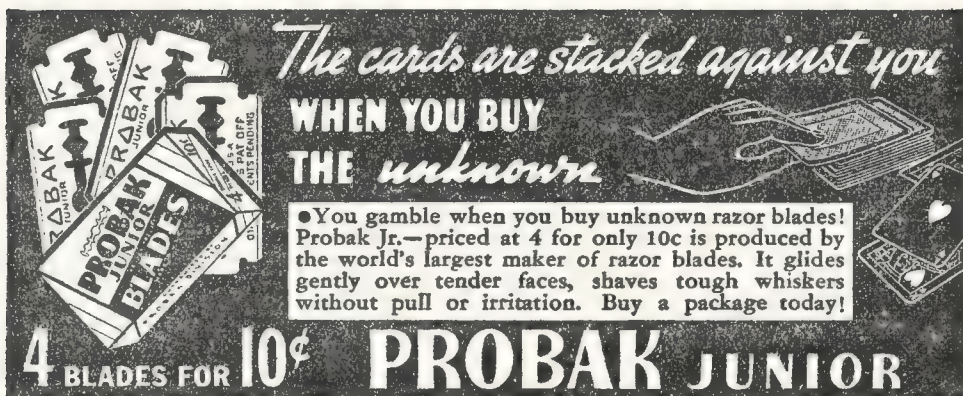
"Travel by camel and see if I give a damn—as long as you find guys like this Brennan. I'll even buy all the pie off all the pie counters in all the tanks in the Prairie States League. And I'll never let another yap out of me about the ivory you dig up, so help me Hannah! Everything is forgive."

Which just goes to show you, when a guy like me knows his racket and does it, he can't miss. And when he has brains like me — well, they just can't get him out. And this travellin' by airyplane is swell—you meet such a nice class of people.

Well, see you at the world serious next year. The Dizziness Boys is a cinch, as soon as I get back to Oklahoma and dig up a outfielder which can hit and a first baseman which can run on both legs and maybe a shortstop which can go to his left for ground balls. But I'm a cinch for them guys—in Oklahoma.

Boy — it's a great state — raw and rough—the way I like 'em. And gold to the bottom—black gold—which is the erl which runs out of them reservoirs where the Indians live.

Next Issue: THE MASKED MATADOR, a Complete Novel of Bullfighting by GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT



*The cards are stacked against you*

**WHEN YOU BUY  
THE unknown**

● You gamble when you buy unknown razor blades! Probak Jr.—priced at 4 for only 10c is produced by the world's largest maker of razor blades. It glides gently over tender faces, shaves tough whiskers without pull or irritation. Buy a package today!

**4 BLADES FOR 10¢ PROBAK JUNIOR**

# THE AMAZING

America's Greatest Baseball Phenomenon  
as a Leading Sports Writer Sees Him!

**I**T WAS the afternoon of September 28, 1930. The Cardinals were playing the Pirates. With the season having practically run its course there was nothing of consequence hanging on the result of the game, it was therefore an ideal spot to try out ambitious rookies.

One of them sat on the Cardinal bench. He was a lanky kid of nineteen, six feet three inches tall, and with a shoulder-spread like the mainsail of a clipper ship. He sat, with his elbows resting on his knees, staring across the sunlit diamond.

Batting practice had ended. The fielders spread over the green grass to do their chores.

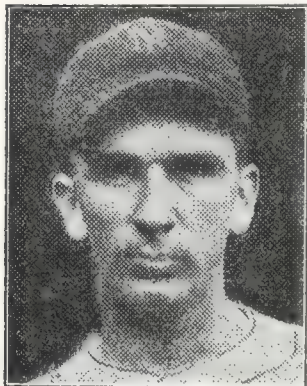
"All right there, Dean," said the manager. "Come on out and warm up."

The lanky youngster unfolded himself.

"All right, boss," he said, "comin' right up."

"Those Pirates are pretty good hitters, you know."

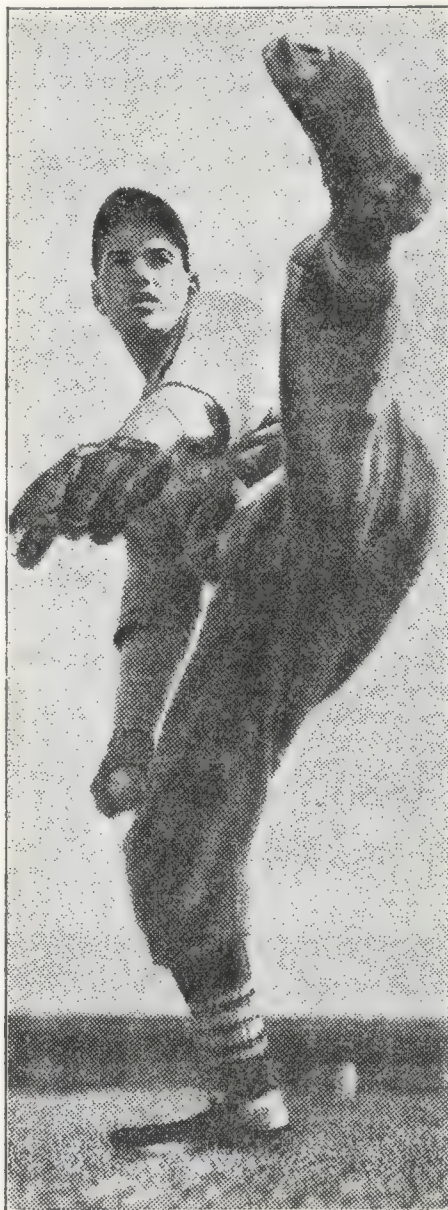
"They'll be lucky to get a hit off



Carl Hubbell



Dizzy Dean



---

## Add Stamina to Brains and Winning

---

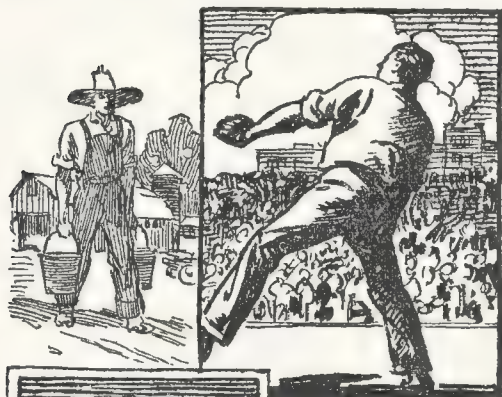


# DIZZY DEAN

By  
**JACK  
KOFOED**

*Famous Sports Columnist*

*(Written Specially for POPULAR SPORTS)*



*Frankie Frisch*



me," said Dean. It was a calm statement of fact. Quite evidently Dean believed it. The manager grunted.

"About the time they're chasing you to the showers you'll admit they didn't have hitters like them in the Texas League."

"Listen, boss. When I fog 'em through I don't care whether they're in this league or the Texas. They

won't be chasin' me to any showers."

Then he picked up his glove, and began to warm up.

## *How Dizzy Got His Name*

Before that game was half over everybody on the St. Louis club from president Sam Breadon down to the bat boy admitted they had found a great pitcher. The nineteen-year-old

---

## Spirit, and the Sum Is a Master Pitcher!

---

had a fast ball that smoked and a curve that broke with vicious sharpness.

The Pirates were good hitters, but they couldn't handle the stuff this rookie served up to them. He allowed exactly three hits, and struck out five men. His control was perfect, and his calm that of a man who had been in fast company for years. You just had to take one look at him out there in the center of the diamond to know that here was a great pitcher—even though he was a kid.

Dizzy Dean had clicked in his first test.

Dizzy? Queer name for a great athlete, isn't it? Do you know how it was wished on him?

Well, to get at the roots of the matter we'll have to go back a little way. Jerome Herman Dean was born in Holdenville, Oklahoma on January 16,



1911.—the second of three brothers. The first was Elmer and the last Paul, who is known as "Daffy." Their mother died when Jerome was three years old. Their Dad tore a poor living out of the stubborn little farm, and the kids chopped cotton and milked cows and did all the other chores that a farm demands.

They never had shoes. They never had anything to speak of, for that matter. Jerome liked baseball, but never had one of his own to play with. So he compromised by throwing stones, and could nip a squirrel with one at thirty feet. That's control, if you ask me.

#### *His First Pair of Shoes*

One day the Holdenville High School was shy a pitcher for an important game with the Oklahoma City Teachers College. They called on Jerome Dean, who, if he was only twelve years old, weighed 160 pounds and had plenty of speed. Dean shut out the teachers, whiffed fourteen batsmen—and was hailed as a phenomenon. That was

pleasant, but it didn't pay off. There was still the hard work of the farm, and no money.

After a few years more the youngster tired of it. He wrapped up his other shirt, and traipsed off to San Antonio, where he enlisted in the Field Artillery.

"There," he said, "I got my first pair of shoes." The shoes were much more important than the uniform. They represented an upward step in the social scale. Of course, Jerome had to enlarge a little on his age to get into the military service of the United States, but he was big enough to get by with the fabrication.

Soldiering in peace times is not an arduous occupation. It was much easier than chopping cotton and milking cows, anyway. There was plenty of time for recreation—which included baseball. Jerome did so well with the army team that he was invited to train with the San Antonio club in his hours off duty. He did, and pitched so well that when the Chicago White Sox came along for an exhibition game Dean was nominated to work against them.

#### *In Sight of the Big League*

The youngster had never seen big leaguers before, but that did not bother him. He possessed an extraordinary calm—a superb confidence in himself. Pitch against the Sox? Sure, why not? They didn't mean any more to him than the Oklahoma City teachers had six years before.

Through the first couple of innings Dean kept foggin' the ball past the big leaguers. They didn't like it. Their pride was hurt at not being able to slap this big busher around as they pleased.

The third base coach began shouting, "Knock that dizzy kid out of the ball park!" every time a White Sox hitter came to bat. The men on the bench took it up.

"Knock that dizzy kid out!"

But they couldn't do it—and Dean finished by shutting out the Windy City athletes with four hits.

The name "Dizzy" stuck. Thereafter the Jerome Herman part of the Dean name was forgotten, and Dizzy Dean was born for the headlines.



There is, very definitely, a baseball grapevine. News gets around. An event that happens in San Francisco last week is discussed in the Polo Grounds this week. There was talk in lots of places about the big Oklahoma farm hand, who had shut out the White Sox. Just why Chicago didn't do something about tying him up I don't know. But they didn't.

Then Don Curtis, a Cardinal scout, turned up in San Antonio. He stayed for several days and looked Dizzy over very thoroughly. But there were complications. The young man was enlisted in the United States Army. He couldn't go off just because he had an offer to play professional baseball. There was a way, though. Curtis arranged to buy him out of the service. There were various formalities to be gone through; red tape to be cut. Finally it was all arranged, and Dizzy Dean was free to enter the game he enjoyed more than anything else.

#### *Work-Out*

Even such a youthful genius as he wasn't ready for the big time. The Cardinals figured he needed more experience, so they sent him to St. Joseph in the Western Association. Dean believes in making a good impression at the start. He wants to set the stamp of his personality and ability on folks from the opening minute.

His new boss started him against Denver almost as soon as he reported for duty. Diz did all right. He shut out the Coloradans, and struck out ten of them. He was a riot in St. Joe . . . and before the end of the season was advanced to the Houston club of the Texas League.

Joe Schultz was the manager—and Joe was a disgruntled soul, because his team was in last place, and showed no inclination toward getting out of it.

Dean shuffled into the office, carrying an old suitcase, and not looking the part of a young man who was soon to become the greatest pitcher in baseball.

Schultz looked up in a bored way, took the cigar from his mouth, and said:

"What's your name, busher?"

"Just call me Dizzy," said Dean,



*Mrs. Dean*

without even a twinkle in his eye.

That didn't sound too auspicious to Mr. Schultz. He was already burdened with dizzy ball players. But, after all, the kid had made a good record in the Western Association; and what did he have to lose, anyway?

"All right, Dizzy," he answered. "We'll soon find out how much you've got. You'll work this afternoon."

That was all right with the boy from Oklahoma. He liked to work, and, going into the box a few hours later, showed the Houston fans a brand of pitching they hadn't seen in a long time. Even the low-spirited Mr. Schultz became enthusiastic.

"Diz," he said, "you're not only goin' to make the grade here. You'll be a big shot up there pretty soon." Up there, meaning the big league.

Dizzy nodded.

"Sure, I know that," he said.

During the tag end of that season he pitched ten games and won eight. The two he lost were due to the sieve-like condition of the infield behind him.

#### *"Duck This One!"*

In one of those games Dean had to prove his physical gameness. Houston was playing Dallas, and on the Dallas team was a 200-pounder, who was known as one of the toughest fighters on the circuit. He didn't like the way Dean was buzzing that ball close to his head.

"Tryin' to bean me, huh?" he shouted. "Do that again, and I'll knock your block off."

"Don't get sore, fellow," drawled the youngster. "If you watch where the ball's goin' you'll see it won't hit you."

Then he whipped over his high, hard one right under the big guy's nose. The two-hundred-pounder dropped his bat, and strode out to the center of the diamond.

"You fresh busher," he snarled. "You want me to duck, hey? Well, duck this one!"

With that he socked Dizzy on the chin with all his might and knocked the boy down. Now, it might be that Dean was not a good fighter, but he had the instincts of one. Groggy and bleary-eyed, he staggered to his feet right into another punch that nearly broke his nose and drenched him with blood. Once more he arose, and once more the big man flattened him with a tremendous wallop that opened a deep cut on the boy's cheek.

By that time the umpire and other players piled in and stopped the slaughter. The attacker was ordered from the field. Dizzy was helped to the bench, and drenched in cold water. The trainer patched his cuts with adhesive, and prepared to lead him to the club house.

"Hey, what's the idea?" protested Dizzy. "There's a ball game goin' on around here."

"Sure, there's a ball game," soothed Joe Schultz, "but you ain't in no condition to finish it. Go on, take it easy."

But Dean is a stubborn young man. He wouldn't hear of it. He was licking the Dallas club, and intended finishing the job. So, though he was a little woozy from the beating, he went out to the hill again, and scored a shutout victory, 3 to 0.

### *Dizzy Shows 'Em*

That was typical of Dizzy Dean. There isn't a gamer man in baseball, or a more willing one. He'll go to town any time he starts . . . and when he goes to town he's got something. Don't take his popping off too seriously, either. He has the egotism every successful man must have. You can't be a winner unless you believe sincerely and enthusiastically in yourself.

Diz doesn't brag just for the sake of building himself up. He understands

that he keeps himself in the headlines that way . . . and they pay off on headlines. They may call the fellow Dizzy—but he is anything but that. He knows his worth, and he intends to make the buyers pay for it.

When the Texas League season ended in 1930 the Cardinals brought pitcher Dean to St. Louis for a tryout. Minor league records don't mean anything under the big top. You've got to do your stuff according to major league standards. The Cards didn't know anything in particular about Dizzy except that he had been a winner in St. Joseph and Houston. That meant about as much to them as if he had walked across the Niagara rapids on a tight-wire.

There's only one demand: "Let's see what you've got."

Dizzy showed them in his first game against the Pirates. The boys didn't need much more to convince them. They knew a pitcher when they saw one, and what they didn't know about him Dean told them. Nobody ever accused him of being bashful.

There isn't any doubt now about Dizzy being the greatest pitcher in baseball. Only one other man even compares with him. That's Carl Hubbell, of the New York Giants. Master that Hubbell is, he hasn't the natural stuff that Dean shakes out of his right sleeve. He can't work as often, because he lacks the sheer physical power of the Cardinal ace. He has held up with Dizzy, because he is more of a student, works more carefully. Dean is not a man to save himself under any conditions. When he gives he gives everything.

### *A Tireless Pitcher*

Last year Hubbell won sixteen straight games through the latter part of the season. It was a series of magnificent performances. No one wants to take away an iota of praise from the star of the Giants. He deserves everything that can be handed to him.

Yet it doesn't seem to me that it tops the finish Dean made in the season of 1934. He had worked in turn and out all year. He should have been tired and frazzled in the closing weeks. The rest of the Cardinal staff was shot to pieces.



Dean wasn't. He wanted to win a way into the World Series. If the others couldn't do the job he would do it by himself. That's all there was to it.

He pitched nine of the last nineteen games that season — five of the last nine, and won every time he started. There was no thought of saving himself for the big money series. You had to get into it first before you thought of the winner's end. He pitched the Cardinals into the pennant . . . and then, with no rest to speak of, hurled them to victory over the Detroit Tigers. Yes, and he did it after being knocked unconscious by a thrown ball while acting as a pinch-runner.

That year, including the World Series, Dean won thirty-two games and lost eight. He led the league in shut-outs with seven and in strikeouts with 195. He was so good that he won the National League award as the most valuable player — and the Associated Press poll for the outstanding athlete of the year, receiving 274 votes to 115 for Lawson Little, the golfer, and 52 for Max Baer, then heavyweight champion. That tells the whole story. Dean was the best of the lot.

#### *An All Star Game*

There isn't much the guy hasn't done, at that. A no-hit game? Sure. He turned that trick. The strike-out record. Absolutely. No less than seventeen in one game — and that against the Cubs. That day he fanned Billy Herman three times; Hendrick, Jorges, Koenig, Cuyler, Demaree and Grimes twice each; and Campbell and Mosolf once.

There are some pretty fair country hitters in that lineup, but they just couldn't see what he was dishing out. Strikeouts have always been Dizzy's dish, anyway. They give him a sense of power — and he pretty generally leads the league in that as well as in victories.

Take that All Star game last summer, between the picked players of the two major circuits. The American Leaguers have the hardest hitters in baseball in Gehrig, Dickey, Appling, Averill and a lot more like them.

"Gee," Dizzy said, "I can hardly wait

to get in there against those fellows. They're great with the stick, eh? That's because they got soft ball pitchers in their league. Wait till they look at some of my stuff."

You remember what happened. Dean pitched three innings, and nobody batted the ball out of the infield. The only man to get on first was Lou Gehrig, who walked; and Diz nipped him off first with a lightning throw before old Biscuit Pants knew what was going on.

Great? Everybody knows it. Gehrig gets \$31,000 a year from the Yankees. Dean is worth as much to a ball club — but he doesn't get it. The Cardinals can't afford to pay salaries like that. When this year's argument about a new contract began, Sam Breadon considered trading his greatest asset. Every team in the league wanted Dizzy, of course. But what's the price?

Pittsburgh asked that. Breadon told them in no uncertain terms. He wanted Arky Vaughan, the best shortstop in baseball, catcher Padden, infielder Lavagetto, outfielder Jensen, and three promising recruits named Cobb, Heintzleman and Richmond. Whoa — and that wasn't all. One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in cash. That stopped the Pirates cold. They wanted Dizzy Dean all right — but not at the expense of wrecking their ball club and depleting their treasury.

#### *Tops in the Field*

Cincinnati offered two hundred thousand dollars, but Breadon turned that down. He wanted ball players as well as money. There were various and sundry bids from other outfits. They were all bigger than had ever been offered for a player before, because the Dean was tops.

But even a genius must have his troubles. It isn't all cakes and ale for Dizzy. He finds some clubs and some players more difficult to handle than others. I asked him about it when I dropped in to see him at his Bradenton, Florida, home last winter.

"I don't know why, but Brooklyn gives me as much trouble as anybody," he said. "It's not a first-class ball club. If it was you wouldn't see it down near the bottom of the second division year

after year. But they bother me more than the Giants for some reason or other. After Brooklyn — well, I'd say the Cubs. They're hard for anybody. The toughest guy for me to get? There's nobody but Billy Herman, the Cubs' second baseman. If everybody was like him I wouldn't be so good in this league. It's lucky there's nobody else like him so far as I am concerned. Herman! I'll bet he's got a fat batting average off me. It doesn't seem to make any difference what I feed him—a fast one, curve, slow one. He belts everything. You can have him. I don't want any part of him."

Funny, isn't it? Bill Herman is a fine ball player, but he's a long way from being the best hitter in the league. Yet, Diz is his "cousin"—"cousin" in baseball argot means a pitcher who's easy. Brooklyn is a push for most of the moundsmen in the league, but Dean has to sweat and struggle over them.

"The toughest game I ever lost? It was that ten inning two to one game I dropped to Carl Hubbell last year. Gee, I wanted to win that one more than any game I worked in. Boy, I'll tell you I bore down. So did Hub. He had as much that day as I ever saw in my life—and when he's right he has plenty. There wasn't a better pitcher in the game than Hubbell was last year, and when I leave Dizzy Dean out of a statement like that I'm handing him plenty.

"I love to lick those Giants, at that. We're natural enemies. Take last June, for instance. Terry's men came out to St. Louis, rarin' to go. I pitched the first game, and coasted in, nine to two. Next day we had a double-header with them, and they took us over the hurdles in grand style. Al Smith made the insult complete by shutting us out in the second game, and Smith didn't figure to give us the blanket at any time. We couldn't afford to lose three in a row to those fellows. That night I went to Frankie Frisch.

"Let me pitch tomorrow," I said.

"Now wait a minute, Diz," the boss answered. "You've only had one day's rest and it's your brother's turn, anyway. You'll need more than that against the Giants. They're on a hittin'

spree. You go in there, and they're likely to pin your ears back."

"Not my ears," I told him. "Nobody's gonna do that. Besides, Paul's arm isn't feeling any too good. Let me go in there, will you, Frank?"

"Well, after all, Frisch is manager of the club, and it's his job to see that the Cardinals win ball games. So, he said yes, and I sat 'em down 6-3. Boy, I loved it."

### *The Winning Spirit*

It's this enthusiasm, as well as his great ability that makes Dizzy Dean the star he is. He likes to bear down any time. There's nobody enjoys winning more than he does, and nobody who is a harder loser. Hard losers are always difficult to whip. They don't believe in that sportsmanlike gesture—"May the best man win!" Dizzy always thinks he is the better man, and doesn't intend to have that idea upset. It's the right spirit. Play within the rules, but make up your mind to win, and stick to it even when it seems impossible to win.

Diz is always unruffled, always master of himself. Last August—it was a blistering hot day—he sat on the bench until it was almost time to start the game. Pittsburgh was the opposing team, and Bill Swift was warming up; had been for ten minutes.

"Aren't you going out and shake some of the kinks out of your arm?" somebody asked.

Dizzy laughed.

"No. It's a waste of time and effort. I don't think I'll ever bother warmin' up again."

"You'll get back to it when they begin slappin' you around," said somebody on the bench.

"Five 'll get you twenty they don't slap me around today."

There was no answer to that offer, and Dean went out quite casually to blank the Pirates with four hits.

Of course, that no warm-up business was just a gag. Dizzy realizes it is necessary most of the time, but it was so hot that he figured he would tire himself out with extra exertion. There is normally very little tire in him. He can keep on indefinitely in the style of



the old war-horses like "Iron Man Joe" McGinnity and Charley Radbourne.

### *What Ty Cobb Says*

Just how does Dizzy Dean rate with the greatest pitchers of the past—with Mathewson and Johnson and Alexander and Young?

Ty Cobb, the outstanding ball player of all time, says:

"Dean rates with any of them. He has shown that by averaging pretty close to thirty wins a year for the past few seasons. Diz has a great smoke ball, a sharp curve, a good slow one. He has tremendous stamina, and all the baseball brains a pitcher needs. Put those together—and what does it spell? Just about enough for anybody, I think.

"He's still young, only around twenty-five, and should have a good many years ahead of him. By the time he's through I think he will have compiled a record that will stand up with any of them. He's a better pitcher than Hubbell, because he has more stuff and more strength. Mark my words. When the history of baseball is written ten years from now Dizzy won't be ranked under anybody."

Ty believes that. So does Dizzy. And Diz is probably even more sure of it than Cobb himself. The Oklahoman is cocky, and yet, in the time I have spent with him, I have never found him offensively so. He has the rare knack of being able to boast and not make you feel that he is a conceited, impossible person.

For a young man who is barely twenty-six years old, Dean is in an enviable position.

He is making quite a lot of money—not only from baseball but from radio, syndicated articles, endorsements and so on. By the time he is through with baseball he should have enough to live on the rest of his life. This isn't true, only on the basis of earnings, but because Dizzy married a girl who knows the value of money.

Her name was Patricia Nash before she married the big fire-baller, and she is as good-looking as she is smart. No deal concerning her husband goes through before she has examined it from every angle, and gauged its pos-

sibilities. They have a contract between them that makes her Dizzy's business manager . . . and he couldn't have a better one.

### *In Off-Season*

They own a love nest outside of Bradenton, Florida, where they spend the off-season, and where Dean plays golf every day. He's an enthusiast about the game, and averages around 75 to 78. The Bradenton-Sarasota district has become a winter playground for big league ball players. They congregate there in droves. And since ball players are the most clannish people in the world, Diz has a great time. He is the best rooter for Florida you ever saw, and when the time comes for him to settle down he'll be a year-round resident there, just as "Spittin' Bill" Doak and other ancients of the big league are.

It's a natural spot for him. No matter how Diz haunts the metropolitan centers during his trips around the circuit in the winter time, he is still a country boy at heart. He likes the peace and quiet of it. The sun and blue sky and palms are what he wants. He can laze around and do as he likes, and the things he likes are simple enough.

In his own home Dizzy Dean is a delightful host. He doesn't need to posture and pose and brag to keep up the character he has manufactured for the public. I have an idea that if he tried it, his wife would kid him out of it in no time at all. But that character is so well set that it will persist to the end of his days. Folks won't let him forget it.

As an example:

He played number one on the Bradenton team in a match against Fort Myers. On the twelfth hole he hung together two great wood shots and sank a forty foot putt to get an eagle three on that par five hole. Always enthusiastic over success, Diz leaped into the air, and yelled: "Gee, if I can keep that up I'll turn professional."

Next day the wire services carried a story to the effect that Dizzy Dean had said that unless his salary terms were met he would turn golf pro. He didn't mean that at all, but the public didn't believe. He has manufactured a Frankenstein, and it won't die.

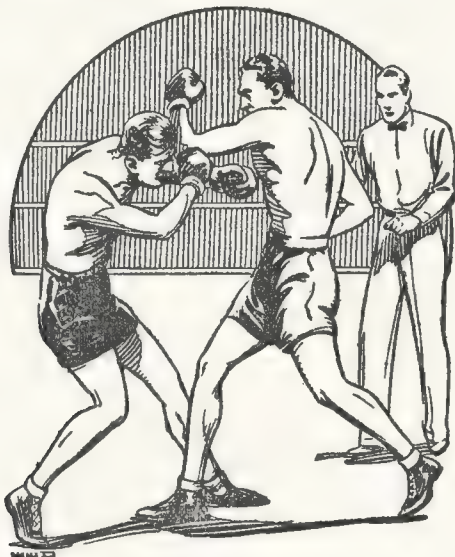
### A National Figure

Not that Dizzy wants it to die. Not for a minute. He wants to be just the kind of man the public thinks he is—when he is in the public eye. He is the Great Dizzy . . . the finest pitcher in baseball—the most colorful figure in any sport. He is one man who can boast, and make good his boasts. But underneath he's a swell kid, who can forget that he is a national figure, and have just as good a time playing golf with small time business men as he could with the great of the land.

There is an immense spirit of loyalty in Diz for his family. He boasts about Paul being a great pitcher, too, and

whenever he talked about winning a pennant for St. Louis, it wasn't just he who would do it, but "Me and Paul." He isn't a diplomat, as he showed by saying last year that the Cardinals, except for Medwick and Martin and a couple of others were just a lot of bush leaguers. He'll have his way, too, as he indicated by refusing to allow Virgil Davis to catch him, because he didn't like Davis, and couldn't do his best with him.

In short, Dizzy Dean is not only a great pitcher and an amazing character, a determined, boastful young man—but always a fine, friendly kid whom it is a real pleasure to know.



Next Issue: CINDERELLA'S GLOVES—The Story of  
James J. Braddock—by Jack Kofoed

# MISSING!

● You're missing full shaving comfort if you're not using Star Blades! Made since 1880 by the inventors of the original safety razor, every Star Single-edge Blade has a keen, true, long-life edge 100% uniform. Star Blade Div., Bklyn., N.Y.

FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

# STAR Blades



4 FOR 10¢



# STREAMLINED NERVE



*She forced her way through the propeller blast*

**In a Toss-up Between a Life-and-Death Chance and Ten  
Grand, Bill Racklin, Air Racing Pilot, Wrestles  
with the Demons of Failure!**

**By KENT SAGENDORPH**

*Author of "Indian Sign," "Roaring Oval," etc.*

**B**ILL RACKLIN leaned his helmeted head back against the little race ship's headrest and breathed deep of the roaring blast of air. Far below, the airport's runways were tiny little crisscrossed black ribbons, edged with white where the con-

crete hangar aprons met the field. Racklin sighed.

"It's my last test job," he told himself. "Probably the last time I'll ever have a fast ship like this under my feet. Might as well get all the fun out of it I can."

Flying was his whole life—all there was in the world for Racklin. But he was probably no better, and certainly no worse, than a dozen other race pilots who were grounded by the force of the times. He'd stayed in the game running a storage hangar at the vast Terminal Airport, getting a speed plane once in awhile to tune up or test, and in between times he'd sat in his bare office with his feet on the desk thinking of the days when all the world flocked to Cleveland for the air races; and of the trophies arranged neatly on the window sill. Sometimes he'd just sit.

That was the trouble now. Too much sitting; not enough flying. The Racklin Aircraft Corporation was about to fold up and silently join all the other bankrupt aviation companies on the list of depression victims.

He'd seen the big hangar bearing his name full of glistening little sport planes stored there with him. He'd seen a charter ship or two, once paying him storage every month, sold for overdue payments. And one by one the sport ships had gone—somewhere. Their once wealthy owners were sorry about it, but Racklin would understand. They couldn't afford to keep them any more. He knew. He was in the same boat himself.

The infrequent test flying jobs he got really kept the place going. Bill Racklin was a big name in air-race records. He knew whether a ship had the stuff, or whether it was just another of those streamlined fakes with elaborate landing gear pants made to look fast on the ground.

**T**HIS one, said Racklin, was another fake. But it was fun to fly it. He rolled over into a lazy barrel roll, recovered and swung wide in a climbing turn. Racklin leveled at ten thousand, looped and started nose-first for the airport with a scream of wires rising in his ears.

But today he couldn't even thrill to a power dive. Pete Overton, one of his last loyal friends, was thinking of buying this ship, and had asked Racklin to try it out. Pete Overton was a millionaire, or had been, and probably wanted

it to replace the roaring old three-place job which was the last paying ship in Racklin's hangar.

Well, Racklin decided, he'd have to find some other place to keep it. It would be tough, but he'd tell Overton as soon as he landed. Racklin Aircraft had ground-looped, that's all.

Racklin closed his throttle, pulled around in a wide circle, gunned the motor to clean it, and came in for a neat three-point in front of his own hangar. He pushed up his goggles and sat there, running out the gas line. Pete Overton, much too dressy-looking in immaculate flannels, sauntered over.

"Why, she'll do, I guess," Racklin told him. "Fast getaway, plenty of power. But it's a little delicate. It won't stand the same pounding as your old three-place job. You've got to be careful of these fast babies."

Racklin's eyes roamed to the big white sign over his hangar door:

**RACKLIN AIRCRAFT CORP.**

Sales. Service. Hangar Space.

Charter Flights.

Now would be a good time to tell Pete Overton. It would be tough.

There was a long, polished car gliding along the concrete drive bordering the field. Rainy that morning, he remembered. He watched to see if the car would hit the puddle. It did—plowed right through it, splashing muddy water in a brown sheet. Racklin saw something else, too. A frail old lady, trying to dodge that arrogant splash. But the big car plowed through, its driver never slackening speed nor turning to see if he'd struck her. The lady fell in an awkward heap. Racklin jumped out of the ship and galloped alongside Pete Overton to the rescue.

Frail and slender as she was, the old lady was hopping mad.

"Did you see who that was?" she shrilled. "Can you imagine a man doing a thing like that? Thinks he owns this place, doesn't he?"

"I'll help you," Racklin volunteered. "Come inside. This is my office. I'll call the airport restaurant and have 'em send over a cup of tea. You'll feel better. No, I didn't see who the driver was."



"Broke my umbrella, the blundering idiot!" rasped the lady. She stalked angrily into Racklin's office, shook the muddy water off her dress, and sat down.

"Well, don't stand there, Pete Overton," she flared out. "What are you staring at? You've seen me before!"

"Oh," said Overton, embarrassed. "This is Miss Sarah Jane Dobbins, Bill. Miss Dobbins is a friend of my family. She likes to watch airplanes."

**R**ACKLIN was torn between an insane desire to giggle and a genuine curiosity about Miss Dobbins. Maiden ladies in their late fifties are as scarce around airports, generally speaking, as gold-filled hen's teeth. Probably, he decided, she was one of those middle-aged people who think they are getting out of touch with the world, and go poking around into places like airports and coal mines and steel mills to see what marvels science has to offer.

She had a frigid air of dignity peculiar to old maids and hotel clerks. She was wearing a severe brown tailored suit, splotched and muddy, that emphasized that wheezy old-fashioned air about her that made Racklin think of plush sofas, family albums in the parlor and whatnots in the corner bearing shells Uncle Jasper had sent from Niagara. On her thin white hair was a shapeless, high-built hat. At the moment she was holding up an ivory-headed umbrella, and coming as close to profanity as a lady of the old school could.

"Mr. Racklin," she suddenly erupted, "what did you say you did in this office?"

"Oh, I rent hangar space, and fly charter trips, and test-fly ships. Once," he added sadly, "I used to sell 'em. But not any more."

"I gather," she observed, "business isn't so good."

"It's terrible," Racklin told her frankly. "I'm going to close up."

"Gosh, Bill," interrupted Pete Overton. "Is it that bad?"

Racklin nodded. There was an embarrassed pause.

"I'll go to the office and call a car for you, Miss Dobbins," Overton volunteered. The lady, studying Racklin out of a pair of glittering, beady little eyes, nodded absently. When Overton was gone she leaned forward.

"I've been thinking," she said, "I might offer you a small amount of business. That is, if you'll give me your whole time for the next few weeks. I want a pilot to follow orders; is that clear?"

"What sort of business?" Racklin asked. "A charter trip?"

"No! It's a racing entry. Could you win the Thompson trophy?"

Stars blinked before Racklin's eyes, and he felt the office swimming merrily around and around. It was the same sort of proposal as asking an illiterate Communist: "Could you get elected president?" Not that Racklin was afraid to try—but the Thompson trophy! It loomed up before Racklin's dizzy imagination like the planet Mars. Intriguing; beautiful; seemed so near! Yet try and reach it!

Millions of dollars had been spent by wealthy syndicates all over the world to win that second-rate old silver mug. The best brains in the aeronautical profession had spent years designing ships faster than humans had ever flown before—to win the Thompson trophy. The finest airmen in civil and military flying had been given special coaching for weeks merely to enter a Thompson trophy race. Racklin laughed ruefully.

**"YOU'VE** probably read about it in a magazine," he told her.

"If I told you what it would cost, and what you'd have to have, to win that race, you'd change your mind. I'm afraid, Miss Dobbins, you've picked something entirely out of your reach."

"Oh, I have, have I?" she retorted. "In Heaven's name, why?"

"I'll explain," he answered, patiently. It was like teaching a child that she couldn't have the moon. "Now, in the first place, the trophy was won last year by Major Keith Royce, a wealthy man who has been preparing planes for that race for years. It is the fastest landplane race in the world. Those

pilots attain speeds over three hundred miles an hour. That takes special engines, specially enlarged landing fields, and a lot of very expensive equipment."

"Well, what of it?" Miss Dobbins demanded, briskly. "Major Royce won it in a Bradley Bullet, with a Super-X twelve-hundred horsepower engine. This year he's using a modified Bradley design but stepping up the horsepower to eighteen hundred, with a supercharger. He found he was getting too much drag on his wind tunnel model, so he changed the airfoil to a Type Thirty curve and lowered the lift-drift ratio. That's all."

Racklin clutched madly for his chair before he could get the ringing out of his ears. Slowly he forced his gaze to center on the irate old lady. He looked at her with new eyes.

"Now, Mr. Racklin," she snapped, "I want to know one good reason why you can't win that race if you have a ship like Major Royce's. If you'll show me what you want, I'll see what it takes to get it."

That brought Racklin back to earth with a thud. If she'd picked up enough technical knowledge to know what an airfoil was, he'd tell her what he wanted! He'd tell her! He yanked open the desk drawer and slapped a heavy sheaf of papers on the dusty top.

He went right into detail about motor weight and performance, wind tunnel statistics; stress diagrams. He outlined a stubby little ship with thin, short wings—practically all motor. And *what* a motor! He laid down propeller data, and all the rest. He watched her to see if she could get any of it. She got it—she was ahead of him.

"What you've outlined here," she said, "is about the sort of ship that Major Royce is designing for this year's race. It can be done. But you've still got to show that you can fly it."

"But you can't get a ship like that!" he burst out. "It's all covered with patents and copyrighted designs and tied up like a drum! That syndicate that's backing Major Royce owns the designs and wind tunnel data and all

of it! Suppose you do get some designer to lay out a race ship like his. He'll have you in court for patent infringement."

"Mr. Racklin," she answered, "here comes Mr. Overton with my car. I'll put in up to half a million if I have to, and if you win the race I'll get it all back. My goodness, look at the fool! He got me a taxi, and I suppose that pirate driver will charge me two dollars to get home. Goodbye, Mr. Racklin. I'll see you in the morning."

**R**ACKLIN'S nervous system was just able to stand one more jolt, and Overton supplied that after the old lady's taxi had rumbled away.

"Nice old girl," he volunteered. "A trifle cracked, sometimes, but in the right way. She lives all alone in a big house—all alone with a cat and a colored cook, and twenty million dollars. And yet she howls about a two-dollar cab fare home."

"Then she's really got that kind of money?" Racklin ventured.

"Got it?" roared Overton. "Say, she's got more dollars than the Navy has beans. Where she got it I don't know. Always had it, I guess. But down at my Father's bank she can have a red carpet out the front door any old day."

"What was she doing out here this afternoon?"

"Hanged if I know," Overton shrugged. "She's always popping up in the oddest places. This place, for instance."

Bill Racklin didn't really expect to see Miss Sarah Jane Dobbins again but promptly at nine-thirty she bustled into his dusty office, hung her umbrella on the hat tree and sat down defiantly.

"I've been doing some telephoning," she said. "I know what you want. I made it clear to the parties I was talking to. Your ship will be here in two weeks. That gives us another four weeks to get ready for the Thompson trophy race at Cleveland. You'll need a private field, of course. I've arranged for the old Lockwood field on Long Island—the factory and all. Please be ready to move there tomorrow."

"You—you can get a ship like that



in two weeks?" he gasped, amazed.

Miss Sarah Jane nodded. "What do you want to take from here?"

Racklin looked around helplessly. He was in a daze. Far be it from him, he thought, to look a gift horse in the mouth or delve too deeply into Miss Sarah Jane's motives. After all, it was her money, and her responsibility. He hadn't said he *could* win the race. He didn't believe any ship she could get in two weeks would get to first base in that game.

By the time the two weeks were up, and the ship delivered, Racklin was sure that the age of miracles had arrived. He stood on the narrow apron on the huge, mile-square Lockwood field and watched a ship being uncrated as it arrived in sections on a fleet of trucks. He knew in advance that if it arrived at all it would be a duplicate of Major Keith Royce's Bradley Bullet. It was—and it wasn't.

This mysterious monster followed the same design, but it had some variations. Racklin couldn't tell whether they were improvements or not. Nobody seemed to know. Engineers claimed they were, but engineers stay in back offices slipping slide rules and playing games with intricate formulas. Engineers never had to fly one of these things.

Racklin felt himself getting breathless as the ship was assembled. It was a Bradley design, all right—that long, sharp nose, paper-thin wings with the strength of steel, stubby fuselage, high-rigged tail and rudder. Five parallel lines of small metal piping ran along the outside of the fuselage.

**T**HE cockpit was so small that it had to be opened up like a sectional bookcase to get it. The steel-framed windshield came down around his face on both sides. You lifted it up and it came apart in three sections in order to let the pilot in or out.

Racklin hunted up the Bradley engineer who had designed it. He was dashing about inside the shop, a roll of blueprints in one hand and a set of specifications in the other. A short, mustached man named Conroy, he was,

and busier than a one-eyed man trying to read all the instruments on a transport.

"What's the idea of those lines of tubing on the outside?" Racklin asked.

"That's one of the boss's improvements," the engineer said. "Those lines carry oil from the oil tank in the tail fin to the pump in the motor. They act as an oil radiator, y'see, and keep it cool."

"Oil tank in the tail fin?" echoed Bill. "What kind of a scheme is that?"

"Oh, it's been done before. It's standard practice on the Schneider Cup entries. British built five of 'em like that—the Napier-Lion series. Italians had some in their high-speed seaplanes. It gives the oil a chance to thicken up again on the trip through the pipes."

"What kind of a motor are you sticking in this ship?"

"Well," said the engineer, "we've got five of 'em. They're being mounted back of the shop on the propellor block testing racks. We use one for awhile, and then change 'em. It's an eighteen-cylinder W-type with six cylinders in line, and it's rated at twelve hundred horse."

"I thought Major Royce had an eighteen-hundred horse plant."

"Sure," agreed the engineer. "He has! But those super-X motors, twenty-four cylinders, are the bunk. I designed his ship—I fixed up his crew same as I'm doing for you. You don't need more than twelve hundred to get the same speed out of this job. We learned a lot of things out of the major's experience last year."

"Now let me get this straight," Racklin insisted. "How come I get this ship? How come the syndicate backing the major will let another pilot have the new one to compete with him? What will happen when the major finds it out?"

Conroy laughed.

"That's your worry," he said. "The major probably will do plenty. All I do is follow instructions, and that's the orders I got from the syndicate of owners. They probably know what they're doing."

Bill Racklin ran his fingers through his crumpled brown hair. He went

over the ship from propellor hub to tail wheel; testing, experimenting, trying to estimate mentally how she'd handle in the air.

He couldn't get head or tail of this unbelievable situation. It seemed like something out of one of those hair-raising action thrillers on the screen. Hero suddenly finds a new plane shoved 'at him, by an' old maid, of all persons. And this new plane is the last word in speed, direct from old man Bradley himself, with one of his engineers to put it together!

**I**T DIDN'T make sense at all. Of course, the old lady was the key to the whole puzzle. And every time he asked her, politely but firmly, what Major Royce was going to do about all this, and what the syndicate was trying to do, the more acid was her tongue and the more she told him to mind his own business and get ready to test-fly this monster.

Bill Racklin's first test flight in the ship came so close to being his last that you couldn't come much closer and live. He stood on the narrow ribbon of concrete as the giant motor thundered forth its challenge, its twelve hundred horsepower cleverly concealed in a narrow, hump-backed cowling not much bigger than one of the old Liberty jobs. But it had a different sound—a steady, roaring growl that rattled your eardrums and even pulsed through your body with an invisible feeling of power.

When the mechanic nodded and climbed out, Racklin climbed in from the opposite side, locked the trick windshield around his face, settled his goggles firmly over his eyes; and nodded to the ground crew.

They swung the small tail around and he headed off toward the edge of the field. It taxied slowly and clumsily on the ground; he felt as if he were riding in the middle of a log. At the extreme edge of the field he swung about with his rudder, estimated his distance, and opened up.

The Bullet's tremendous motor roared at him like a skyful of pursuit planes. It leaped off the field and bored

up into the sky like a rocket. Hastily Racklin leveled, eased over into a cautious turn and started climbing easily and gracefully. At five thousand he aimed at the eastern horizon, and boldly opened the throttle wide.

The little ship almost flew apart. Racklin thought it would shear its wings off any second. The tip of Long Island rushed at him like something out of a dream. Southampton was far below and suddenly he was out over the restless ocean. He throttled a bit, tried an easy turn, opened up on the return trip and the huge eighteen-cylinder motor promptly choked up and died five thousand feet in the air and nine miles from his base.

These race ships, he reflected aghast, had gliding angles like so many streamlined bricks. They were all motor, and no wing; yet this one whistled through the air, losing altitude slowly until his own base loomed up on the horizon. Racklin veered around, side-slipped down cross wind until he was a few feet off the sod, then whipped around and landed into it. The ship rolled completely across the airport and almost into the fence at the opposite side.

He took lessons on what to do if the motor choked up again; he found he could sit back comfortably with the air-speed needle hovering crazily around 300. It was as ticklish on the controls as a kitten, and had a roar like a jungle full of movie lions. This ship took seven miles to lose speed before he could land; it gulped down a full tank of gas in one hour; it took half a mile to get off the ground!

**"I**'VE entered you in a sort of curtain raiser," Miss Sarah Jane Dobbins told him after his sixth flight. "It's the dedication of the new Sportsman Pilot field in Westchester County."

"But—"

"Major Keith Royce will be there with the eighteen-hundred horse job," she interrupted. "Let him see what you can do."

All right, Racklin reflected, if the blow had to come it might better come



in a small air meet like this instead of in the Thompson Trophy. Major Royce would spot this new ship at once, and then Racklin would know one of the answers, at least.

His ship had no sooner landed on the new Sportsman Pilot field than Major Royce came dashing over out of breath and red-faced as a spaniel.

"I say!" he roared. "Where'd you get that? Now look here, what is this, a burglary? Hang it, man, that's *my* ship!"

"Orders from the syndicate, Major," explained Conroy, the engineer.

"Syndicate be damned!" Major Royce exploded. "I own a large slice of that syndicate myself. This ship has no business on this field. Take it back at once, do you hear? Get Mr. Bradley on the phone! And who are you, you man with the helmet and goggles?"

"I'm Bill Racklin," shouted Racklin, "and I'm going to fly this here job this afternoon and trim the pants off'n you with it."

"What?" roared the major. "Fly it? Why, you fool, you'll wreck it! There are only five pilots in the country who can fly a Bradley job. I never heard of you in my life!"

"Well, I've heard of you!" grinned Racklin. "Happy landings, Major!"

He climbed in. The major, sputtering like a wet firecracker, turned on Engineer Conroy.

"Who's behind this?" he shouted. "That's my entry for the Thompson Trophy this year—that's the ship I'm going to fly in! How'd it get out of the Bradley shop?"

"You might ask a woman named Miss Sarah Jane Dobbins," said Conroy.

"I never heard of her, either!" exploded the major.

"Apparently you don't know the right people," grinned Racklin.

"Positions for the Class A race, gentlemen," said the starter.

Hot-headed as an opera prima donna, Racklin told himself. Miss Sarah Jane was nowhere around—she'd vanished. With some misgiving he sat in his tiny cockpit as the ship was pushed over to the starting line.

It was a ten-lap race around a twenty-five mile rectangular course. One at a time the tiny little ships zoomed up off the ground, circled, and at a smoke bomb signal from the ground they came roaring down in a power dive over the starting line in a tight wing-to-wing formation.

Major Royce's ship was an exact duplicate of his own, Racklin saw, except the motor, which was an X-type of twenty-four cylinders. Racklin forgot all about that in the struggle to control his own roaring demon, which was developing a case of the jitters. The complicated motor was a little out of time; the whole nose was vibrating dangerously.

**I**N the first lap, the major, far in the lead, swung over into a vertical bank four miles ahead of the first pylon; side-slipped down on it with full power and whipped his tiny ship around, then roared up and away. Racklin, in his first attempt to take a pylon with a 300-mile-an-hour job, tried that too, but when he kicked around the pylon got a bump on the back of the head that nearly knocked him out.

His head ached. The sun was in his eyes. He couldn't see the second pylon until Major Royce was already around it and headed up the third leg of the course. Racklin cursed himself for a fool, and hauled the ship over. But before he could make the turn he was seven miles off the course.

"It's like riding a comet!" he told himself, his lips forming soundless words in the motor's din. "One little move—and you're over in the next county!"

Recklessly he opened the motor wide in a fruitless attempt to catch up. Two other Thompson Trophy entries, also using this race as a "curtain raiser," slid past him while he was on that detour, and on the fifth lap Bill Racklin was in last position in a field of four.

The race half over; Racklin's headache all but blinding him when he braced his body on those cruel, whip-like turns. To the field judges stationed in the pylon it was a ghostly sort of race—the heavens filled with deep rum-

bling roars; occasionally a zip, a blur of color and out of nowhere a tiny little ship speeding like a shell. Down in a hair-raising slip with motor full on; around the pylon almost close enough to knock the paint off its huge checked frame—then roaring off into space again.

To the major, with a background of five years in Thompson Trophy racing, it was old stuff. He could brace his fat body, shut his eyes, kick his speeding ship around the pylon, and when he opened them again he had perfect vision. But to Bill Racklin every turn was a nightmare. The centrifugal force of changing direction at five miles a minute drained the life blood out of his head; left him all but blind for a few seconds.

Every pylon meant another crack on the head when the ship would throw him hard against the headrest. In the sixth lap, for some unknown reason, the motor stopped vibrating and began to develop a smooth roar of power. As long as he didn't touch the throttle he was all right. But if he slacked off for a turn to save his own battered body, the motor would lose several hundred r.p.m. before it could take up an even note again.

In the eighth lap he was so far gone that he felt only a dull, throbbing pain. Somehow he had overtaken one of the other two ships, without recognizing it. He could see the major now, far ahead, flying banked over ready for the next pylon.

Suddenly Racklin decided he had had enough.

**"I'M** going to fly in a vertical bank all the way around!" he told himself. "Then all I'll get will be a yank on the safety belt when I take that turn! This ship doesn't need wings at this speed anyway!"

He thanked the hard-boiled Army instructors who had taught him aerobatics; the art of identifying his position instantly. The tiny little ship with the huge motor revved up six hundred more r.p.m.s on her side. He thumbed his nose at the pylons, and finished second.

Major Royce leaped out of his own ship and came dashing over.

"I'm glad you didn't crack it up trying to land!" he barked. "Now get out of that cockpit and get my ship back to the Bradley shop!"

"You'd better see the owners, Major," Conroy suggested.

"Dammit, man, I am the owner!" shrieked the major. "My syndicate owns all the patents, the wind tunnel models, and even that motor! It's my ship, and if you don't get back to the shop with it I'll have you arrested!"

"Goodby, Major," answered Racklin. "I'll see you in Cleveland!"

"I'll see you in jail!" shrieked the major, stalking away.

Miss Sarah Jane was noncommittal when Racklin questioned her about it that evening.

"I have an idea," she said, "that we'll see your friend, the major, before the Thompson Trophy race. And, young man, I want you to turn in a better performance than that. Saw the whole thing from the clubhouse."

"He says he's going to put me in jail if I don't take it back to the Bradley shops," Racklin told her.

"Mr. Racklin," she said, "let me worry about that. Your job is to fly. My job is to provide you with a plane that will win that race."

"Okay," he shrugged. "Come and see me on visiting days, will you?"

Cleveland, during air-race week, is a big city turned back into the days of a country town—an aviation town, where the whole family of airmen have a homecoming. Hotels are jammed with famous men and girl pilots whose pictures adorn the rotogravure sections of the country. Boarding houses get the poor but happy tramp pilots who fly thither in anything they can beg, borrow or steal. The Cleveland YMCA gets the tourists who like to see anything of national importance, and often hitch-hike a thousand miles to spend their last dollar on a bleacher seat.

The downtown streets are jammed, but the mammoth airport is like a hive of bees. There you will see ancient crates with wheezy motors lined up alongside the newest, fastest sport



planes. You will see squadrons of bombers, roaring pursuit ships, elephantine tri-motored transports looping and barrel rolling like sportive single-seaters. You will see a grandstand a mile long, packed with fifty thousand people, necks all craned upward. That, at least, is what Bill Racklin saw when he came in for a fast landing on the Cleveland airport the day before the Thompson trophy race.

**D**AY after day he had practiced, alone, diving on the water tower at his field on Long Island. He had developed a better knack of getting around them than he had shown on the pylons at Sportsman Pilot field, but as he came into Cleveland for the big test he knew very well that a few days' practice wouldn't give him the polished ease of the major's technique. There was a new motor in his ship, with others ready on trucks in the hangar space assigned to him. The Thompson Trophy was the climax of the Cleveland meet—the big speed event of the year.

Sarah Jane Dobbins was right. Before the race, the major sauntered over, fawningly cordial.

"Hello, Bill, old man!" he greeted. "Nice to see you again. May I speak with you a minute?"

Racklin nodded, and sat down in the shade of the plane's small wing.

"Now, this Miss Dobbins," he began. "Who is she?"

"Darned if I know," Racklin answered. "She just hired me to fly."

"Well," the major said, "I don't like to see her get into trouble. She's been trying to bribe that syndicate of which I'm a member, and they agreed to loan her this ship for this race. But if you don't finish—that is, if anything happens to it, she'll be responsible, and so will you. Now, I was thinking that you'd hardly care to assume a bill of, say, two hundred thousand dollars—if the ship is damaged."

Racklin looked over the major's shoulder and saw Miss Dobbins appear.

"I'll agree to change your plane for mine," said the major. "This is the

plane that won the race last year, and probably will again. It has six hundred more horsepower, you know. And it isn't as valuable."

"Humph!" snorted Miss Dobbins. "Very generous of you, I'm sure."

"Excuse me," said the major, rising. "Are you Miss Dobbins?"

"I am," she snapped. "And I'd thank you to be off."

"Don't say I didn't warn you," he said, and marched stiffly away.

"Watch your step, young man," she whispered to Bill Racklin.

He nodded, buckled his helmet strap, and climbed into the cockpit.

As the motor warmed, she forced her way through the propeller blast to the side of the small ship. She held her hat tight with one hand, turning her head away from the biting slipstream.

"If you win," she screamed over the noise, "I'll give you the prize money! Now let's see what you can do!"

Racklin's heart leaped. Ten thousand dollars! Enough to put the Racklin Aviation Corporation on Easy Street! He was fighting for his own business, now, and not for just an ordinary salary. Would he win—with a prize like that? If he didn't, he told himself grimly, he'd die trying!

The major, taking the honor accorded the previous winner, got away first and flew high over the field, waiting. In second position, the Navy entry roared off the field and joined the major upstairs. Third place went to a famous transcontinental race pilot in the ship that had broken the record. Racklin found himself fourth. Six entries in all.

**H**E was flying wing-to-wing with the rest when the white smoke bomb mushroomed from the starting line. Down roared the little flight in its power dive across the line, and skyrocketed into the distance on the first leg of the 500-mile rectangular course.

Halfway around the first lap it was obvious that the Navy entry was outclassed. Its pilot was getting every possible r.p.m. out of its thundering radial motor, but it wasn't enough. Grimly its pilot stuck to his guns,

waved a courageous welcome with his wings to Bill Racklin as he flashed past. The Bradley Bullet was going places that day.

After three laps the famous trans-continental pilot suddenly found something wrong with his motor and dropped out. Racklin roared up into second place where he should have been from the start, and the real battle of the day began.

The major wasn't missing a single trick. Racklin had never seen such smooth, sure handling as the seasoned veteran gave his tiny little job. The big X-type motor was probably tuned like a fiddle, hitting on all twenty-four cylinders. Racklin, with only eighteen cylinders up ahead, grinned. Either that engineer was wrong when he said this new ship didn't need that extra power, or he was right. Racklin would soon find out!

He was keeping up, anyway. Gone was his fear of the surging dive toward those pylons. Racklin pressed his face hard against the steel-framed windshield, squinting toward the distant white-checked tower some five miles away, and by the time he had the ship over in a steep bank his bulletlike speed had brought the pylon directly below. Then another of those breathless turns, a sudden rap from the padded backrest, and he was up and away.

Each leg of the course was twenty miles; one hundred miles for each lap. But at three hundred miles an hour, twenty miles takes just four minutes, and with eight or ten of these terrible jolts at each turn, Racklin was beginning to see stars again. What was that he had done in his first race with this ship? Fly on his side!

He tried that. It was a job to keep the ship's nose up, but he simplified the painful ordeal of the pylons. With the race half over, he merely dived with his rudder, yanked the ship around by hauling back the stick and ducking his head.

Now Major Royce was less than a quarter of a leg ahead—two or three miles. Desperately Racklin adjusted his motor controls, using every ounce of the strategy he had learned in other,

slower races. He found he could gain a few miles per hour by trimming his stabilizer down and holding the ship level by hand. That brought him a mile closer.

**ONLY** one chance, now, in the last few miles of the race—beating the major to a pylon. It was a ten-to-one chance he'd get killed. But he'd take that chance, any time, for that ten thousand dollar prize.

The major's glistening silver wings were just ahead now. Together they dived for the grandstand pylon, the major tight against it and only fifty feet above. Racklin right behind, and yanking back on the stick so suddenly it nearly cracked his skull. And it was Racklin who got away first!

Behind him, the major was using every possible strategy to catch up. Triumphant Racklin scraped dangerously close to the huge tower ahead, and amid a nightmarish welter of noise, applause, horns, sirens and yells, he throttled the droning motor and coasted in for a landing.

Crowds ran toward him—newsreel trucks bumped over the rutted sod. Cameras whirled, and suddenly he was just an island in a howling, yelling sea of humanity. He couldn't hear very well, but he was smiling.

The major was running toward the judges' stand.

"I protest!" he yelled. "He tried to crash me at that pylon! He—"

"My dear Major," said Miss Dobbins, sarcastically, "I protested once, too, but it didn't do me any good. When you drove your car through that mud puddle and knocked me down, and broke my umbrella, and then drove off without a single backward look, I protested, too. Have your fun."

"I don't recall anything of the kind!" he blurted.

"Well, I do," she continued. "I was on my way out to the field to tell you that I'd purchased the controlling interest in that syndicate, and to talk over plans with you. But I have no confidence in a man who'd do a thing like that. This young man helped me inside his office. You were surprised, weren't



you, Major, to find out that somebody held the majority shares in the syndicate? I knew you'd realize your mistake."

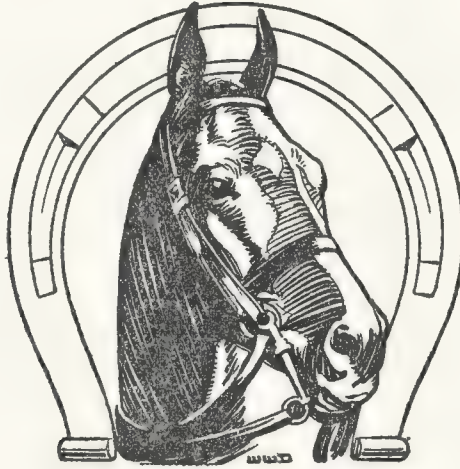
In a daze, Racklin was helped down from the plane and fought his way to Miss Dobbins' side.

"Oh, that's who you are!" he yelled. "You're Jane Dobbs, the first woman pilot in the country! The woman daredevil of thirty years ago! I read about Jane Dobbs buying into that syndicate.

So that's how you knew all about the construction of this ship, huh?"

"Well," she stammered, and came as near blushing as a maiden of fifty can, "I used to fly under that name. In fact I bought the second ship the Wright Brothers made. You ought to see my press clippings! Oh, well," she sighed, "I looked better then than I do now, but I can still recognize a pilot when I see one!"

She looked straight at Bill Racklin.



*Next Issue: Stories and Articles on Every Field of Sport  
by GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, ARTHUR MANN,  
JACK KOFOED, JOHN DREBINGER, TONY LAZZERI,  
and Many Others*

**LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM**

**104 COOL SHAVES FOR 25¢**

**Think of it! A pint of lather from little more than an inch of Listerine Shaving Cream. Such laboratory data gives you an idea of the wonderful quality, the downright economy, of this cream which is winning men by thousands.**

**LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**A PINT OF LATHER FROM THIS MUCH CREAM**



# YELLOW and HANDSOME

"Pretty Boy" Lahme They Called Him—a Powder-Puff  
Puncher Fast as a Streak of Light—But Everybody  
Forgot that Lightning Has a Kick, Too

A Novelette of Boxing

By **ARTHUR J. BURKS**

*Author of "The Red Hope," "Bare Fists," etc.*

## CHAPTER I

### *Fancy Stepping*

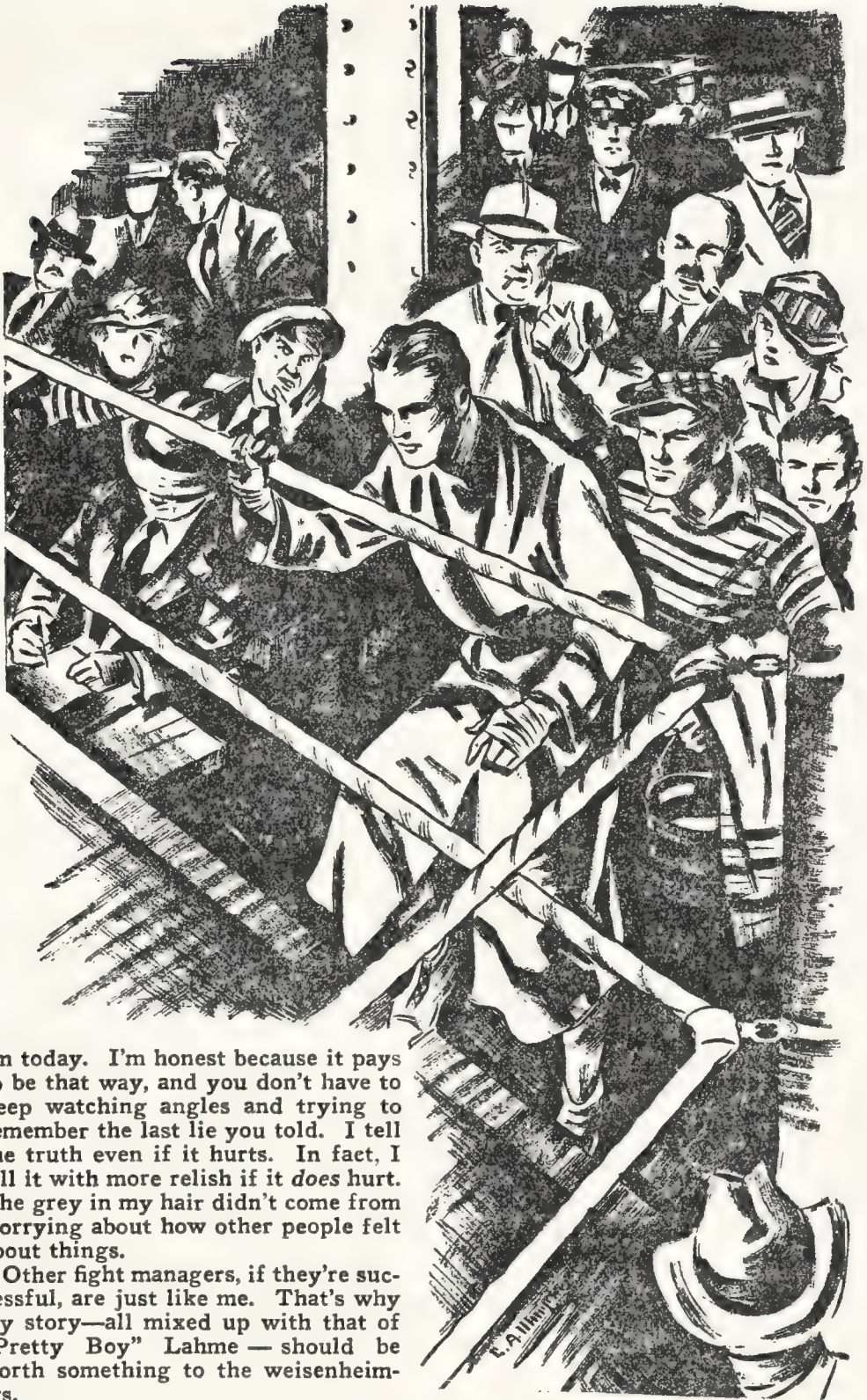
I'M known to the press and the fight crowd as Big Ed Jackson. I'm the smartest fight manager in the business, which is why I'm never broke. I'm not bragging—the press and the fight crowd say the same thing about me. Though I wouldn't hesitate to brag if I figured it got me anywhere. I don't hesitate at much of

anything if it gets me anywhere.

There's no room for sentiment in me. I know the racket. That's why I took off the gloves twenty years ago after taking the count for my first and only time, and never touched 'em again except to see whether the opposition had horseshoes in theirs. I don't even do that any more. Men do it for me for the pleasure of being associated with Big Ed Jackson.

I'm hard. That's why I'm where I





am today. I'm honest because it pays to be that way, and you don't have to keep watching angles and trying to remember the last lie you told. I tell the truth even if it hurts. In fact, I tell it with more relish if it *does* hurt. The grey in my hair didn't come from worrying about how other people felt about things.

Other fight managers, if they're successful, are just like me. That's why my story—all mixed up with that of "Pretty Boy" Lahme — should be worth something to the weissenheimers.

Forget about Pretty Boy for a mo-

"Pretty Boy" Lahme crawled through the ropes.

ment while I lead up to him. You have to have the beginning before you can understand the rest of it.

I'd handled plenty of fighters in my time. Some had been pretty punk. Some had been state champions. Two had been world titleholders. And I treated them all the same. When they got to where they didn't bring in the dough in the slices I liked to see, I tossed them out on their ears.

Now and again stories came back to me. The one about "Lightning" Dade, for instance. Someone had seen him down around the Bowery, cadging drinks. He was almost blind, and walking on his heels. I'd kept him around a bit too long and he'd gone slug-nutty.

"He made you a lot of dough in his time, Ed," said my informant. "Now he's washed up, punch-drunk, drooling at the mouth. Something ought to be done."

"Do it then!" I snapped. "I'm not a charity institution. He knew what he was going into when he started fighting. He has to take the breaks. If he wasn't prepared for that, is it my fault?"

The fellow looked at me strangely, and shook his head. I didn't bother to go any further with it, and if he couldn't see straight and logical I wasn't interested in him. I forgot all about him and Lightning Dade.

**I** DON'T go around remembering things. Yesterday is dead. Today and tomorrow are all I've got—except my kids, of course; and if one of the boys ever so much as looks at a boxing glove, I'll tear his ears off.

It's all right for me—I'm tough, and without sentiment. But the kids have got a lot of their maw in 'em, and they might get noble if they started getting anywhere. Lightning Dade was noble. He gave dough to his friends when he had it. Now he didn't have it; he didn't have any friends, either. See what I mean?

Fighters are a dime a dozen. If one goes smelly on me I toss him out and grab the next one. There are always a hundred for every one that goes sour, and any one of them may be better

than anything I've had so far.

I manage fighters to make money, so my kids can get what I never had—money, a place in the world, an important place. I watch my fighters at work only to make sure they're not being jobbed or something. I do everything for 'em I can. I get the biggest purses there are. Why not? Half of them go to me.

When I see one of my fighters going down for the count, and figure he won't be much use to me after that, I walk out. To hell with him! He never sees me again. Oh, one got past me once, and said:

"Ed Jackson, the day will come when you'll be sorry!"

"It can't," I retorted. "I've got the first dollar I ever earned, along with half a million others, salted down in gilt-edged annuities. Sorry? Sorry, hell! If you'd put some of yours away—scram! Who am I to tell you your business, now that it isn't with me?"

I'm logical, you can see that.

And I don't suffer when one of my fighters is getting it on the chin. The blows don't hurt me. Blows never hurt me but once. Then I hung up my gloves.

I've got scouts out all around the country. I pay their expenses. They chisel on me if they can. Otherwise, they get a lot of nice trips and live in good hotels. And if the fighters they discover hand them a percentage it's none of my business, as long as I get the purse first and my cut out of it.

I got a telephone call from somewhere way out West. It came collect. I didn't like that, but it meant something, for when one of my scouts telephoned collect he had found something with dough in its kick. Maybe it would need handling, but I could tell that in a couple of rounds, watching from a ringside seat.

"His name is Pretty Boy Lahme," said my scout. "He fights two nights from now in the Coliseum. I've got a seat reserved for you."

"What's he weigh?"

"One thirty-three, if he sticks out his chest."

That did interest me. Since Benny Leonard there hasn't been a light-



weight I could get lathered up about, not one that would pull a decent outdoor crowd. And the Garden can't pack 'em in enough to suit me unless I've got lads of my own in the main fights and the semi-finals—in a couple of prelims, too, if the dough is right.

I said I'd be there and hung up. Cross-country calls are heavy dough.

Airplanes were worse. But I fixed that. I told the management of the line who I was. If I'd be photographed by the press, standing just outside the plane door, so the name of the line would show in the picture, the trip wouldn't cost me a penny. I just had to show my face at each stop, and the management would fix everything else with the news-hawks. It was easy.

I made a mental reservation, though, that the expense of that trip would come out of Pretty Boy Lahme's first important purse. None of his business if there had been no expense. I'd simply save it by being smart, that's all.

You'd like to take a poke at me? Nix. I fight for money—that is, I have my boys do it.

**I**SAT at the ringside when the main event was getting set. First in was a lanky buzzard called "Pretzel" Mudge. Funny looking duck, he was. But he had long arms and looked as though he might have something. The crowd yelled its head off for him. He'd once been California state champion. Pretty Boy Lahme had taken it away from him, by a decision, four months before. This was the return engagement.

The cheering for Pretzel Mudge stopped. Pretzel Mudge! Fight managers on the Coast didn't know anything about fighting names, that was plain enough to me.

A buzzing started. I heard someone say: "Here comes the Pretty Boy! Here comes Handsome!"

I began to feel funny. There was no pleasure in the mounting tide of sound. I didn't think the newcomer had a friend in the crowd. They began to hiss like a houseful of snakes. They didn't like Pretty Boy. They

had come here with just one idea in mind: the hope of seeing Pretty Boy Lahme knocked into a cocked hat.

"Imagine bringing me way out here, the expense and all," I said to my scout, "to see a guy that the crowd hates." I didn't remember my scout's name, but he was sitting right beside me, so it didn't matter. Scouts were not purse-producers, anyhow.

"Wait," the fellow counseled. "Have I ever let you down yet, Mr. Jackson?"

"You wouldn't be working for me if you had!" I retorted.

Pretty Boy Lahme crawled through the ropes. I gave him the double-O. He certainly fitted his name. He went through those ropes more gracefully than a dancer could have done. Not once was he off-balance. Perfect coordination of body and mind. His hair was as black as midnight and slicked back. It had some sort of shiny grease on it. The lad's face was peachbloom. Hell of a word, but it fitted him.

I studied the guy. He sure was built for the ring. But he was too blasted handsome. He could have done better for himself in the movies. He hurt your eyes. His smile would have been appealing to anybody that enjoyed appealing smiles. He smiled even when the crowd was hissing the loudest.

He rose to his feet as though it were prolonged applause, and shook his taped hands at the suckers. The hissing became a vast volume of boos.

The gloves were fastened on. The referee called the two lads to the center of the ring. The Pretzel guy walked out lazily. Pretty Boy sort of *flowed* to the center. I wasn't interested in Mudge, but I watched Lahme's diaphragm. It was going in and out like a bellows. Mudge was watching it, too. I turned to my scout.

"Handsome, too handsome," I snorted, "and yellow as hell! It's all he can do to keep from running and jumping over the ropes into the arms of the press!"

"Wait," said — whatever-his-name-was.

The bell clanged. Mudge came charging out of his corner. I'd seen

too much of this stuff to get excited. I kept an eye on Pretty Boy Lahme. Grace and poetry of movement. His hands were in the right position, his jaw well covered.

The Mudge was staggering back, arms flailing, to catch at the ropes to keep from going down. Pretty Boy had handed him one. Fact is, I barely saw it, for I've watched so many flying fists they can't shoot 'em too fast for me to follow. But Pretty Boy almost did. The crowd booed.

Mudge got busy. He worked hard, for those ten rounds. He worked himself into a lather. He carried the fight to Pretty Boy as well as he could. Every time he moved the crowd cheered. Every time something happened to him, they booed Pretty Boy Lahme.

"Yellow! Pretty Boy! Afraid to let him tag you?"

Stuff like that, and I sat thinking, wondering how you could make money out of a guy that's both yellow and handsome—and the sweetest boxer that ever stepped through the ropes. Understand, for five rounds Mudge, working like a paperhanger with the hives, never really landed a blow on Pretty Boy Lahme.

**L**AHME'S hair was like it had been when he came into the ring. His hands were fast as lightning. His body flowed around the ring like mercury turned loose. I watched his eyes. They never left the face of Mudge, and I could see he was afraid every second of the time—afraid of those flailing hands of Pretzel Mudge.

I'd asked the scout about Mudge, and up until he tangled with Pretty Boy the first time he had twelve straight knockouts to his credit, four of them in the first round. If he laid one on Pretty Boy's button he'd win.

But why should Pretty Boy worry? Pretzel Mudge couldn't hit him with a sawed-off shotgun.

Mudge was bleeding bad in the seventh round, and fighting harder than ever—if shadow-boxing can be called fighting. He delivered more blows at the empty air than I'd ever thought a guy could throw. He was a mess, and

his legs were shaking. He was the champion-hearted sort that won't quit, that can't ever be really licked, and he'd end up exactly like Lightning Dade. But not this Pretty Boy! If someone could figure out how to handle a guy that was yellow and handsome, he'd have a box-office thing until Pretty Boy was in his dotage.

I had one little qualm of doubt. The crowd was pulling so hard for Mudge, booing so hard at Pretty Boy, that I figured the referee had to give the decision to Mudge or be ridden out of town on a rail. Then I didn't worry, for I could out-publicize even a bad decision.

However, the referee wasn't to be stampeded. He gave the only decision possible, after noting the nods of the judges. Pretty Boy Lahme by a mile.

"Scram," I said to my scout, "you're fired. Bringing me out here to look at a fan-dancer!"

"But Mr. Jackson! Think of having a lad everybody wants to see licked! They'll turn out in droves in hopes. He's a sell-out every time. And he won't get licked, so he'll always sell out—"

"Who are you to tell Big Ed Jackson his business?" I demanded. "Scram!"

Of course I'd figured it out just the way the scout said it, but who was I to say anything? When scouts think they've done something for you they want something in return. That scout—oh, yes, I know his name now, all right! Fred Smith! Remember it. Anyhow he scrambled.

When I was sure he had gone, I walked into Lahme's dressing room. It was easy. I just told them who I was. Someone shouted to Lahme:

"Kid, you're made! It's Big Ed Jackson!"

The kid's manager tried to cold-shoulder me, but I didn't give him a chance. I pushed him out of the way. Let him sue. I'd been sued before, but nobody had ever collected.

I walked up to Lahme.

"Handsome!" I sneered at him.

He didn't look handsome then. He looked sullen, savage, and desperate. He didn't answer.



"Yellow!" I went on. "You're the fastest boxer I ever saw, for just one reason—you're scared to death you'll get tagged!"

He didn't deny it.

"So what?" he said. "You want to take me on and then turn me loose when you're through! I know all about you, Big Ed Jackson!"

"I'll make dough for you first," I said. "And listen. People are not coming to see you win. They're coming to see you get hell knocked out of you! Get that? I'll see that that's the way it is! It's a new angle for me, and I like it. People don't like boxers, because they're too fancy. They like to hear loud wallops and watch men bleed and fold up. They'll come, hoping it will happen to you. Well, what do you say? Fifty-fifty on the purses. Your first one a grand for fighting the semi-final in Madison Square Garden!"

Nobody thwarts Big Ed Jackson. I paid two grand for the kid's contract right there. I'd take it out of his purses gradually. I even paid his fare back to New York with me. I could have got him plane fare free, as a new, sensational "find," but I didn't want to uncover him so fast.

The kid looked scared the whole way. Not of the plane, I knew that, though it was rough going and I got a little sick myself. No, not that. He was thinking of Madison Square Garden, and the very name was making his legs shake. I studied him. That handsome face had never been touched, not even scratched. If it ever got even red. I thought, the kid would fold up and die.

"Probably spends half his time in front of a mirror!" I figured.

Then I forgot him, planning how to put him over. In exactly one year, I decided, he would be far enough along, the lightweight champion slipped far enough back, for him to get a crack at the title. He'd win it—if he kept out of the way of the Champion Lenny Flick's two fists. For Lenny was dynamite with either hand. He could knock down a heavyweight with a blow of his right fist.

I grinned, sort of grimly, when I

thought of Lenny's fists, and the scared, too-handsome face of Pretty Boy Lahme. There, my friends, was a money-making proposition. Yeah, it looked good. I'd get another annuity, just to be on the safe side, before somebody tagged Pretty Boy Lahme and I had to toss him out on his pants.

---

## CHAPTER II

### *Headline Monicker*

---

**T**O many people, I guess, Madison Square Garden is Mecca. To ambitious fighters it's the goal of their ambitions. To their managers it's the first step to big money. To fight fans it's a place of romance and adventure, where they can fight and win vicariously, without getting bloody noses. It is the Roman Coliseum under a roof.

There is romance and color in the lights—to some people.

To me it's a pain in the neck. But give me the Madison Square Garden Bowl, or the Yankee Stadium, with every seat filled at twenty-five dollar tops, and I'm happy. Then, when everybody disobeys the no-smoking signs, and thousands of people are lighting pipes, cigars or cigarettes every split second, why, the lights themselves make me think of the keys rising and falling on a cash register, and I'm happy.

I picked my spots carefully. I picked a has-been "name" fighter to team up with Pretty Boy Lahme in the semi-final. He didn't have the legs any more, and most of his punch was gone. But he was a crowd-pleaser, anyhow.

Lahme looked scared to death when I told him.

"Suppose he tags me, Mr. Jackson?" he said.

I looked at his handsome face, his perfectly chiseled face, and answered:

"Then you go back to the sticks."

He was plenty scared, all right, so scared that I'd wager anything he wouldn't let the other mug put a glove on him. He'd give a dazzling display of boxing that would even make the

guys who'd come to see the main event look back over their shoulders as they were on the way out. You understand that, don't you? At the Garden they usually put the semi-final on after the main event.

This one would be all right, I figured, unless Carson Ligett, the "name" has-been, pulled something unusual. I couldn't figure what it could be, for he used to be one of my stable and I knew all about him. I told everything I knew to Pretty Boy.

He had brains, Pretty Boy did, and he never missed anything. He *had* to click all along the line, to keep on his feet, his face out of reach of those left hooks and uppercuts.

Well, the Garden was packed to the rafters. Not that I cared, for Pretty Boy was the only one I had in there, and the dough for his scrap was already in my jeans. Promoters never argued with me when I wanted a spot for a boy, for they always knew I had something stewing in the back of my mind that meant money.

Lenny Flick was fighting tonight in Chi, but he had a cinch, I figured. Nobody was going to take Lenny before I got to him, with Pretty Boy. I was pretty sure of that.

I came into the ringside section during the last four rounds of the main event. I didn't even look at it. I noticed the press row, though, and saw that the papers were well represented. The reporters all knew me, knew I was good for a story.

One of 'em turned on me, just as one of the lugs in there hit the canvas on the seat of his pants.

"Who's this Pretty Boy Lahme?" he asked.

"Next lightweight champ," I said calmly. "Why?"

"There might be a story in it, or didn't you have any idea?" He grinned, knowing I needed stories in my business. "This lad of yours good?"

"Nobody can lay a glove on him."

"Oh, a boxer, eh? Can he punch his way out of a paper bag?"

"He doesn't have to. He won't lose a decision."

The guy groaned, looked disgusted.

"And is he handsome!" I said. "He has to stay handsome, so he has to keep the other guy's paws out of his face."

"How do you expect to get anybody to come watch a guy like that? There won't be any blood or knockdowns."

"They'll come to see him whipped, after they've got wise to him. He's yellow, too, you know."

The guy looked suspicious. "Fancy a fight manager who doesn't claim to have a world-beater! I smell something somewhere."

"Better watch this fight," I said. "It's what you're here for, isn't it? And what I've told you is off the record, naturally."

I knew the minute I said that, that he'd do a story. If I hadn't said it was off the record, indicating that I'd told him merely for friendship's sake, he wouldn't have even looked at Pretty Boy. I know how to get the lads going. If they think they're putting something over on you—

**W**ELL, Carson Ligett came on as the crowd rose to its feet after a lumbering knockout in the main event. Somebody gave him a cheer. It made me feel funny, for the time had been when Ligett had brought the house down, merely by showing himself.

He rose and acknowledged the faint cheers as though they had been the plaudits he used to get. But there was despair in his face. I don't usually notice stuff like that, but he happened to look at me, and I remembered how I'd tossed him out. For just a moment I figured that he might have ideas about getting even by plastering Lahme. Then I thought different.

If he had enough left to do that I'd have known it, and would still have been splitting purses with him. When I'm through with them, they're washed up.

I blew smoke at Ligett.

Pretty Boy came on. Even the crowd knew he was scared. They laughed. Some people lingered to see him go down in the first round.

And when the fight started they all sat down. They were seeing some-



thing. They were seeing a has-been fight his heart out to please them. They were seeing Ligett march forward as he'd never marched forward when he'd been on top of the heap. They were seeing a man with despair in his face, trying to come back, for five hundred dollar purses instead of guarantees running into six figures.

And they were watching his despair grow, even as the terror grew on the face of Pretty Boy Lahme. I was disgusted with Lahme, but he was doing his stuff as he had never done it before. His hands moved faster than they ever had before. He was out to make good in the Garden. Ligett marched into a wall of leather. He marched and kept on marching. He threw knockout punches from the floor, from his heels.

Lahme seemed to stop some of 'em, but I knew better, as did the sports writers and the real fight fans. Those blows scarcely kissed him. He rolled with every one. He didn't even have to let 'em come that close. He hit Ligett twenty times to every blow that Ligett only seemed to land. My reporter friend was watching Lahme in amazement. His mouth hung open.

There'd been some fast-stepping powder-puffers in the Garden, and this newshound had seen them all. But he'd never seen a man whose toes twinkled like those of Lahme, or whose face was so unmarred, or whose hair stayed so neatly combed. Lahme was a ray of light.

Someone shouted: "Trying to take care of that handsome face?"

Lahme hesitated. His guard came down for just a second. Ligett saw the mark and his right flashed out. But even then Lahme knew what he was doing. The blow missed him. You couldn't have pushed a piece of tissue paper between that glove and Lahme's button; but it was a miss just the same.

Speed! Speed! Lahme had it and to burn.

But there was contempt on the faces of the watchers, on the face of Ligett, mixed with his despair; on the face of the referee—and down in my own heart there was plenty of the same.

I'd quit the fight racket as a fighter, yes, but when I'd been meeting them in the ring I hadn't been afraid. My cauliflower ear proved that I think.

There was no question about it. Pretty Boy Lahme won that fight by forty lengths. He wasn't scratched. Neither, with all his careless wading in, was Ligett. The first fight he'd ever been in where he hadn't been in the slightest danger of anything but losing the decision. He lost it, all right. He knew it after the second round.

He didn't congratulate the victor. Nobody cheered Lahme.

The referee lifted Pretty Boy's hand, and dropped it as though it smelled bad or were a dead fish or something.

**I** DIDN'T go back to Lahme's dressing room. I couldn't, just yet—even though all this was what I was after. I knew he hadn't marked Ligett because he'd have had to go the thickness of a stamp closer to Ligett to do it, and that might have been just enough closer for Ligett to hang one on him.

Just the same, he had decisioned a man who'd been in the front rank of lighties for ten years.

The reporter's lip curled as he walked past me without talking. I knew about how his story would read.

Ligett came to me before he went to his dressing room.

"What dirty trick are you pulling now, Jackson?" he sneered. "I've known you to do some lousy things, but putting that yellow whirlwind into the ring against a guy with any punch at all is murder!"

Funny, but the reporter—who knew all about Ligett and my past connection with him—heard what Ligett said. I knew how his mind worked. I figured that "Yellow Whirlwind" might be a better monicker even than "Pretty Boy." Anyway, I'd call him Pretty Boy, and the press could call him Yellow Whirlwind, and I'd get double duty on my gag to put him over.

Folks, that story was a honey!

I knew, when Pretty Boy went to

the post again, no matter whom he fought, people would turn out to see him, hoping that somebody would put him on the floor about seven times, smash his handsome face into lumps, and chase him out of the ring. For the reporter's story stung, plenty!

Pretty Boy's beauty was an insult to the prize ring. His cowardice, plain for all to see, a disgrace to fighting men. He was fast, a boxer without a peer, yes. But he had no place among men, and the sooner somebody smashed him the better for all.

I fought Pretty Boy in two more semi-finals after that.

In the last one the referee didn't even raise Lahme's hand. He just pointed at him, and the gesture was like he'd held his nose between thumb and forefinger. The boxing world didn't care for anything but blood and wounds, bouncing backsides on the resin, broken jaws.

Pretty Boy gave them—superb boxing; a brilliant pair of heels, and decisions that were never in doubt from the first gong. Always in Madison Square Garden.

The Garden called me after that third semi-final.

"Folks are coming to see the semi-finals," they said, "instead of the main events. They want to see your Pretty Boy knocked through the roof."

"Well, "I said, "shall I drag him out?"

"Yes. Out of the semi-finals. Fight him in next Friday's main event, against Sailor Borhees. If Borhees lays one on his chin—"

It was just what I wanted. When I told Pretty Boy his face got white as a sheet. It must have been pretty tough on him, at that, for the sports scribes were giving him a ride to the exclusion of the main-eventers. They were all pulling for some hairy-chested son of something or other to push Lahme's face through the back of his head.

Lahme was waiting for the same thing. He was afraid of it. And that suited me. For as long as he felt that way, Sailor Borhees would look like a lumbering, ineffectual bear for ten rounds.

And he'd drawn with Lenny Flick two months before, in an overweight match.

I got a shock that night when I went home. I never allowed fighters in my home, never allowed fight talk. My home wasn't a place for pugs.

Of course I knew—though I never said anything about it—that Martha, my wife, followed my career in the newspapers, that she probably knew as much about me and my fighters as anybody in the racket.

But I never would have thought she dared—

This is what I saw: Pretty Boy Lahme on his knees in front of my wife, with his head in her lap like a small boy, and Martha stroking his hair gently.

She looked at me. Her eyes burned me. But I didn't let her know.

"What," I asked, "is the meaning of this? How did that buzzard get here?"

"I sent for him," said Martha calmly. "Told him you wanted a heart-to-heart talk with him. And Ed, you're going to have that talk!"

I wasn't going to do anything of the sort. I was going—the decision came to me in a flash—to make Martha so sick of Pretty Boy Lahme that she would gag when she heard his name mentioned.

Lahme, scared, was standing, stiff and straight as a soldier. There were tears on his cheeks. Tears on the cheeks of the yellow-livered would-be fighter who was going in against Borhees next Friday night.

The Yellow Whirlwind was a cry-baby!

---

## CHAPTER III

### *Queer Psychology*

---

**I** SAID I had no sentiment about the prize ring. I didn't say I had no sentiment at all. I worship my wife. My kids are the finest in the world. But they're not handsome, and they're not cry-babies!

"Listen, Martha, "I said, "What's this mug been telling you?"



"About his family, Ed," she said. "About his mother, and his sister."

"Yeah? And what did he say?"

"That he had to quarrel with them something awful to get to fight at all. They wanted him to go into the movies."

"And that's where he really belongs," I said, "where doubles do all the dirty work."

"But he didn't want to do that," said Martha, "because he thought it wasn't manly. Besides, he *wanted* to fight!"

"Wanted to fight! I don't know what-all ails him, but wanting to fight isn't it! He's yellow as the devil!"

Martha moved her shoulders in a hopeless gesture. I looked around for the kids. Martha read my face.

"I sent them out to the movies when I asked Mr. Lahme to come here."

"*That's* to the good anyhow! Now, listen, both of you. Martha, you've horned into something that doesn't concern you. Lahme, you've come to cry in my wife's lap like even her own kids don't do. You're a blasted baby, that's what you are!"

"He's just an infant, really, Ed," said Martha. "He's under twenty."

"That's not young for the fight racket," I said. "He knows all the answers. But does he? Suppose I ask a few. Lahme, what if Borhees hung one on your chin tomorrow night? I want straight answers, right here where Mrs. Jackson can hear 'em."

"I'd probably go down. You'd throw me out, then."

"And everybody knows that when I throw a fighter out he's through! You know all that?"

His lips twisted bitterly. "Who doesn't?" he asked.

"That's right, who doesn't? All right, suppose you miss out somewhere in your dance tomorrow night, forget to duck, and he hangs one on your chin, and you go down for a count? Suppose you can get up at six or seven, at anything less than ten. Would you do it? *Answer me!*"

"That's just what I don't know! I've never been tagged on the chin. That's what I was telling Mrs. Jackson. Listen, Mr. Jackson, for just a minute. When Mom and Sis said I could go in

the fight game they figured I'd be sick of it shortly. They promised, on one condition; that if I gave it up I'd try pictures—"

He hesitated, gulped and swallowed.

"Well?" I prompted him.

"Well, I promised. And then they told me I couldn't keep the promise, because no movie outfit would look at me, if anything happened to my face. You see?"

"No, I don't."

"Let him tell it, Ed," said Martha.

"I promised them I'd take care of my face. That meant I had to make sure nobody ever smashed it—"

"Listen," I said, "yellow is yellow, no matter how you spell it. You're afraid, either of getting hurt, or of having your face punched in. And you're coining dough and will coin a lot more for both of us if you keep on as you're going. People come to see you lose fights, not to see you win 'em."

"Lenny Flick makes money because he's a crowd-pleaser, because he's a knocker-outer, because he throws leather from the opening gong. Get it? But even he won't pull the dough you'll pull if you take him—and the crowd still feels about you as it does now. The newspaper lads—"

"They're so horribly unfair," he said. "I'm a good boxer. I'm fast. I give them a show—"

"But no blood or knock-downs," I interrupted.

"And you've publicized what you call my yellowness until people point at me on the street, until I hear nothing but boos. I'm being—"

**H**E searched for a word, and Martha supplied it.

"Crucified!" she snapped. "And you're driving the spikes, Edward! I know it and I could hate you for it. You say this boy hasn't courage. I say he's the bravest lad I ever saw. Why? Because, in spite of all you've done to him, in spite of jeers and catcalls, in spite of people pointing the finger at him, in spite of such public condemnation as I don't believe anybody ever suffered, he's still fighting!"

I blinked, but I wasn't floored yet.

"The yellow guy who knows he's yellow," I insisted, "will do almost anything to keep others from believing it. He's afraid to fight, but he's more afraid not to fight. If he quit now, with the papers riding him, he wouldn't live it down if he lived to be a hundred."

"I need money for my family," said Lahme desperately. "I need a great deal of money. By going on as I am—"

"If you took a short count just once, and came back fighting," I began—then I stopped. It wouldn't do. I didn't want him to do that, even if I had thought he ever would. Make a hammer-and-tongs chance-taking fighter out of him and he'd be just another fighter. I wanted him just as he was.

"That's just what I'm afraid of," he cried. "I don't know—you see? Maybe I can go down and come back up. I don't *know* whether I can. I can't tell by letting sparmates hang them on my chin, for it's one thing to have a sparmate do it, another to have a topnotch fighter do it. I've never been clouted on the chin! If I could be sure that I wouldn't be knocked out—if I were sure I *could* get back up—"

"You see, sir, it isn't that I'm afraid of being *hurt*, but that I don't know what my jaw will stand! If I'm knocked out I'm through—and I need a lot of money. What chance would I have to get a fight with Lenny Flick if I let Borhees hang one on my chin and that blow knocked me out?"

"None," I said shortly. "If Borhees takes you you're through as a fighter, as far as I am concerned."

"And that means as far as everybody else is concerned."

I couldn't deny it. It was true. And if he went out I would lose a lot of money that I might otherwise make.

"Keep going the way you are, and don't get ideas," I told him. "Just get set to have your hand raised when you've finished with Borhees! Now, beat it—Handsome!"

After Lahme had gone I didn't look at Martha for a little while. She was watching Pretty Boy go out.

"If he were mine I'd want him to

take care of that face, too," she said.

"Of course. You're a woman. Women are poison to fighters."

She looked at me coldly. That got under my skin. She never looked at me coldly, never.

"Ed," she said, "you know something. You know very well that boy isn't yellow!"

"I know damned well—" I began; but I'd never been able to lie to Martha. I'd never wanted to, never tried. I couldn't begin now.

"A man," I said finally, "who can take what this lad has, and keep going, all on account of a couple of sappy dames he happens to love, who can be crucified by fight crowds and the press, has plenty of courage, plenty!"

"Then why—" she began.

But she didn't finish what she started to say. I knew what it was. She was going to ask me why I played on the handsome-coward thing so much. I'd have told her it was worth more money to me. That would have been the end between us. She knew it and didn't ask. I knew it and was glad she didn't ask.

If I lost Martha I would curl up and die.

I don't know about her. Maybe, just maybe—well, anyway, she hadn't finished asking the question. But now there was something between us that would never down. Something that made me think of Ligett, and Fred Smith, and Lightning Dade, and wonder about a lot of things.

**E**VERYBODY knows how Lahme's first main event in the big time came out. Sailor Borhees didn't get to first base. He looked like an elephant with chains on his legs. He waved his arms, and that was about all. Pretty Boy Lahme cut him to ribbons, while the crowd yelled for Borhees to do something. And Borhees wanted to. He tried hard enough, but got nowhere.

The crowd screamed for the kill. Borhees couldn't; Lahme didn't try. If he could—well, he didn't.

A crowd that packed the Garden to the rafters went away growling:

"The next time I hope some un-



known knocks that Pretty Boy out into Fiftieth Street and clear through Jack Dempsey's Restaurant!"

They came three more times to see it happen, and it didn't happen. After that we got a fight with Lenny Flick.

Lenny came to see me. Lahme was at my desk when he came. Lenny stared at him.

"What'll you take for this kid's contract after the fight?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars," I said, "for every round he takes from you!"

"That will make his contract worth exactly nothing," said Lenny Flick.

"In my book it means about three million," I said.

Lenny snorted and spat on the floor within a yard of Lahme's feet. Pretty Boy's face was red as a beet. That fear was still in his face. He looked away from Flick and his lower lip was quivering.

I felt a slight qualm. Something had happened to Lenny Flick the last six months. He was going better than he ever had in his life—and I didn't own the smallest piece of him. Even the smartest manager can't get everything.

"When he's taken you, Lenny," I said, "I can throw him in every week with some bruiser and make more with him than any manager ever made with a lightweight."

"And then," said Flick, "you'll toss him out on his neck, like you've done everybody else." He turned to Lahme. "Well, kid, I'm going to do you a favor. I'm going to wrap the ring-posts around your neck and tie you in a knot. I'll be doing you a favor, for after that this plug-ugly won't touch you with *anything*!"

I got a start, then. Lahme hurled himself at Flick. Lenny laughed, stepped aside. Lahme's left missed him a foot. That gave me two starts. One, that Lahme would get mad enough to defend me; second, that Lenny had evaded his left with ridiculous ease.

"When you fight kid," said Lenny to Pretty Boy, "always fight for a big gate, not for a big skate—like Ed Jackson!" And he walked out.

The fight was in the Bowl on a hot August night.

When Pretty Boy sat down on his stool, his red face became white as a sheet. It bothered me a little. I went to him to ask what was wrong.

"My mother and sister, both here," he said.

He pointed them out to me. I looked. I got pretty sore. Things were at a pretty pass, no doubt about that. Martha was sitting between the two women, and her chin was stuck out as though she were daring me to tag her on it.

"You've got to win this fight, Lahme," was all I said.

"I will," he said. "If I do will you do me a favor?"

"Sure, anything," I said, without thinking.

"I want a break for Carson Ligett, for Lightning Dade, for Fred Smith—and all those others—"

"They're through," I told him. "As far as I'm concerned they stay through. Now, if I seem to have broken my promise, go out and let Flick beat you and see what your folks think of you! Make the crowd happy for the first time since you came to New York!"

You see I didn't hesitate to apply the screws. I never do. That's why I'm in position to give handouts to men who've failed as managers. Why I'm in *position* to; not why I *do*. They flopped; they pay for flopping. This isn't a world, this fight world, for softies.

**I** SAT down. The bell rang.

I looked at the ring. In the first ten seconds I knew something, something that made my stomach feel cold. Lahme had met somebody, at last, who was going to stick gloves, *hard*, into his face.

How did I know?

Flick had knocked Pretty Boy flat on his back, almost through the ropes, and the crowd was rising, even as I sat down, like a tidal wave—hot eyes staring at something they'd begun to think was too good to be true.

I looked at those three women most vitally interested in this. Martha still

had her chin out. The other two women were staring at that lad in there on his back, and twisting their fingers with agony.

---

## CHAPTER IV

### *Yellow Whirlwind?*

---

**I** SAW all my plans for Pretty Boy Lahme tossed into the discard. Knocked out by the very first punch handed him by the the lightweight champion! Flick didn't handle his washed-up sparmates that easily.

I stood up then, because the crowd was standing, and I had to stand to see. I knew the count had reached five. And I saw that Pretty Boy Lahme was getting up, moving. I knew he should have been knocked out. I saw that he hadn't been.

I stared at him. The crowd stared at him. The crowd yelled:

"You've had it coming a long time, Pretty Boy!"

"Six!" said the referee.

Lahme shook his head. Lenny Flick spat on the resin. His face was a mask of cold contempt. He lazed negligently in a neutral corner, ready to put on the finishing touches if Lahme got back to his feet and didn't fall down without being hit.

Lahme should ride his bicycle until his head cleared. But did he have the legs left? That right Flick had handed him would have knocked anybody through the ropes.

The crowd suddenly went silent—a deep, deadly silence. Lahme was on his feet, waving to and fro like a tree in a high wind, and Flick was moving toward him, crouched like a tiger. Lahme looked utterly helpless. There was a foolish grin on his face, if it could be called a face. It was puffed up like the belly of a poisoned pup. The "handsome" had been knocked off Lahme by one blow of Lenny Flick's fist.

The crowd, which shifts so easily, yelled:

"Stop it, referee! Lenny'll kill him!"

I think the referee even had a mind

to do it, but when Flick got within striking distance, Lahme got on his bicycle. I swallowed my heart, though that silly grin in Lahme's face bothered me. If his head didn't work he didn't have a chance at all. Flick was a ring-general, a champ with brains. He was close enough to see what the eyes of Lahme could tell him.

He started a lightning-swift one-two.

And—neither one of his fists touched Pretty Boy Lahme!

Lahme just wasn't there. He was a few feet further on, shaking his head to get the cobwebs out. And then somebody yelled:

"Forget the movies, Son! Lay that fellow out like a rag rug!"

Jee Christmas! In all the utter silence that voice sounded like the crack o' doom. I looked. No, it hadn't come from Martha; it had come from the lips of Lahme's mother, and her chin was sticking out further than Martha's.

Martha had probably told the old gal plenty.

Then the sister piped up:

"Fight your own fight, Caleb, for the first time in your life!"

Her voice cut through the Garden like a spear flung by a giant savage. Pretty Boy heard it, all right. Caleb! He *would* have a name like that! I'd never bothered before to find out what it was.

Lahme whirled away from Flick's next charge, looked out at his mother and sister as though he didn't believe his ears. I've seen some queer changes come over the faces of fighters, queerer even than the change that Flick's right had worked on the face of Pretty Boy Lahme. The Pretty Boy didn't fit any more. Yellow Whirlwind?

Well, in that instant I wasn't sure of that, either.

For Lahme stopped dancing, stopped the amazing footwork, the lightning-swift fists, the amazing body shifting that saved him from punishment.

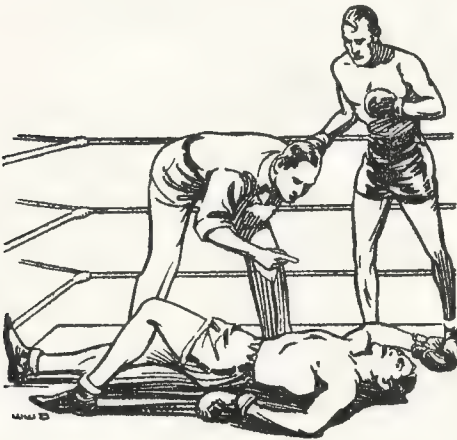
The silly smile caused by Flick's knockdown became a ferocious grin.

I mean it!



**T**HE crowd sensed something, something queer. But they didn't sit down. They didn't sit down for those fifteen rounds, not once. And they didn't make any noise—not much more than might have been necessary to blow the roof off the Garden!

For listen—Pretty Boy Lahme walked right into Lenny Flick. He walked right into him with that ferocious smile on his face and with his arms going, his feet flat on the floor. His shoulder muscles weren't flowing like mercury now; they were ridged with savage determination. The smile was showing Lahme's white teeth. Lahme sort of chilled me, the way he looked.



Amazement? You said it! Lahme had been knocked down with the first punch. When the first round ended, Lenny Flick was on his knees, at the count of seven, staring at Lahme, whose right had put him in that position.

And he was undoubtedly the most amazed man in the Garden.

Amazed, yes, and delighted. Lenny Flick hated boxers. He liked to get in there and mix, to slug until something dropped—because almost never was it Flick who went down.

Only, now it was.

Between rounds Lahme sat on his stool and smiled across at Lenny Flick, and Flick smiled back. Lahme's face was a mess. So was Flick's. And they liked each other, those two.

Flick knew Lahme; Lahme now knew himself. He'd taken Flick's best—on a cold chin—and had got back up to put Lenny down before the round ended.

The bell!

The second round—and two fighting fellows who didn't give their own hurts a thought, blazing away with their heavy artillery, their grenades, their howitzers. The crowd going mad, breaking chairs. The dancing-master, the yellow whirlwind, had become a tiger, a raging, roaring jungle beast—weighing just enough under a hundred and thirty-five to make him lightweight champion of the world if he decided or knocked out Lenny Flick.

But I've said Flick had been improving the last six months instead of going back, and that's right. He'd never been as good—never would be again—as he was tonight.

Flick had promised to wrap Lahme around the ringposts. He did exactly that—only to have Lahme unwind like a stretched rubber band, and wrap Flick around the same ringposts! Sure it sounds crazy. Everything sounded crazy, looked crazy, that night. The crowd was crazy. But Martha and those two dames—whose fares, I learned later, she had paid from California—were the craziest of the lot.

Hammer and tongs through the second round, with two men who looked like steaks, smashing away, refusing to step back.

Say the same thing for the third round, the fourth, the fifth.

Keep right on saying it, up to the fifteenth and last round. I wouldn't have cared to be a judge in that fight, nor the referee. Not that the referee had to work much, except to keep out of the way. They broke their own clinches, they didn't shoot low blows, and nobody had to tell 'em to fight or get thrown out. No technical knockouts tonight, for it was an unwritten law that the loser in a championship fight had the right to finish on his back. Especially if he were the champion.

Drama? Lots of it. More than I'd

ever experienced in all my years of fighting and managing. By Jees, I found myself yelling, yelling for Lahme to knock Lenny's ears off him!

He got his own pinned back, he pinned back Flick's, but there were no knockdowns for the last thirteen rounds—until the fifteenth, of course, which everybody knows all about. What held those lads up, I don't know.

Just once I looked away from the ring, because I felt the eyes of that reporter on me—the one who'd given Pretty Boy the name of Yellow Whirlwind. He was looking at me knowingly, nodding his head as though to say:

"You knew it all the time, eh? Made a sucker out of me to build up to this, eh? Well, I'm glad!"

Then he went back to his keys, pounding them as viciously as the fighters were pounding one another.

**T**HE middle of the fifteenth and the crowd standing, silent again. The end was coming, before the round ended. Lahme was preparing for it. Flick saw it coming, couldn't escape it, though he was grinning, enjoying himself even through the blood, because there was just as much blood on Lahme.

Lahme used his boxing skill to get Flick into a corner. It was his only flash of his old speed and generalship. Then, when he got Flick right there, he stepped into him. His blows echoed from the rafters.

Flick was still grinning when he went down.

He got up. But before he got out of that spot, Lahme was on him again, and when he went down it lacked forty seconds of being the end of the fifteenth round. The referee and judges must have sighed with relief.

For the referee counted Flick out! A clean, savage knockout, delivered with all Lahme's skill and power, to Lenny's button. After the count, Lahme tried to help Flick up, and fell on his face.

I crawled through the ropes to put my arms about the new lightweight champion. His eyes were almost shut.

Just a bit of savage black was visible, and even this vanished behind the swellings.

I got down on my knees to that kid. I said:

"Caleb"—and gulped—"Caleb, you're the greatest that ever stepped through the ropes, bar none! We'll make millions. Why, when you give Flick a return bout for the title—"

Somebody pushed me aside. It was Lenny Flick. He took my place in front of Lahme, while the crowd, not a member of whom moved toward the exits, stayed silent to watch the drama work itself out.

"Listen, kid," mumbled Flick, through smashed, puffy, bleeding lips, "this mug sold you out. You can have your contract with him set aside. What he's put you through is plenty of cause. No sane judge would let him make a fortune off you after the way he's had you crucified. Let me handle you—"

I didn't say anything. I felt sick inside, and suddenly older than the Laurentian Mountains. I saw a lot of things with great clarity. I had no claim on this kid, after all I'd done to him.

"You don't understand, Lenny," said Lahme. "Big Ed gave me my chance. He's going to give a lot of people their chances after this, aren't you, Ed?"

Lenny snorted, stared at me. Lahme pushed his eyes open with his soggy, bloody glove, looked at me, grinned.

"Big Ed knew how to maneuver me into this spot. I'll never throw him down. I know he won't throw *me* down!"

Loyalty? I should say, plenty of it. I got queer inside me. I pushed Lenny away and said:

"It looks funny, you hobnobbing with the guy you're going to fight again, this very year, Lenny. Better get back to your corner! And next time, Lenny, you won't lay a glove on this boy. He's the best boxer that ever stepped through the ropes!"

Lenny laughed: "He's so much more than that! But a mug like you can't understand things like glory, and love of battle, things like that."



I put my arms around Yellow Whirlwind Lahme and I guess the tears came. I didn't care for money suddenly, for anything, but this game, courageous lightweight champion.

"You can take your contract, kid," I said. "I'm quitting the racket for good. I'm bad for it. I smear it. I always have smeared it—"

That's as far as I got. Lahme patted my shoulders.

"Then maybe you'll do something to make it up, when I insist on you hanging onto your share? Maybe you'll use the money you're willing to throw away. . . ."

And that's how come, after his second pasting at the hands of Whirlwind Lahme, Lenny Flick became assistant manager for Lahme, at three grand a week. That's how come Fred Smith—yeah, he got my wife to take action, he managed all that stuff about getting the kid's mother and sister into the Garden, he told them what to yell that night—has a piece of every new "discovery" he makes for Lenny

and me.

That's how it happens that Lightning Dade hangs around the stable, and nobody minds if he talks on endlessly about his past glories, or how much he eats, or where he spends the money Lenny and I give him.

Funny thing; now that money doesn't matter, I make more than I ever did in my life before. Slowly, surely, I gather up the lads I dumped out before. If they were so good once, there must be something left in 'em, not necessarily fights. They work on my newcomers, and those newcomers work on the opposition, and win like nobody's business.

But there are times now—which never happened before—that I almost quarrel with Martha.

"You're getting sentimental, Edward!"

Me, Big Ed Jackson, sentimental? Naw. In my racket you have to be hard, tough, I tell Martha. She grins, as though she knew something. Sometimes it's irritating. . . .

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY BASEBALL?

A Sensational Article

By TONY LAZZERI

Famous Second Baseman of the New York Yankees

*America's Favorite*  
CHEWY CHOCOLATE CANDY

**Tootsie Rolls**  
CHEWY AND DELICIOUS

Standard & Approved  
1927  
Food Housekeeping  
Bureau  
CHOCOLATE ROLLING MACHINES

1¢ and 5¢ rolls

OVER 200 MILLION TOOTSIE ROLLS SOLD LAST YEAR

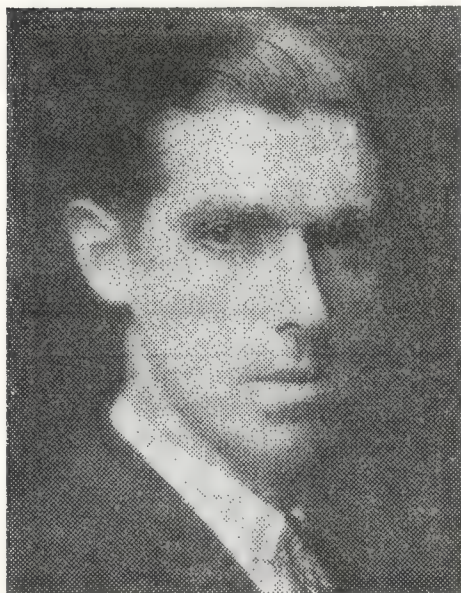
# The GREATEST TRACK

A Featured Sportswriter Picks Glenn

Written Especially  
for  
POPULAR SPORTS

by **ARTHUR  
J. DALEY**

*—Who covered the Olympics at  
Los Angeles in 1932 and the  
Olympics in Berlin last year as  
a special correspondent of the  
New York Times.*



Arthur J. Daley



The drama of that  
last decathlon event  
at Berlin was un-  
forgettable

**A**NY good Irishman could tell you in a flash who the greatest track and field athlete is. Of course opinion might vary a bit but it would simmer down to choice among Brian Boru, Finn McCool or Shaun the Bullock.

There were three fine broths of boys. Everybody knows that Finn McCool could leap across the whole of Ireland in three jumps. He did everything else in the same grandiose style.

As for Brian and Shaun, they could each give the wind a head start in a foot race and overhaul it. When they tossed a hammer or a shot or a discus they had to have an assistant stationed out of sight so that the weapon could be found and the distance measured. And, sure, did they ever high-jump or

---

## The Saga of a Specialist in Speed

---



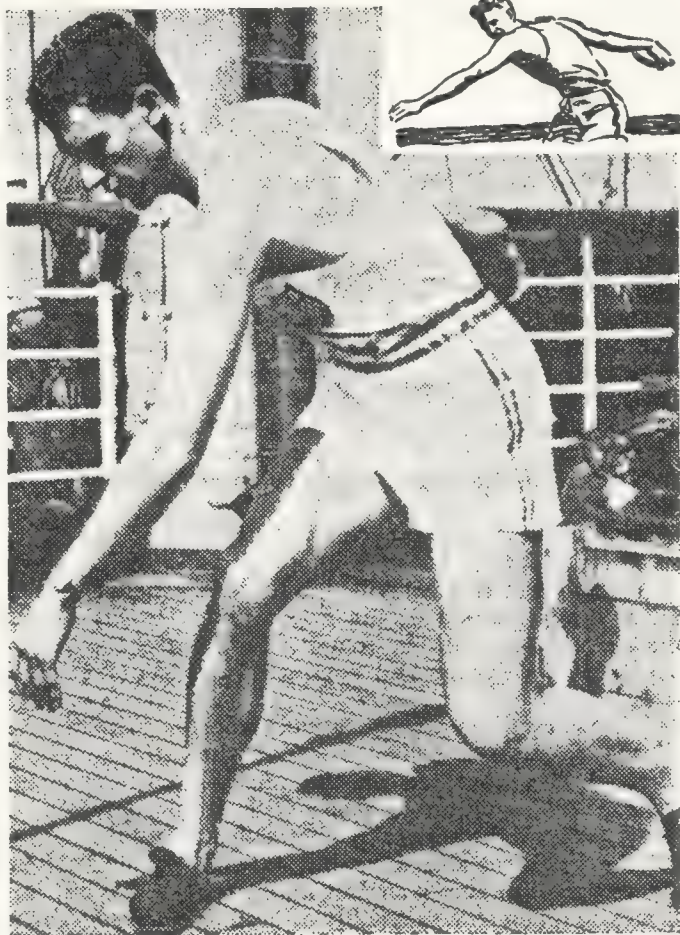
# AND FIELD STAR

Morris—Now, Who's Your Choice?

---



Jim Thorpe



Glenn Morris

pole-vault, 'twas necessary that they make certain that no low-hanging cloud be in their way.

Apparently they bred MEN in those days. As mighty as they were, however, I'm not going to settle the laurel wreath of greatness on the brows of Messrs. Brian Boru, Finn McCool or

Shaun the Bullock. I'm going to hand it to a lad whose performances have been measured with steel tapes and split second stop watches.

## *Twenty Years Ago*

But before I start to talk about him, I'd first like to tell a tale that Harold

---

## and Skill—and His Runner-Up!

---

Anson Bruce, recent coach of the Austrian Olympic team, tells about one of the most colorful and one of the mightiest athletes of all time.

The scene is about twenty yeags ago. The day was hot and the city of Easton, Pa., lay somnolent beneath the blazing rays of the sun. There was not a stir to the flags and the bunting that bedecked the streets.

In the shade-drawn coolness of the office of the athletic director at Lafayette College, a man kept wiping his brow nervously. The heat had not touched him. It was his nerves that were giving him trouble. The man was Bruce.

Those were the salad days of this well known track coach and the jittery sensations that raced up and down his spine were the results of an idea. Youthful and enthusiastic, Bruce had invited the famous Carlisle Indians to meet his Lafayette team in a dual track meet which was to serve as the crowning touch of the Alumni Day celebration.

The invitation was proffered with some trepidation because as good as Lafayette was in those days the Indians were the supermen of the generation. But Bruce was willing to try. So he wrote Pop Warner and sounded him out.

That sounding process almost sent Bruce off into a swoon because the shrewd Pop accepted on the proviso that a \$400 guarantee went with it. Now \$400 might seem like just a drop in the bucket these days but twenty years ago that sum was just about ten times as much as was usually offered or demanded.

But by the time the tentative acceptance reached him, Bruce was so completely enthralled by the very thought of meeting the Indians that he determined to accept the terms. There was only one way to raise the money. He passed the hat. Civic pride and college spirit being what it is, the money was raised.

It was on the day before the big Carlisle-Lafayette meet that Bruce was perspiring from nervousness. In a few hours the squad of Indians would pour in and overrun the town. The Lafayette

coach was a self-appointed committee of one to meet them and greet them at the station.

After what seemed like an agonizingly long wait the train arrived. Bruce looked up and down the platform frantically, wondering just where the horde of Indians would alight. A couple of men got off at one end of the station and a few more at the other. From the middle of the train stepped a big, broad-shouldered man with a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes and a wisp of straw between his lips. It was Pop Warner.

### *Best in the East*

Bruce rushed toward him, his mind almost paralyzed by the thoughts of \$400 guarantee and no Indians. There was no warm greeting. The now almost hysterical Lafayette coach just blurted out:

"Where are your Indians, Pop?"

Warner shifted the straw over to the other side of his mouth and responded laconically:

"They'll be along."

That was small comfort but perhaps, Bruce reasoned, as he escorted Warner to his hotel, the Indians would troop in the next day. Yet the more the Lafayette coach thought about that the more unlikely it seemed.

Finally in desperation Bruce questioned Warner once more.

"I'm sorry to keep bothering you this way, Pop," was the introductory remark, "but I would like to know where your Indians are."

"What are you worrying about?" asked Warner testily.

"Listen, Pop," pleaded Bruce, "I had to go all over Easton to raise the money I guaranteed you. Tomorrow is Alumni Day and we've advertised this meet all over the Lehigh Valley. I've a team of forty-six athletes and you don't seem to have any. And there are fourteen events on the program. Pop, how many Indians will you have?"

Warner gnawed silently on the straw in his mouth and gazed out the window.

"Five," he said.

Bruce braced himself against the tables as he pictured his dream castles



tumbling down about his ears. A soft voice interrupted his funereal thoughts.

"This Lafayette team of yours is one of the best in the East," stated Warner. "But don't tell me, Harold, that you can beat me. Want to make a little bet?"

And Pop hauled out a wad of bills that would have choked a large-size horse.

To Bruce that was adding insult to injury. He declined without the customary thanks and then, to make things worse, Warner's parting words were:

"I wish you'd run off this meet as fast as possible tomorrow, Harold, because

Thorpe won the Olympic pentathlon and decathlon in 1912—until the athletic fathers found a slight flaw in his amateur makeup and consigned him to outer darkness, taking away from him his world records, his Olympic championships and all his medals.

Ask any track and field fan to name the mightiest of them all. Nine out of ten would shout, "Jim Thorpe."

And if you questioned me, I'd be that tenth man. I'd say, "Glenn Morris."

### *A Grueling Competition*

There is always a tendency in sports comparisons to let distance lend en-



Harold Bruce

---

Harold Bruce (left), Recent Coach of the Austrian Olympic Team, and Pop Warner (right) of the Carlisle Indians, Remember One of the Most Colorful and Mightiest Athletes of All Time—GLENN MORRIS.

---



Pop Warner

we want to catch the 4:34 train out of here."

Bruce fled out into the night.

The next day dawned as days will. It was the day of the meet, five Indians against forty-six palefaces from Lafayette.

### *If You Ask Me*

Shenandoah won the high hurdles and Johnson the quarter mile run. Arquett and Tewanima ran one-two in the half, the mile and the two miles. The fifth Indian was a lad named Thorpe—yes, Jim Thorpe.

Big Jim was first in the shot put, the pole vault, the high jump, the low hurdles, the broad jump and the 100-yard dash.

Incidentally, Carlisle won the meet 71-31 and did it in such businesslike fashion that the five Indians caught that 4:34 train after all.

All that, my friends, is a mere preface to the introduction to the greatest track and field athlete who ever lived. Jim

chantment and pick the old-timers over the present-day crop. Jim Thorpe is a legend already. As a football player he still ranks as the No. 1 man of all time.

He probably still would be at the top in track and field as well, were it not for the simple fact that this is one sport where accurate comparisons can be made. Who can tell whether John L. Sullivan punched harder than Jack Dempsey? But the record book will disclose that Glenn Morris ran faster, hurdled better, jumped farther and threw farther than the mighty Sac and Fox Indian.

When you come right down to it, the eminent Mr. Thorpe who spreadeagled the all-around field at Stockholm in 1912 could not have won a medal in the Berlin Olympic festival and would just about have squeezed in among the point scorers with a fifth place.

And that is the group of versatile young men that Morris defeated rather easily in setting a new world and Olym-

pic record of 7,900 points. The only count on which the Indian had a clear measure of superiority over the automobile salesman from Fort Collins, Colo., is in color.

Thorpe had color to burn. Morris, on the other hand, is a quiet-spoken, modest and self-effacing young man. I was on board the Manhattan with him for the Olympic trip last summer and despite the way we were thrown together I can hardly say that I know him well. He's just that kind of a chap.

But on the field Morris is a far better performer than Thorpe. Yet the years have not given him the glamour of his illustrious predecessor. And like Thorpe, Glenn will grow in stature with the passing years.

Never will I forget the drama of that last decathlon event at Berlin, the 1,500-meter run. This was the tenth and final test of the most grueling competition that the sport knows.

#### *A Champion*

Morris was within striking distance of the world record when the all-around men sauntered over in the gathering darkness to start the heats of the "metric mile." Then with the spectators, impatient to have it all over with and the athletes themselves eager to finish their jobs, the Germans held up the entire show for more than an hour while 1,200 Swedes gave a gymnastic exhibition.

It was very beautiful and Herr Hitler applauded lustily but it was the most irritating wait I have ever experienced. The boys in the press box were tearing at their hair because they could see their extra-early Saturday editions going to press without one of the biggest stories of the Olympic Games. For the decathlon championship is the king of kings.

Finally the Swedes marched off the field and we all breathed deep sighs of relief. Then we tensed up again to see what Morris would do under the most terrific pressure that an athlete could have pinning him down.

For 1,500 meters Glenn's usual gait was 4:49 or so. Rarely can a decathlon man hit his accustomed figures in the tenth event of the all-around. The first

nine events usually drain away all his reserve strength and power.

I thought of Barney Berlinger and Jim Bausch and other versatile young men, chugging around the track for that last "metric mile" with their faces contorted to grim masks of torture, getting closer to 6 minutes instead of anything resembling 4:49.

Then from the loud-speaker came the booming words of the announcer:

"*Achtung. Achtung!*"—"Attention. Attention!"

I listened carefully but I never could understand that language anyway.

So I called across to an interpreter and asked what it all was about. All I had caught of it was, "Morris, Oo, Ess, Ah (U. S. A.)" and a jumble of numbers that sounded to my untutored ear like "4.32."

I was told that Morris had to do 4:32 for the distance in order to break the world record. It seemed like a physical impossibility. He'd never be able to do it.

The gun cracked for the start and I snapped my stop watch. I could not even wait for the time to be announced. I had to have his figures without any delay for my own personal information.

#### *A Human Powerhouse*

The race was on. Now in decathlon events places in the various heats do not necessarily mean anything. Every man is timed or measured by himself and points given for each individual performance. Hence a man finishing third in one heat might get a higher ranking than winners of other and slower heats.

Morris started off like the powerhouse he is. He kept plowing along in front until the last lap. Then a pair of red trunks, a vivid splash of color that could be clearly seen in the floodlighted Olympic Stadium surged out ahead of him. It was Maurice Boulanger of Belgium who was destined to wind up in seventeenth place in the final standings.

The Belgian flashed past the American and the German crowd misunderstood the gesture. They had no Germans to cheer for and so, for a change, they cheered for an *Amerikaner*, Morris.



The Reich gathering thought that Boulanger was shutting off Morris from his record. So they booed lustily. But for the American the advent of the little Belgian on the scene was a blessing in disguise. He was handed a competitive spur on the last lap when his tired muscles begged for relief.

Boulanger had a five-yard lead in the backstretch but when the final test came in the last straightaway, Morris let go with an inexorable drive that chopped him down. Those last forty yards were sheer torture. The American had none of the whiplash grace of a Lovelock. His features were strained and drawn. Every step was painful. His feet were leaden but still he came on, running with his heart alone.

Through the tape he strode and I snapped my watch. I glanced down at it and swallowed my disappointment. The hands showed 4:33.2. By one and two-tenths seconds, Morris had missed, it seemed, his world record—one of the most courageous efforts in the history of footracing gone for naught.

#### *The Greatest of All Time*

The crowd groaned when the time was announced officially. It was the same as I had caught from the stands but suddenly there was an exultant cheer from the spectators. The only words I caught that meant anything to me were "world record." I couldn't believe my ears. But world record it was because the earlier announcement of Morris needing 4:32 had been wrong. Colorado Glenn had his new mark after all.

For me this was one of the high spots of the Olympic Games. And Glenn Morris, in my book at least, is the greatest track and field athlete of all time.

Now one does not expect any particularly good performance from an all-around man. He is not a specialist.

Yet gaze at these few figures on Mr. Morris.

He has run 100 meters in 10.8 seconds. That would have been good enough to win the 100-meter sprint in eight of eleven Olympics. His 14.8 in the 110-meter high hurdles would have won nine of eleven. His 49 flat for 400 meters would have given him six titles. His pole vaulting would be good for four, his high jumping for three, his shot putting for two, and his discus throwing for five.

Remember that in each of these events there were specialists striving for each title. Morris, in ten events, was better than a whole squad of athletes trying for one crown apiece.

#### *Look at the Record!*

The first time I ever saw him compete—about four or five years ago—he was a pretty good 400-meter hurdler but there was nothing extraordinary about him. Suddenly last year he became a decathlon man and went on to a world record and a world championship, all in less than six months.

The greatest track and field athlete of all time? Morris is the name—Glenn Morris.

Just to settle the Thorpe-Morris supremacy for once and for all, I am appending herewith a table showing their Olympic and world record performances, 1912 vs. 1936. The Indian's feats were extremely hard to obtain since all his marks were removed from the books when the athletic fathers landed on him with hobnail boots. Here is the comparison:

| Event               | Thorpe<br>at Stockholm | Morris<br>at Berlin |
|---------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| 100-meter dash ..   | 11.2                   | 11.1                |
| 110-meter hurdles.  | 15.6                   | 14.9                |
| 400-meter run ...   | 52.2                   | 49.4                |
| 1,500-meter run..   | 4:40.1                 | 4:33.2              |
| Pole vault .....    | 10' 7 95/100"          | 11' 5 13/16"        |
| High jump .....     | 6' 1 6/10"             | 6' 27/32"           |
| Discus throw ...    | 121' 3 9/10"           | 141' 47/64"         |
| Shot put .....      | 46' 5 45/100"          | 46' 2 33/64"        |
| Javelin throw ..... | 149' 11 2/10"          | 178' 1/2"           |
| Broad jump .....    | 22' 2 3/10"            | 22' 10 13/32"       |

---

Beginning a Three-Star Feature—

**THE WHIRL OF SPORTS, by Our Roving Reporter**

—See Page 97

---



*They were laughing pretty hard, but I just went ahead.*

# SPIKES from SQUEEKTOWN

Tad Polin, With His Gangling Legs, Puts the  
Indian Sign on Sprinters!

by **VICTOR SPENCER**

*Author of "The Terrible Twins," "Net Trouble," etc.*

April 5, 1937  
**MISS MABEL MOWBREY**  
Box R-3,  
Squeektown, Vermont.

Dear Mabel:

I am feeling fine now and getting right well acquainted. The fellows here at Yardley are a nice bunch even if they do go in for a little roughing

now and then. After that last ducking I got in Lake Campa, they allowed as how I was "okay." You see, Mabel, they thought for a spell I might report 'em, and they told me I had the right spirit when I didn't. I can "take it!" That's what they said. Of course, they were all right enough sorry that I got a touch of the flu, but all's well that's



well is what I say, so everything is "hunky-dory."

Shucks, the other day, one of the fellows, Fred Teller, even asked me to come out for the track team. He's a pretty big man around the campus and he wears a "Y" on his sweater.

"Tad," he said, "you got nice long legs on you. Why don't you report for track practice? We need more men like you running for Yardley." He looked at the other fellows and they all started bobbing their heads up and down and saying, "Sure, Tad, why don't you?"

Well, I didn't know what to say. I ain't ever done any regular running, you know. 'Course, back in Squeektown, I always did beat the other fellows, but there wasn't nothing official about it. And my first year at college at State before I transferred to Yardley, I was too busy studying to pay any attention to sporting games. But I kinda liked the idea.

"I'm much obliged," I said finally. "I'll sure like to join up. 'Course, I can't take much time from my school work, but if you think Yardley needs me, I'll do my best. When can I start?"

"Tomorrow afternoon," Fred said and slapped me on the back. "I think you're going to be a wow! Ain't he, guys?" And they all started yelling and laughing and clapping me on the back, like as if I'd won a school medal back home for the best speech or something like that.

**I** FELT pretty good getting all this attention, and I couldn't do much studying that night. The next day in classes I was pretty nervous and was durned glad when it was all over. After lunch I went out to the big, red-topped stadium at the end of the campus (you got a picture of it I sent you, remember, Mabel?) and found the track section. I signed up, got myself a locker, a uniform and track shoes, and went out to report to the coach.

Fred Teller was talking to him. He's a white-haired old man, with a nut-brown, pleasant face, something like old Doc Weatherby over in Allen-

ville. The coach, I mean—not Fred. Fred's tall and thin—something like me, only he ain't so gangling and awkward like everybody always says I am. And he's got a black head of hair which naturally don't match my carrot top.

Fred saw me right off. "Well, if it isn't the old tadpole," he said and pulled me over and introduced me to the coach.

"Tad Polin, Mr. Patson," he said, grinning. "He wants to run for Yardley."

I felt kinda embarrassed and nervous, and mumbled something under my breath. You see, I didn't exactly like that "tadpole" business, Mabel. I don't look like a frog, and I don't like people to call me "tadpole" just because my name happens to be Tad Polin. I reckon you know all about it by this time—I've had enough fights account of that name.

"What event are you out for, son?" Coach Patson asked me.

I looked at Fred Teller. "What do you run?"

He smiled. "The mile."

"Well, I'll try the mile, too," I said to the coach.

And that's what I've been doing the last couple of afternoons. Trying the mile. It's pretty gol-durned tough, Mabel. Mostly I've been jogging around the track about eight times a day—that's two miles, since the track is a quarter mile round. I'm getting wind and stamina, the coach says. But if you ask me, Mabel, all I'm getting is a lot of aching bones and muscles!

Well, tomorrow, I'm going to try some short dashes to get speed, and also I got to concentrate on form. You see, I run any old way, and that don't get you nowhere. You have to keep your feet moving up and down in rhythm with your legs and body. Like Fred Teller. He sure moves along graceful-like, with an easygoing swing that reminds me of the deer up in our country.

I've forgotten about that "tadpole" name he called me. I reckon he didn't mean anything by it—that's just the way he speaks, kinda brisk and snappy. But he's friendly and encouraging.

"Tad," he said to me today, "you just keep it up and you'll be doing road work for Barnum's one of these days and making a lot of money. Some legs you got there!"

I don't exactly understand him, but it sounds kinda nice and I thanked him.

"Only thing," I said, "I can't work for Mr. Barnum because I'm studying to become an engineer some day. But I'll run all I can for Yardley."

Well, I'll write you more soon. How's things back home? Still listening in on everybody's conversations, Mabel?

Then like enough you can write and tell me all the news.

As always,  
Tad  
April 8, 1937

**MR. TAD POLIN**  
Cote Hall, Yardley College  
Yardley, Mass.

Dear Tad:

I'm glad to hear that you're feeling all right now, and that you're going out for the track team. But for land's sakes, Tad, don't let anybody step all over you. From what you tell me of this Fred Teller, he's one of these smart-alecks, and he's trying to pull the wool over your eyes. Well, don't let him. You go out there and run your head off and beat him.

And listen here, young man! I don't listen in to everybody's conversations. It's not my fault if I happen to plug in when they're still speaking and accidentally overhear what they're saying, is it? Anyhow, there's not much to tell you, except one thing. I heard Mrs. Kelly telling somebody that her son, Walter, is running on the track team at Dartmouth. Do you think you'll get to running against him? If you do, you ought to beat him. You always used to back here in Squeektown.

Let me know how you're getting along, Tad. And if that fresh Fred Teller tries to call you any names, well, you know how to stop it.

Yours,  
Mabel

April 13, 1937

Dear Mabel,

Seems as if you must have what they call womanly intuition. I thought that you were just a little bit rough on this Fred Teller fellow. But I reckon you were right.

You see, I went out the next day, and began practicing starts and short dashes. And like enough I must been a sight at it, because Fred Teller and a few other fellows with him in street clothes were laughing pretty hard. But I just went ahead and practiced.

Then the next day we had a couple of sort of informal races. First, just sprints. And—well, I guess I can't sprint, Mabel. This Teller showed me up. I just can't get going at the sort of top speed you need in a sprint. Back home we used to race from the schoolyard down the road a piece or right up to Pop Conroy's drugstore, which is a right good run. But there was no call for this kind of speed.

I thought I'd do better in the longer runs. We ran a two-mile race later on. I was kinda mad about those sprints, so I went ahead and took the lead and tried to keep it up. I got a pretty good head start because the others just let me run my fool head off. But as the coach told me later, you can't just run your head off in this game. You have to judge your pace according to the distance you're running, and you have to conserve your energy for the last minute dash.

I was all tuckered out in the second mile, and they practically all went past me. They'd taken it easy and saved themselves for the end.

Well, I felt pretty bad about it all. But it wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for what happened later in the locker room. I came in and heard some laughing off in one corner.

**T**HEN I heard Fred Teller's voice saying: "The old tadpole — we've got him coming and going. Boy, is he a joke! As a runner he'd make a good chess player!"

Well, on top of everything, that just got under my skin. I reckon I saw red. Anyhow, I walked around the corner and walked in to the group.



"I don't like the name 'tadpole,' I said, trying to keep my voice from shaking, because I was boiling up inside. "And I don't like people making a joke of me." And then I smacked him.

I musta hit him pretty hard I was so mad, because he went up in the air a foot or so and landed on his back. He stayed down and looked up at me with a sort of dazed look in his eyes. I wanted to punch him again, but he didn't even try to get up and fight.

"That goes for all of you," I said. I felt I could lick the whole bunch of 'em. Then I turned to this Teller. "If you like joking about names so much, why don't you try your own? There's a word that rhymes with Teller. It's yellor." And I walked away quick.

At first I was going to quit this track business. But then I thought it over, and I decided I'd beat this Teller at his own game. Nobody bothered me after that smack I gave him, and I just went ahead and concentrated on trying to run. The coach is pretty nice to me, and he gives me some good tips on form.

Seems as if I better forget all about when I use to beat Walt Kelly and the other fellows back home. If Walt's running on the Dartmouth team, then he must be pretty good. There's a lot more to this running than just picking your feet up and down, Mabel. So don't expect me to beat Walt. I reckon I won't even get the chance to run against him.

As always,

Tad

April 16, 1937

Dear Tad,

Keep your chin up. You just go ahead and you'll beat the whole lot of them. I'm glad you got your eyes open, and I guess you made those smart-alecks sit up and take notice when you smacked that Fred Teller.

And listen, Tad Polin. If Walt Kelly is good enough to get on the team at Dartmouth, then you can do it too. Huh! Walt Kelly! I'm surprised at you, Tad. You just keep in mind that you've always beat Walt at everything since you were small. And

I guess you can still do it. Walt's always been jealous of you.

As for this Fred Teller, he can't be much of a much if he wouldn't even get up and fight. So don't you get discouraged. You just learn what you have to and you'll win.

As always,

Mabel

April 25, 1937

**D**EAR MABEL:

Thanks for your letter of encouragement. I didn't get a chance to write, because I've been so busy with school work and running. I've been pretty tired evenings and it's not easy for me getting all my studying done. Maybe I better give up track and tend more to my studies.

I'm not getting much further with my running. I try hard enough, and I guess I'm getting a little better form, but there's something wrong.

My wind is pretty good, and I don't feel exactly tired when I get through a mile run, but I just can't put enough into it toward the end, like I see the others do. 'Course, I can't get the coach to spend all his time on me. He's got a whole team to take care of, and he's pretty busy. Besides I'm a new man, and they don't expect much until you've learned how to run. So they mostly let me practice a routine schedule.

But yesterday we had a mile race. There were six of us at the starting line. I didn't do so bad when the gun went off, but Teller took the lead, and we all strung along a piece behind.

I felt nice and limber, and my spikes sank in and out of the cinders, covering the track with a fresh, springy motion. Teller was setting a sensible pace for the first half mile. Whatever you can say about that fellow, he knows how to run the mile. He's what they call a good pace-setter, and the rest of the milers know that. Which is why they don't try to run themselves ragged and wear themselves out in the first stages like I did in that two-mile race I told you about.

At that, two of them dropped behind after two laps around. The pace

was a little too stiff for them. I reckon, and they felt they couldn't last the mile if they kept it up.

We swung into the last quarter, with me right behind Teller, and two other runners strung out in back of me. Teller gradually began to increase the pace, but I kept up to him without much trouble. I thought we were running pretty fast, and reckoned maybe I had improved.

Then suddenly the space between us began to widen. Teller was sprinting and putting everything into his final dash to the tape. I tried to make my legs move faster, but I could see I wasn't closing up the space between us at all. In fact it was getting bigger. Try as I could, I couldn't sprint harder.

**T**HEN before I knew it, somebody had passed me and we were practically at the finish. Teller crossed the line, a winner by about twenty yards. The man who had passed me beat me by ten yards, and right at the end the fourth fellow who had been behind me beat me by a couple of yards. The two milers who had dropped back before were way behind.

I didn't feel very tired. I felt that I could have run on a longer distance. I was just kinda peeved that I couldn't sprint at the end. And that's just about how the coach judged it.

He called us all over afterward, and told the two who had come in last to get a new schedule for the half mile which would be a better distance for them. Then he turned to me.

"You better do a lot of practicing on your sprints," he said. "Or better still, son, I think maybe you'd run your best in the two-mile event. Start in on that tomorrow."

So guess I won't get a chance to beat Teller or Walt Kelly. I was going to tell the coach I'd much sooner stick to the mile. But he's the coach, Mabel, and I reckon he knows what he's doing.

Well, Mabel, that's all for now. Maybe I'll make a better showing at this two-mile run. I'll let you know.

As always,

Tad

April 27, 1937

Dear Tad,

I'm ashamed of you, Tad Polin. You're just a plain old quitter, that's all you are. The idea letting an old coach talk you out of beating this Fred Teller and Walt Kelly! You go right on practicing that mile. If you don't, you needn't write to me at all.

Yours,

Mabel

MAY 5 808A

NBM6 8 VIA AK—SQUEEKTOWN VT  
TAD POLIN COTE HALL YARDLEY  
COLLEGE YARDLEY MASS  
TADPOLE QUITTER

MABEL

841A

May 10, 1937

Mr. Patson

Coach, Track Team

Yardley College

Yardley, Mass

Dear Sir:

I am writing to tell you that you are making a big mistake. You have a very fine runner on your team and you don't know it. I refer to Tad Polin. You are letting him waste his time in some two-mile run when he should be running a mile. If Walt Kelly who is a runner on the Dartmouth team can run a mile, then Tad should do the same. Because Tad can beat Walt any day. Ask anybody in Squeektown. So if you want your team to win, you better put Tad back on your mile run.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Mabel Mowbrey

Box R-3

Squeektown, Vermont

May 12, 1937

Miss Mabel Mowbrey,

Box R-3

Squeektown, Vermont

My dear Miss Mowbrey:

Many thanks for your letter. I appreciate your interest in the Yardley track team. Of course, you must realize that every man has his place on a team, and I have deemed it advisable for Tad to run the two-mile race because I think that is the best distance for him to show his ability. But of course I may be mistaken.



At any rate, you must not judge me too harshly. I have the interests of Yardley at heart, and to the best of my ability I act accordingly. I am sure that you feel the same. What you have told me of Tad and Walt Kelly has been taken into consideration by me, and I think I may find a place for Tad in the mile, after all. For the good of Yardley, of course.

Yours sincerely,  
James Patson

May 13, 1937

# DEAR MABEL:

I reckon I was pretty stubborn in not writing you for so long. I was kinda peeved when you said you didn't want me to write unless I ran the mile, and then your telegram sure got under my skin. But I don't think it likely that you really meant it, Mabel, and I can't stay mad at you.

I didn't take to the two-mile race at all. Seems as if I didn't have much spirit behind it. But it was durn good training, Mabel. My wind is fine, and I'm in tip-top shape. And I have been practicing short dashes a spell to get more speed. I thought maybe I'd try that mile again by myself. But I still have the same old trouble at the end.

That's not going to mean anything, though, on Saturday. You see, I am going to run in the mile this week in the meet we're having with Dartmouth and Amherst. But the coach wants me to run for the team, not just for myself.

It's going to be a close meet, and Mr. Patson says every point will count. Dartmouth and Amherst both have some good milers, including Walt Kelly. The coach thinks, maybe if we use a little horse-sense, Fred Teller can win. So he wants me to go out into the lead and try to "kill" the other fellows off. That means I don't run according to the usual pace, but run pretty fast until I get tired out. By that time, if anybody follows me, they'll be all worn out, too, and Teller can come up and win with that fast sprint of his.

The coach picked on me because he wants to make it "look good." He

thinks Walt Kelly will try to follow me, and if I don't start off at top speed but just a fast pace, he won't know what I'm trying to do. I don't know how the coach found out, but seems as if he knows about Walt and me, about our always having been sort of natural rivals. And if Walt starts after me, then the others maybe would, too. So I guess I'll be in a race with Walt after all.

But don't feel bad about it, Mabel. Mr. Patson says it's for the good of the team. That it's as much of a victory for me if we win that race as if I'd won it by myself. That's school spirit, Mabel. Maybe some other time I'll get a chance to run to win. Write soon, won't you?

As always,

Tad

**T**IME out, folks, for station identification. This is Station WYB, Boston, Massachusetts. We're up here at the big Yardley stadium, broadcasting the details of this exciting triangular track meet between Yardley, Dartmouth and Amherst. The afternoon is drawing to a close—and it's anybody's meet!

They're lining up for the mile, now, and it's the last event of the day. They've just finished over at the pole vault dugout, and the results are being tallied. It's—wait a minute—yes, it's still anybody's meet, folks! Here's the final score so far: Dartmouth in the lead with 49 points; Amherst second with 48; and Yardley at the tail end with 46.

It's been a grand duel, this track meet, nip and tuck right down the line. Two meet records have been tied and one broken, and—

They're all set down there for the mile! And there goes the gun! They're bunched together for awhile, but they're breaking up now. A Yardley man is out in the lead—and boy, he's setting a stiff pace! It's—let me see—Tad Polin. Tad Polin out there in the lead—haven't heard of him before—a new man, I guess. Jim Patson sure can train them here at Yardley.

There goes Walt Kelly, Dartmouth's mile hope, a darn sweet run-

ner. He's swinging in behind Polin, and there's an Amherst man right up with them. Teller of Yardley, Johnson of Amherst and the rest of the field of nine competitors are strung along about ten yards in back of the leaders, running a moderate race at this stage of the game.

Polin is still up front—he's got a mop of red hair easy to distinguish—and he's keeping up that fast clip. His form could be much better, but he's got a nice, loose stride and there's plenty of power in those long, gangling legs. Kelly's still up with him—and Johnson of Amherst is hanging on, too. They're rounding the back stretch—and some of the others are beginning to take up the slack. They're starting after the leaders—they're afraid of that big lead. But Teller and Johnson are hanging back, running a steady race. They're the boys to watch, folks!

Polin and Kelly have started their second lap—here's where they ease down. No! They're still keeping it up—a fast pace—looks more like a middle distance race than a mile! And they're drawing the others into it. Yes, folks, this is some race. I don't know where they're going to get their energy for the second half of this grueling grind.

Kelly is a surprise. He's more of a back runner ordinarily—sets his own pace. But evidently he doesn't intend to let this Polin get away from him. Jimmy Patson is a wise old boy—I wouldn't be surprised if he had this boy, Polin, go out there to kill some of those milers off. It's an old dodge, but many a more experienced runner than Kelly has fallen for it. Besides, it might be a natural stride for the new Yardley man—can't tell yet.

Some of the others are dropping back, though—that pace is a little too much for them. Teller and Johnson are still running abreast with steady, long strides—beautiful to watch. They're not taking anybody's pace.

**B**UT those two lads are still up front—and they've got a big lead as they start into their third lap—about sixty yards. Polin shows no

signs of faltering. Kelly is still sticking to him, but I think the strain is beginning to get him a bit.

It's still a little too early for jockeying—but the rest of the field is beginning to move up—that lead looks too threatening. Polin seems to have put the speed virus into the other milers' bloodstreams. Except for Teller and Johnson—they seem to be ignoring it all.

Oh, oh—there's the first break! Kelly is dropping behind just a little, shows signs of weakening. No wonder—he's not running the sort of race he's used to—and it's been a mighty fast one so far, let me tell you, folks! That carrot-topped Yardley lad sure has stamina—he's still pumping those long legs of his with clocklike regularity—maybe I was mistaken about him and Patson—

Ah! There goes Teller, with Johnson right with him. They're stepping up the pace now—they're closing up on those inbetweeners. Yessir, the whole field is closing up—they're hitting the last lap, and this is where class shows. Polin is about seventy yards in the lead now—on his last lap—with Kelly about eight yards behind him. But the two of them look tired now—they're both faltering just a little—both breathing very heavily. They've hit a terrific clip for a mile—they haven't anything left for a fast finish.

Yes, it looks like my first guess was right—and Polin has succeeded in killing off Dartmouth's mile hope, Walt Kelly, and thrown a few of the other competitors off their paces. It was—Wait! Polin is drawing away from Kelly—he's running with that clock-like steady stride again! And he's putting just a little more into it! He seems to have gotten a second wind—I don't know. Kelly is still wobbly—he's trying his best to match that new flash of energy on the part of the Yardly man, but it's no go. He's through.

Teller and Johnson are eating up the distance now—they've passed the rest of the field—they're battling it out between them while up front about fifty yards Polin is still hitting a fast



clip with a very tired Kelly dropping back fast. That's a remarkable race Tad Polin has run—if he can keep it up—

They're in the far stretch—there's not much more to this race—and there they go! Teller and Johnson striding along shoulder to shoulder—they're sprinting hard—they're putting everything into it! They've been saving up for this—and they're closing up the distance between them and Polin.

But that lanky, gangling redhead up front is increasing his pace—not much—he's not a sprinter, that's sure, but he's going strong. They've cut down about half the distance—there's about twenty-five yards between them now—but there's not much more to the race. Unless he breaks down, folks—Polin is going to take this. That boy has run a grand race—No, he's not going to be caught—he's still digging in there—and—he's breasted the tape! Yes, folks, Tad Polin of Yardley has won this grand mile race with about ten yards to spare!

**J**OHNSON is tearing in—he's passed Teller—and he's in—second place with Teller a close third. The rest are battling it out now.

There goes a Dartmouth man—Drew, I think—in fourth place.

I think Yardley's come from behind—wait a minute—the scores are going up. Yes, Yardley has won! Seven points in this mile run gives them 53 points. Amherst is second with 51, and Dartmouth third with 50. What a meet, folks!

And here's some more news we just received. The time was 4:16 for that mile—a new meet record! That boy, Polin, sure ran a sweet race. I misjudged him, folks—he's a new man to me, and I didn't expect that kind of race. Very few milers hit a fast clip for the entire race—and Polin must have fine stamina to do it. Maybe he hasn't the sprinting power of Teller and Johnson, and sets his own pace.

Remember Paavo Nurmi? Well, Nurmi used to run that way—never bothered with the other runners—went out in front and ran his own peculiar type of mile. Most milers like Venzke, Cunningham, Bonthron and others save themselves for that final drive—but more power to Polin if he can win any other way! Nurmi showed the world. Now watch this lad, Polin—he's going places, folks! And now...

Who Is the

GREATEST BASEBALL PLAYER OF ALL TIME?

John Drebinger Tells You in the

Next Issue of POPULAR SPORTS

# College Humor

**15**  
CENTS

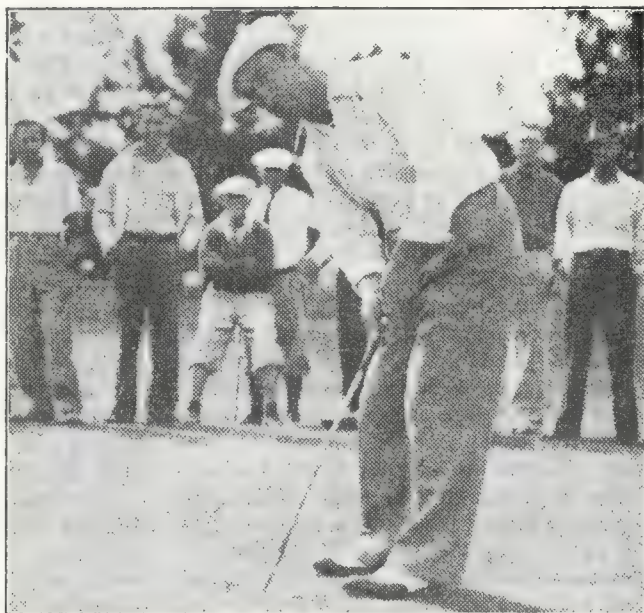
**THE BEST COMEDY IN AMERICA**

**FICTION • SATIRE • CARTOONS**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

# SO YOU WANT

Below: Walter Hagen, a great trouble-shooter; right, Tony Manero, who writes this article.



## Inside Facts and Helpful Hints — By **TONY MANERO** NATIONAL OPEN CHAMPION

*(Especially Written for POPULAR SPORTS)*

W. Lawson Little



**I**UT in San Francisco last winter Lawson Little hammered his way to the final round of the match play tournament sponsored by that city. He had not only been hitting the ball a mile, he had been putting beautifully. His opponent in the final duel was a very steady performer named Neil Christian. Little was very anxious to win for a number of reasons—not the least one being that he was in his home town and his father and mother were in the gallery.

The broad-shouldered youngster started off in grand style. He went out in 35, and keeping even with par, was four up with only four holes left to

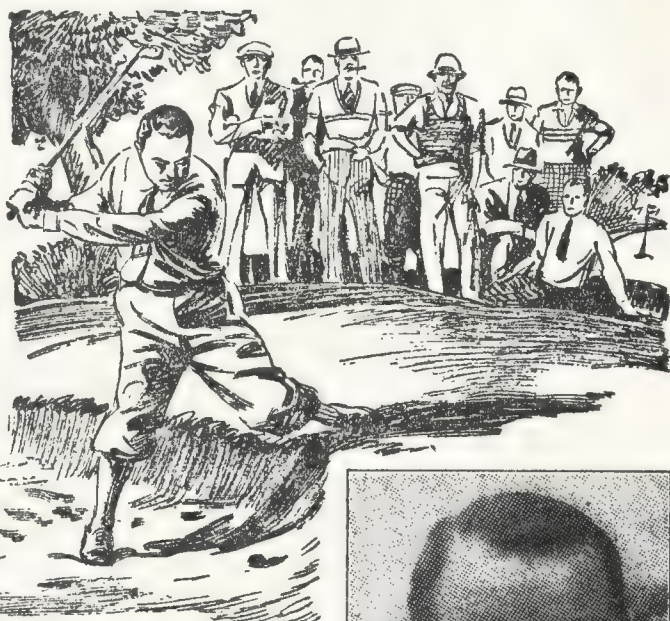
---

## Straight-Down-the-Fairway Talk from a

---



# TO BE A GOLFER?



(Editor's Note: Tony Manero, who won the National Open golf championship in 1936 with one of the greatest finishes ever seen in that major event, is not only an outstanding professional linksman, but a lesson in pertinacity. No one conceded him a chance to win the Open. But Tony went placidly on his way to drive and pitch and putt his way into the championship.)



Gene Sarazen

play—dormie, golf terminology has it. It looked as though nothing but a miracle could save Christian, and the miracle began to develop.

Lawson three putted the fifteenth—and the sixteenth, and the seventeenth. By that time he was boiling with rage at himself. What had happened to him?

All week his putting touch had been perfection itself. Now it was gone completely. On the eighteenth green both were on in two. Though Christian had made a comeback, the odds were still heavy against him. All Little needed to do was get a half here. That would be enough to win. Neil laid his first putt dead to the cup for a certain four. Lit-

tle's was eighteen inches short. Now, an eighteen-inch putt is a certainty ninety-nine times out of a hundred—but this happened to be the hundredth time. Lawson was so anxious that he missed the short one, and the match was all even.

The young Californian was so sore at himself that he could have smashed his putter over the nearest available hard object—but professional golfers learn to control their feelings. But it is tough to have victory and prize money and satisfaction in your pocket only to toss it off.

Now the match was wide open again. The rivals halved the first hole in par.

## Player Who Can Putt You Wise!

The second is a par five. Little's second shot left him only a little way off the green. He pitched close, and this time didn't miss the putt. The ball hit the cup with a little *z-zing* of triumph.

### *Two Shots to Tie*

It isn't the point of Little's victory that I'm bringing in here, but his sudden, apparently inexcusable lapse in putting. If you play golf at all you'll sympathize. Look back through the history of golf and you'll see that even the finest putters have suffered from those same comas. I have seen Jones and Hagen and others of the immortals miss short ones you'd think a six-year-old child couldn't fail to get down. Why? Well, there are a number of reasons.

Take Ralph Guldahl in the National Open a few years ago. He was trapped with his second on the home hole, and had two shots left to gain a tie for the championship. He exploded a beauty out of the sand. His ball bit in no farther away from the cup than the length of his arm. That was a marvelous effort under pressure. Getting the putt down seemed a much simpler problem.

But Ralph was as tense as a bowstring. Winning that title meant the climax of his golfing career and a large financial reward. He had sunk thousands of putts much longer and more difficult, but now this little one assumed an importance that was frightening. His hands were cold and clammy. Guldahl has as much courage as anyone, but he was shaken—so shaken that he missed. It is that sort of tension that makes scoring in competition much more difficult than in friendly rounds.

Nothing but a completely detached mind can take the tension out of tournament golf, and until we attain that detachment I suppose we'll just have to go along and suffer. All of us have, at one time or another, conquered it sufficiently to get an absolutely necessary putt down, but our nerves jolly well suffered from it.

### *On the Carpet*

There's such a thing as carelessness on very short putts. You're just so darned sure you can't miss that you

don't take the necessary time and trouble. And then there are fellows who are constitutionally bad putters. They can't seem to overcome it. When Leo Diegel was at the peak of his game he was a marvel from tee to green—but was an unstable and erratic putter. It was not until he developed his pendulum style—which looks funny but is effective—that he began to get 'em down regularly. Chick Evans, one of the greatest of the amateur masters, was also rocky on the carpet. Even in spite of that weakness, he won a lot of championships.

Golf, among the stars, has developed into a putting contest. Most of the fellows get to the green in the regulation number of strokes. The one who wins is the chap who cans a lot of the long ones and rarely misses any of the short ones.

Putting is, or should be, the easiest stroke to learn in golf. A woman, for instance, no matter how good her timing, can't hit as long wood or iron shots as a powerful man. She simply isn't geared physically to do it. But when it comes to the carpet there isn't any benefit to strength. A hundred-pound girl has just as good a chance as a heavyweight.

Maybe that's why we don't work practicing putting as hard as we do other shots. But, if you want to score you'll have to learn to putt. A six-inch-er counts a stroke just as much as a three-hundred-yard drive.

### *An Aid to Putting*

There's one great aid to putting, and it hasn't anything to do with the putter. I mean the chip shot. If you can lay your pitches stiff a fair proportion of the time you'll save a lot of shots—and it's much easier to get one down from two or three feet away than it is from fifteen or twenty. It is with this shot that a chap who is consistently out-hit by his opponent can keep in the running. There is nothing more discouraging than to hit a couple of swell ones up to the green, with your rival fifty yards behind, and then see him lay one on the very lip of the cup. It's a great shot to have.

Some years ago a fellow named Tom





Creavy won the Professional Golfers championship. Tom is a short hitter according to modern standards. He was outdriven on every hole. Where the big belters were getting home in two on the par five holes, Tom was considerably short of the green. But what happened? Did the heavy smackers make a monkey of him? They did not. The rather small Mr. Creavy just kept laying those chips stiff—and one by one eased his opponents out of the tournament.

There's much the same sort of theory in getting out of traps. When your ball is in the sand and your rival's is on the green it doesn't make for happiness or the amity of nations. There's only one thing to do, and that's to get out close enough to have a reasonable chance to

drop a putt. Gene Sarazen is a great exponent of that shot. He'll bet he can blast five out of six shots out of a trap to within putting distance. In this instance, as well as in putting again it's not a question of powerful wrists and strong shoulders. I've seen women—Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, for one, who is in her middle fifties—make some remarkable recoveries from the sand. No, it isn't a question of power, but of constant practice. I'll admit that present day niblicks and dynamiters are a great aid, but you could use a scoop shovel without success if you didn't know how to handle it.

Over a period of years I guess the greatest trouble shooter of them all was Walter Hagen. He won about every championship that was available at one

time or another, some of them three or four times—and he did it in spite of the fact that he was in sand or rough more than anybody else. Hagen was a chance taker. He'd gamble when there seemed only a faint chance of making good on it. That, naturally, dropped him into a lot of unenviable positions. Then Walter would show the stuff of which he was made. He would come up out of some of the most impossible spots you ever saw, and so break the back of the opposition.

The proper temperament is a great asset in winning golf. The fellow who blows up in a pinch, who loses his head and his poise when things are going wrong will never get very far. There are times when you are bound to be nervous under the pressure of tournament play, but that's the time when it's most vitally necessary to keep a grip on yourself.

### *A Fine Stylist*

I have been traveling the circuit for a good many years. There were times when I played good golf and times when I played badly, but I never quite gave up the idea that some day I'd break through. Some very fine performers never have, you know. There's MacDonald Smith, one of the really fine stylists of the game. For a quarter of a century he has been playing in both the British and American Opens. He is always up with the leaders, but never wins. It doesn't seem to be a matter of temperament, either, for Mac doesn't get excited and upset. But luck has been distinctly against him. It has been against Harry Cooper, too. "Light Horse Harry" is one of the best players in the world today. There isn't a shot he hasn't mastered. Twice, it seemed, he had the National in his hand, only to have it slip away.

At Oakmont some years ago he had finished his round in front of the pack, and everybody was congratulating him on finally having gained his ambition. Then Tommy Armour came along, nailed a twelve-foot putt on the last green for a birdie three that gave him a tie, and beat Cooper in the playoff. Last year Harry again finished with an apparently sure lead and a new record.

Then I blasted his hopes by cracking that record before it was an hour old.

I've been asked how I felt on those last nine holes, knowing what I had to do to win and with an excited gallery rushing around. Queerly enough, I wasn't upset. I felt that it was my day. Gene Sarazen helped no end. We were paired in that last round, and Sarazen kept bucking me up, telling me I couldn't lose. He was a regular Dr. Coué. Every hole you're getting better and better . . . that was his song. And when we came to the last tee, and I had a two stroke lead, even the fact that we had to sit and wait ten minutes for the pair ahead to get out of range, didn't upset me in the least. It just seemed that I couldn't miss this time, no matter what Cooper had done.

Sarazen was out of the running. He didn't care what happened to him. He was wrapped up heart and soul in what I might do. Well, the way was finally cleared, and I hit a nice, straight one down the middle. Gene let out a whoop.

"Don't try to stick it near the pin," he urged. "Don't bother about that. Just get it on the green."

### *Experience*

I guess he was thinking about how Roland Hancock came to the last three holes at Olympia Fields with the championship all wrapped up to be delivered, and how he blew! Hancock could even have gained the playoff with Bobby Jones and Johnny Farrell by even getting a five on the par four home hole—but he took a six. I wasn't afraid of that happening to me. There was a big difference. Hancock was an inexperienced youngster. I had been beating the tournament trails for a long, long time. And if there is anything that counts in golf it's experience.

Well, I slapped an iron up there on the green and went for the cup with my first putt as though it were vitally necessary to get it down. It came close enough at that . . . and the short one that was left presented no obstacles to my winning the championship.

Playing safe isn't really safe after all. I've seen it happen too often that a man gets a lead, and decides not to take any chances—and then begins botching



things up. The best way is to hit each shot as well as you can hit it, and hope that you get the breaks. After all, luck is a great factor in golf. You can't win if the gods are against you, no matter how well you play.

I have stressed temperament because you've got to have it to play golf well. But there is another element that enters into the game . . . an indefinable thing known as "the touch" or "the feel." It hasn't anything to do with temperament or other known factors. You may be playing brilliantly in the morning. Everything goes right. You're hitting the ball a mile and putting like a fool. Then, *bingo!*—in the afternoon you can't do anything to save your life.

This is not due to physical condition. You may be sick as a dog and still score magnificently—or feel tip-top and muffed everything up. It is a problem the psychologists should delve into. Take the case of Jimmy Thomson as one of a million examples.

#### *The Touch of a Maestro*

Thomson is one of the longest hitters in the game. He gets tremendous distance off the tee under any conditions. When his putting is right the big fellow from Shawnee is one of the most difficult of all men to beat. In the match play Open at San Francisco he tied together two of the finest rounds conceivable.

The weather was terrible. A strong wind blew in from the Golden Gate, and brought with it a mixture of rain and sleet. Par for the course is 71. Thomson clicked off a 67 on his first trip, which was a great performance, but next day he was really hot in spite of the chilliness of the weather. His putting touch was that of a maestro, and he wound up with an incredible 64. Eleven strokes under par for two rounds under those conditions is something to write home about, I'm here to tell you.

Yet, the uncertainty of golf was never better exhibited. His magnificent work in the qualifying rounds made him a strong favorite to win the tournament. So what happened? Jimmy hit his shots from tee to green just as accurately as he had been doing—but he

couldn't putt. He missed short ones all the way around, once three putting from ten feet. There was only one answer to that. He was beaten by Horton Smith and passed out of the tournament.

Of course, Smith, who is known as "the Joplin Ghost" to facetious-minded sports writers, is one of the best golfers in the world, but nobody could have whipped Jimmy Thomson the way he was going in the qualifying round.

Horton is one of the hardest fellows in the world to eliminate, because he never knows when he's licked. He hangs on and keeps trying—and it's surprising how often you can pull out an apparently hopeless match when you do that. He showed that once more in the San Francisco tournament when he played Sam Parks, the former Open champion. Parks was going along very nicely, and was three up with five holes left. That looks like an almost impossible handicap to overcome when you're against a topnotcher who's on his game.

But Horton Smith didn't think so. He won three holes in a row, two of them with birdies, and the match was all square. It was still even when they came to the eighteenth green.

Then, for a moment, it looked as though his gallant, uphill battle was useless. He needed to get down a twelve-foot putt to square matters there and keep the match going. Twelve-foot putts are difficult under any conditions, but it must have looked a mile long to the man from Joplin. But he walked right up to it, and rapped it into the cup without any seeming doubt that it could be done.

#### *At the Thirteenth Tee*

That would take the heart out of a stone man. It wasn't surprising then that Smith beat Parks on the extra hole. It would have been surprising, as a matter of fact, if he hadn't.

Horton's finish at 'Frisco reminds me of the one Ray Derr made against Bobby Cruickshank years ago in the P.G.A. championship. Ray was a slim, rather sickly fellow from the Lulu Temple Country Club in Philadelphia. He was not a player of National reputation.

When they came to the thirteenth tee, and Derr was five down with only six holes to go, most of the spectators drifted away. They wanted to see a match where there was real competition. They didn't know what was coming, or they would have stuck around.

Cruickshank played the last six holes in even par—and lost five of them! Imagine that! The slim Philadelphian tore off an eagle, four birdies and a par to square the match on the home green. It was about as inspired an ending to a golf match as the game has ever seen. Bobby couldn't hold the pace in the face of such a thundering attack, and was beaten on the extra hole. Ray died several years after his greatest triumph, and so far as I know, never won a tournament of importance, but his name should not be forgotten by those who love to see a determined man come swarming from behind.

#### *Match Play*

Match play, of course, presents an entirely different problem than medal play. In the first you are pitting your skill against another individual. If you take an eight on a hole you've lost that hole and nothing else. You have a chance to get it back on the next. But in medal play you are matched with the cold mathematics of par. If you have a evry bad hole there is little likelihood of picking up the strokes that were thrown away. I suppose, in the long run medal play is the real test of a golfer, but match play is a lot more exciting to most of us.

Two of the finest amateurs developed in this country were Bobby Jones and Lawson Little. There doesn't seem to be any doubt that Jones was top man. No one ever came close to matching his record. He won pretty nearly everything he tried to win, and quit at the peak of his glory after making the Grand Slam in 1930.

There wasn't anything Bobby couldn't do with a bag of clubs and a ball, but he was really better at medal play than in matches. Of course, in his earlier days, when he just couldn't seem to break through, he ran up against some of the most uncanny rounds a man

ever battled against. His opponents seemed to go crazy and make the most spectacular shots when they were playing him.

He won his first open championship at Inwood, beating Bob Cruickshank in the playoff, and then was eliminated in the second round of the Amateur by Max Marston, when Max fired a 32 at him on the last nine. Those things were his misfortune, of course, but it *did* seem that over the course of his career the Georgia Wizard was at his best in stroke competition.

It is exactly the reverse with Lawson Little. That broad-shouldered Californian was practically unbeatable in the amateur championship. He loved the comparative hand-to-hand struggle of match play. It was right up his alley, so to speak. When he turned professional he found the going tougher. There were moments when he hit the high spots, as he did in Canada last summer when he turned in four blistering, sub-par rounds. But, as a whole, he didn't set the tournament world on fire.

It takes experience as well as shots to get by in our set. There's no longer a question of winning tournaments along the circuit by shooting par. It isn't enough. Ed Dudley and Harvey Cooper, who divided the prize for the best scores in the California winter tournaments averaged—*averaged*, mind you, a little over 69 in fourteen rounds. That's the kind of stuff you run into now, and while Little played well and kept well up with the pack he didn't spreadeagle it as he did the amateurs. But he's coming right along, improving all the time.

But the point I wanted to make was how well he did in match play. At San Francisco he was right in his element. He could take chances, gamble—and you can't do that successfully in medal play. He swept along on a high tide. If he could play matches all the time Lawson Little would have his bank account filled with tournament winnings. Probably he will sooner or later, anyway, for he has a great competitive temperament, and is willing to work hard in order to succeed.



*The Open Sesame*

Work! That's an open sesame to success in any game. In golf there's no chance to lay back. The game is never completely mastered. Lay off for awhile, don't practice, and see how quickly your touch goes. You've got to keep banging away if you intend to get anywhere—and the place to do your banging is on the practice tee.

Henry Picard is a perfect example of that. Henry is a superb stylist and a frequent winner. You'd think to see him playing that he had golf by the scruff of its neck, and that he wouldn't have to work. Yet nobody works harder than he does. Not a day goes by that he isn't striving to improve himself. And the boy is getting better all the time.

Old-timers tell me that in this he reminds them of Jack McDermott, the first homebred to win the National Open twice hand-running. That's twenty-five years ago, and before my time, but McDermott is still remembered as one of the immortals. He was professional at the Philadelphia Country Club . . . and the idol of the game. Yet Jack never rested on his laurels. Probably his best shot was the pitch. From a hundred yards off the green he was absolutely deadly with it. Do you know why?

Every morning Mac would spread a newspaper in the middle of the eighteenth green. Then, from varying distances, he would pitch to that small target until he could drop seven out of ten balls on it.

*It's Born in You*

Morning after morning that went on. The little Irishman made thousands upon thousands of shots. No wonder he mastered the chip to the extent that has never been improved on. Golfing genius isn't genius at all, really. It is just hard, grinding toil. Unfortunately there is no other road to the top. It is just concentration, persistence and practice—yes, and back of that the almost indefinable quality known as competitive instinct. It means the ability to come through with your best when the pressure is strongest.

Every great athlete has had that—Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, to speak of the immortals alone. You might call it the will to win. They always wanted to win, whether the prize was great or small, and when it seemed they might be beaten they came surging through with all the power they had.

It isn't a developed trait. It's born in you, I think. Remember when Gene Sarazen won his first championship at Skokie years ago. He was just a kid. He had comparatively little tournament experience. Yet he charged over those sun-baked fairways with a 68 on his last round to nose out John Black by a stroke.

Then years later at Fresh Meadow he again faced the necessity of a miracle score if he was to win, and what did he do? In the midst of a milling, noisy gallery he turned up a 66 on his last round to collar the leaders, and win again. That time he was a veteran, who had gone through the fire. But he showed no more of the competitive instinct than he had as an itinerant ex-caddie who won at Skokie.

That instinct was born in him, just as it is born in or left out of everybody. It may be developed; I don't know.

But I am certainly very much inclined to doubt it.

*The Pace Has Speeded Up*

The pace of golf has speeded up so much in the past few years that it is almost incredible. Every year the scoring gets lower and lower, as far as the first-rate pros are concerned, anyway, and this is proportionately just as true with the average player. There are better clubs and long flying balls, true enough, which is no small factor in this improvement. But the competitive sense seems keyed to a higher pitch, too, which makes for more concentration.

Some time back I was pointing out the value of pitching and putting. They are vitally essential. But before you have a chance to prove how good you are that way, you're called on to drive and play the brassie, spoon or long iron.

As keen a student as Willie MacFarlane says that the drive is the most important shot in golf, and, though I don't entirely agree, I can see that he is arguing from a firm vantage point. Willie means for the average player, and not for the big time pro. If you normally drive, say, 175 yards, the problem of getting home with your second shots becomes enormously increased. Instead of being able to pitch you probably have to tear into the ball with a brassie to make up the lost distance, and thus sacrifice accuracy.

### *Tools of the Trade*

If you are a reasonably long hitter, but a wild one and have to fire your seconds out of rough or traps you have just as much trouble as the short hitter. On the other hand, if you can step up your drives to, say, 220 yards, and keep them in the fairway your scoring will improve right away.

Then you really have a chance to get your pars.

The use of the brassie or spoon for the long hitting professional has been cut down to the minimum. Only on the par five holes, and there are seldom more than three of these in an eighteen hole round, does he have to get out his wooden clubs. Most of his shots call for varying irons. But, just because you see a pro take an iron for a second, don't kid yourself into believing that is the club for you. It is a fine thing to know how to use the brassie and spoon, and on par 4s of 400 yards and up the average club member has to reach for one of them.

### *Amazing Accuracy*

Paul Runyon, one of the leading tournament players of the past few years, is not a long driver according to modern standards, but he has a number four wood that sends most of us crazy. On holes where Thomson or Hines may use a five iron, Paul takes out the baffie, and the accuracy he gets with it is amazing. He hasn't any false pride about it, either. Let the other fellows outdrive him as far as they want to. They pay off on the number of strokes you've taken by the time you trundle your ball into the cup. That's enough for him.

### *Don't Switch*

If you want to be a good golfer the road isn't as hard as you might imagine. I don't mean getting to be a star in the professional tournaments. That implies getting started when you're a kid, and sticking to it day after day for years. But if you want to get into the 70s a reasonable number of times each season, you can do it.

The first thing is to find yourself a good instructor. Stick with him. Don't switch around too much, for after all, golf professionals, like doctors, have different ideas about curing ills, and you may be confused by varying advice.

Then practice. Sacrifice some of those pleasant rounds with your four-some if necessary to get on the practice tee, and try to convert theory into fact. Nobody can improve at anything without practice. Golf is a game, but to be good at it you have to work.

### *Learn to Concentrate*

You must learn how to concentrate. Good shots aren't made in a half-hearted or lackadaisical way. You must keep your mind on each one—not think ahead to what you'll have to do next.

The basis of good golf is a sound, grooved swing. Your professional will give you that swing, if you work at it. If you don't you'll have to be content to dub along as best you can, and that is never very satisfactory.

Don't expect to become a good golfer overnight. It just isn't done. I know it's in the books that Walter Travis took up golf at the age of forty, and within three years won a National championship, but his case is a violent exception to the rule and it's a million to one you won't do it.

That's all there is. Follow these rules, and in a little while the fellows you have been playing with will be surprised at the improvement in your game. Keep working—and you'll get even better. I believe that any physically sound man who'll put the attention to golf that he does to his business when he is in the office can get into the 70s more often than not.

So . . . If you want to be a golfer, work, don't wish!



# The WHIRL of SPORTS

By OUR ROVING REPORTER

## JOCKEYS ARE IMPROVING—AND HERE'S WHY!

NEW YORK, N. Y.:—The thunder of racing hoofs is making the music betting men like best along the Eastern tracks. Perhaps you have noticed the riding is better than it has been. There will always be good jockeys and bad jockeys as long as the bang-tails run, but there seems to be an indication that the average is getting higher than it used to be.

Why?

Well, I asked Mars Cassidy, the famous steward, about that. Cassidy has been in the racing game all his life, just as his father was. If anybody knows the answer, he should.

"We started a school down in Miami last winter," said Cassidy, "a school for jockeys, as well as yearling horses. The reason was the new Australian starting barrier. With the Gray six strand barrier every boy is on his own. In the past anybody who called himself a rider could put his feet into a pair of stirrups, if he could get a mount from an owner. The result was that we had a lot of jockeys who didn't know one end of a horse from another. It made the average pretty low, when it should be high.

"With the innovation of the Australian gate, conditions have become entirely different. A rider had to learn to come up to, and get away from the gate, or he was distinctly out of luck. It wasn't a matter that could be left to chance. We had to teach the boys, even the more experienced jockeys. They were helped, but the apprentices were helped even more. They began to learn something about the job.

"Of course, the idea of the Gray barrier was primarily to benefit the horses, and help us get better starts. Mr. Joseph E. Widener has always believed the flat-footed break is a terrific strain on thoroughbreds, and was the cause of so many horses breaking down while they should have still been in their prime.

"With the walk-up start that is possible with the Australian barrier this strain is greatly alleviated. It will be a help to all thoroughbreds. Naturally, the saving of these youngsters will mean more solid horses for racing in their later years.

"But, while the thought was principally for the animals, the new gate has helped the jockey, too. It makes his job a more specialized one. He just can't mount in the paddock, parade to the post, and remain there until the start, for there are no partitions to guide him into the gate, where assistant starters can help him with a refractory horse. He has to be a horseman—and that's what we want in jockeys, isn't it?

"We have a lot of fine riders, of course.

This statement of mine is no reflection on them. But there have been—and are—plenty who don't know much about the game. These fellows will have to learn or get something else to do. Before we get through we're going to have better-mannered post horses and more intelligent jockeys."

That, of course, is a consummation de-



Marshall Cassidy



voutly to be desired. Bad starts have ruined many a fine race . . . and bad riding has spoiled others. The schooling that was started at Hialeah in Miami, and continued when the racing strings were sent North, is having a salutary effect on the boys. They not only learned the proper way to start; they learned many other tricks of their trade.

In the old days there was no systematic schooling for the kids who wore silks. They learned what they could around the tack room and paddock. They found out about

horses by exercising them in the grey dawn. A few veterans like Father Bill Daly were heavy-handed schoolmasters in their way, but on the whole a kid picked up what he could, and made it do. They found out the hard way.

A school for jockeys—as well as yearlings

—is the best thing that has happened to racing in many a day, and basically the credit must go to Reuben Gray, who invented the Australian gate. Without the appearance of that gate, the jockeys might have been left to go their way as they have been in the past.

## YOUNG CORBETT EXPLAINS THAT COMEBACK URGE

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.:**—The answer to why fighters insist on trying to make comebacks when they are obviously all through as first-class workmen with the gloves has been answered very clearly by Raffeli Giordano. You never heard of him? Oh, yes, you have—but under the name of Young Corbett III.

Corbett was welterweight champion of the world for a brief period. He was game and tough, and a good puncher, but while still a reasonably young man, slipped so badly that even he decided he was all through. But it is hard to give up a game that has been your sole interest, as well as

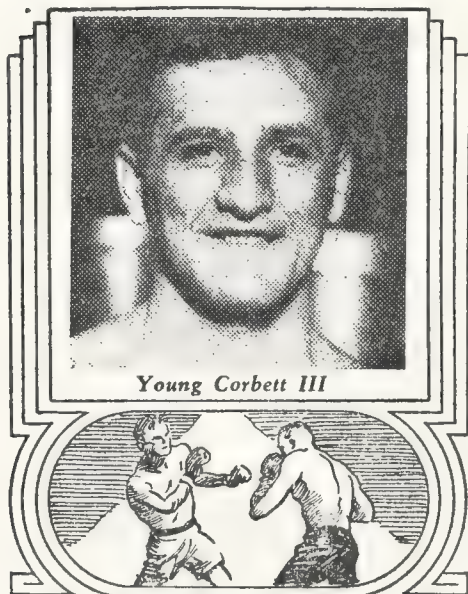
timing. A couple of work-horses were flattened—and suddenly Young Corbett announced that he was going after the middleweight title. He had put on weight that comes with advancing years, and could no longer compete in the division he had once conquered.

It happens that the middleweight class is enjoying a comeback. It has such colorful warriors as Freddy Steele, Babe Risko, Solly Krieger, Fred Postoli, Harry Balsamo and others, who were saying it with gloves and not with flowers. Corbett could not have picked out a tougher spot for himself.

Raffeli Giordano is a very pleasant young man, bearing some of the earmarks of his profession, of course, but a chap with sound native intelligence and a pleasing temperament. It seemed to me that he should know better than to try a comeback at the age of thirty-one. Comebacks in the ring are different than those in the movies or on the stage or in business. If you fail it does not mean only the heartaches and financial depression. It means, very possibly, physical disabilities that may become worse in later life.

I like Young Corbett III. I asked him why he didn't let well enough alone. A fighter of thirty-one, with the background of grueling battles that he had, is by no means a young man.

"Maybe not," the former champion agreed, "but then, again, it all depends on the fellow himself. Bob Fitzsimmons was five or six years older than I am now when he won the heavyweight championship of the world, and he didn't quit until he was close to fifty. There's Tommy Loughran. He's thirty-six years old if he's a day—and he still can step around the ring. Look how Jack Britton and Mike McTigue were going when they were shading forty. No. Just years alone isn't the answer. Jim Braddock was all washed up at twenty-eight—and he beat Max Baer for the heavyweight title when he was thirty. I've been thinking this over for quite awhile, and it doesn't seem to me that I'm old. I feel just as good as I did five years ago. Maybe I will be able to come back."



Young Corbett III

the means to buy bread-and-beans and caviar and automobiles.

The former champion didn't want to quit, but when the other lads in his division began kicking him around, he did the natural thing. He hung up his gloves, and announced that he was all thorough with the business of cauliflowering ears.

In September, 1936, Corbett fought Joe Bernal in his home town, because the call of the ring was in his blood. He won, but not impressively. He decided that his first hunch had been the right one. He should quit for good and all.

That impression stayed very clear for five months. Then he began to fool around gymnasiums, and do a bit of sparring. It seemed to him that he still had speed and



There was always that possibility, of course, remote as those chances frequently are. But why? That was what I wanted to know. I had seen Paul Berlenbach and Tom Heeney and scores of others try—and fail. They had been on top, and they couldn't realize that they were no longer. What drove them back inside the ropes? Maybe Corbett could tell me. I asked him.

"I can't answer for anybody else than myself," he said. "Those fellows you mentioned were pretty well fixed financially when they retired, I understand. Maybe they were bored—didn't know what to do with themselves. All they knew was fighting, and when they couldn't fight any more they got fed up with existence. It's a little different with me. I'm a young fellow, and I never made a fortune out of the game—a darned good living, but not a fortune. When I quit I had to keep on making money. I couldn't

live on my investments. Besides, I'm ambitious, and want to keep busy. At first I thought I'd drop the whole boxing business.

"I went into insurance. It looked like half the men in the world were selling insurance. The competition was terrific. After all, it wasn't my line. I went back to boxing. I tried managing fighters. That didn't work out so well. Then I began promoting—but that's the biggest gamble in the world. There's an old gag about a shoemaker sticking to his last. It seemed reasonable to me. I'd done all right pushing leather. I hadn't done so well in other pursuits. Why not go back to the thing I really knew? That's the story back of my comeback attempt."

In the long run, I suppose, that's what drives most fighters back to the ring. It isn't that they can't get along without the roar of the crowd, but they can't get along without the dollars that accompany it.

## TIMES—AND MAJOR LEAGUE SALARIES—HAVE CHANGED

PHILADELPHIA, PA.:—Did it ever occur to you why it isn't possible to see a major league ball game for the twenty-five and fifty-cent prices that used to prevail?

If not, all you have to do is take a look at the payroll of the two major circuits, which amounts to over three millions of dollars.

The highest paid manager is Joe McCarthy, of the Yankees, who gets \$35,000. Other leaders in the upper brackets are Mickey Cochrane, \$30,000; Bill Terry, \$27,500; Joe Cronin, \$25,000; Charley Grimm and Frankie Frisch, \$20,000.

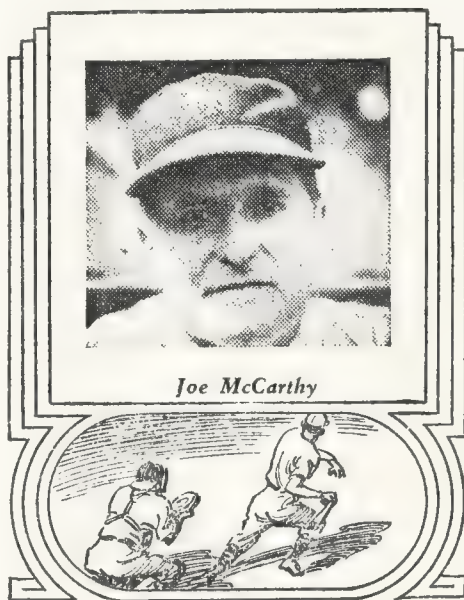
The top player is Lou Gehrig with \$31,000, but Dizzy Dean and Jimmy Foxx each get \$25,000—and among those in the twenty thousand dollar class are Hank Greenberg, Carl Hubbell, Charley Gehringer and Gabby Hartnett. There are scores between ten and fifteen thousand each. So you can see that a three million total is by no means an exaggeration. As a matter of fact, the figures tend rather toward the conservative. Why, they're even paying the seventeen-year-old rookie, Bob Feller, ten thousand dollars a year, and Feller had to have a tutor at the New Orleans training camp before the school authorities in his home town would allow him to go.

It wasn't like that in the old days—either with school authorities or paymasters. Even as late as 1920 Joe Jackson was a symbol of that condition. He had practically no education at all, and though he was one of the greatest outfielders of all time, his salary was probably never over six or seven thousand dollars.

It occurred to me that the perfect person to talk about these changes in the baseball scene was Charles Albert Bender, the Chipewawa Chief, who used to pitch for the Philadelphia Athletics in the heyday of their glory.

There never was a better one game pitcher than Bender. He wasn't the strongest fellow in the world, and couldn't work every two or three days, but give him enough rest and point him at a particularly dangerous

foe—and there was nobody who topped him. No moundsman that ever lived was smarter



Joe McCarthy

than the Chief. He knew all there was to know about baseball. At present he is a salesman in a Philadelphia clothing store.

"I guess I was born a little too soon," he said a bit ruefully. "The salaries they're

(Concluded on page 107)

CA  
BEI

# No Goal!

Frank Krowder, Caldwell  
Substitute, Nets a Brace of  
Points for Basketball Ethics!

By

**SPENCER TOWNE**

*Author of "Chance Blow," "The Sound of the Bell," etc.*

**A**S THE Benson and Caldwell basketball teams lined up for the opening tap-off, Frank Krowder squirmed tensely on the Caldwell bench, his crimson sweat-shirt drawn loosely about his neck.

"Brrrrrrp!" went the referee's whistle as the two centers leaped for the ball simultaneously. Jerry Turner, one of the Benson forwards, cut across the court sharply, took the ball easily and flicked it to Connacher, his rugged team-mate, who had sped under the basket and promptly dropped the first score of the game into the net.

Krowder groaned, as did every Caldwell rooter in the crowded gym.

This was an all-important game for the two collegiate fives. A ding-dong season had brought these two crack teams together on even terms, each having won nineteen games and lost two.

To Krowder the game had a double significance, for it represented his last chance to prove his ability that season, particularly if Caldwell were to go down in defeat. All season long, Krowder had spent most of the time warming the bench. Only occasionally, in games when the score was a run-away, had Coach "Spike" Owen sent him in, for Owen's strategy as a basketball coach was built about concentrating on the rhythm and teamwork of the five first-string men.

*A Benson guard caught his arm sharply and the ball went flying out of bounds.*





Only that afternoon, Krowder had appeared before Professor Mark McLoughlin in his final interview for a tuition scholarship which would enable him to finish his Junior year at Caldwell. Since his grades were only average, he had pointed to his activities as an athlete with the basketball squad coupled with general undergraduate proficiency in requesting a scholarship.

Krowder had been hoping desperately that he might get into this big game and make good, for he knew that Prof. McLoughlin and other members of the Faculty Committee on Scholarships were sitting in the stands watching the game. Back in the dressing-room, getting into his uniform, he had hoped that perhaps Coach Owen would for once change his strategy and start the second team. But when it had come to calling the starting players, Owen had, as usual, announced the regular Varsity team.

**T**HE two teams crouched again for the tap-off and Krowder dug his nails in the hard wood of the bench beneath him as he saw "Stretch" Jones, the rangy Caldwell center, signal for a corner play.

The referee took his stiff stance between the two centers and sent the ball spinning above their heads. Stretch Jones got to it a fraction of a second before his opponent and tapped it to Lou Reese, the dynamic Caldwell captain and forward. Reese dribbled to the left of the court and then slipped the ball behind him to sturdy "Biff" Reynolds, one of the guards, a stocky, cool player.

Biff stopped in his tracks, coolly poised, and tossed the ball to Wally Levett, the other guard, who dribbled across him and passed to Dave Saunders, crack Caldwell forward and rated one of the most dangerous shots in the league. Saunders went tearing across the court into the corner, closely followed by Jerry Turner, the ace Benson forward, who had swung out of position as soon as he had seen Saunders cutting for the corner.

Turner's long arms stretched in front of Saunders like a screen as the Caldwell forward leaped into the air

and twisted about for a pot-shot at the basket.

The ball zoomed up at the backboard at bullet speed, rimmed the iron loop, but did not go through.

Krowder shook his head. He knew he could have made that particular shot, difficult though it was. He had spent many weary hours in practise, concentrating on that very corner shot until he had it down practically to a science. If only Spike Owen would give him a chance to get in there and prove it!

His thoughts were interrupted by a roar from the crowd as Jerry Turner went racing under the Benson basket and sent the ball looping up, with plenty of English on it, for a second tally.

The score on the neat gym board now read: Benson—4; Caldwell—0.

Krowder glanced over at Spike Owen who was sitting further down the bench. Owen's face was a study in cold analysis as his eyes bore down upon the teams lining up again at their positions.

Lou Reese, the Caldwell captain, clapped his hands sharply and barked at his team-mates:

"Come on, gang, let's get going!"

Bodies began to scurry as the referee tossed the ball again. The ball came down practically in the center of the court and Stretch Jones scooped it up and whirled about. One of the Benson players came charging in at him and Stretch stepped to one side and sent a long shot at the basket from the center of the court, having no time to get into position to pass.

The ball had hardly swished into the net when the referee's whistle blew sharply. The official pointed an accusing digit at an offending Benson player and called a foul for charging.

Stretch moved up to the foul-line with the ball. Stretch studied the basket for a second and tossed the ball up lazily. Again it dropped through the net.

Krowder wasn't the only one to sigh in relief. Spike Owen settled back on the bench and Krowder could detect a gleam of confidence in the coach's grey eyes.

The score now read: Benson—4; Caldwell—3.

The game was hardly a minute older when Turner took a fast pass from a team-mate and dropped a dazzling over-hand shot for another Benson score.

Not to be outdone, Dave Saunders retaliated swiftly with a basket from the side of the court, despite all the desperate attempts of his opponent to prevent him from getting a clean shot.

**I**T WAS hard, fast basketball, with both teams taking advantage of every opening. By the end of the first quarter, all of the players were bathed in perspiration.

Whatever advantage the Benson aggregation held was largely the result of Jerry Turner's brilliant floor-work. Biff Reynolds, who was guarding him, was definitely outclassed although he tried to stick to the star Benson forward like glue.

Krowder concentrated all of his attention on Jerry Turner. He noticed that Turner's style depended on sudden spurts of energy; that he was most dangerous when he seemed to be loafing, for, at the slightest lapse of vigilance, he would wheel sharply and cut across the court in position to receive a pass.

The minutes continued to tick away until the score read: Benson—16; Caldwell—13.

There were about seven minutes left to go until the end of the first half. Krowder sat on the bench, more or less resigned to the notion that he would not see action in this period and probably not in the entire game if it continued to be this close.

Suddenly the crowd leaped to its feet in frantic excitement as Dave Saunders broke away with the ball and came bounding down under the basket, two Benson players close on his heels. But just as he leaped into the air to send the ball at the net, a Benson guard caught his arm sharply and the ball went flying out of bounds.

The referee called the foul, and since it had been committed within the 18-foot line, it meant two free tries at the basket.

The players lined up under the basket and Saunders took his first foul shot. The Caldwell adherents groaned as the ball struck the back-board and bounced back without going through the net.

Saunders set himself for another shot and this time did not miss, bringing his team within two points of the Benson contingent.

Reese, the Caldwell captain, promptly signalled the referee for a time out and the two teams retired to separate portions of the court to rest for a brief spell.

At this point, Spike Owen lifted his head and glanced down the bench quizzically. Krowder's heart began to pound furiously. Was the coach going to make substitutions and give some of the first-stringers a chance to rest up for the second half?

"Dougherty! Abels!" Owen called crisply. "And Krowder! Get in there and run them off their feet for the next five minutes!"

Krowder and the other two substitutes leaped to their feet and tore off their sweat-shirts. His breast was a tumult of wild emotions at this unexpected opportunity. He was fiercely determined to make good—to do so well that Owen would send him out there again for the second half!

As Dougherty and Abels dashed onto the court to replace Saunders and Levett, Krowder paused for a second to tug at one of his knee-guards.

"Oh, Krowder!" said Owen. Frank's heart fairly turned over for fear that he was to be recalled.

"Yes, coach," he said tensely.

"I want you to stick close to that Turner boy—he's fast and tricky. Don't let him get away from you, understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Krowder breathlessly.

"And watch Stretch's signals on the tap so that there's no mistake. Get in there and play ball!"

Krowder fairly bounced onto the court and reported to the referee.

"Krowder replacing Reynolds at guard for Caldwell," he said tersely.

Biff grinned at him amiably as he shuffled off the court.

"Stay with him, kid," said Biff.



**T**HE referee blew his whistle, calling the two teams to the center of the floor. Krowder tugged at his knee-guard nervously. As Jerry Turner came alongside of him, he held out his hand.

"Krowder's the name," he said.

Turner nodded nonchalantly, but Krowder caught a searching look from the Benson star as they shook hands.

Stretch Jones, hands on hips, looked around at his team-mates. When his eyes fell upon Krowder, he winked encouragingly. Jones and Krowder were good friends and the tall center knew how nervous the substitute must be in this critical game. Krowder smiled back at him gratefully.

"All right, fellows—let's go!" cried Lou Reese authoritatively. "They're only one basket ahead of us!"

Stretch advanced to the center mark, opposite his Benson opponent. A second later and the ball was in the air before Krowder had a chance to think about it any further.

Krowder found himself moving down the floor slowly, keeping a vigilant eye on Jerry Turner who had worked his way to the left of the court on the tap-off. A Benson player had the ball and whipped it to Turner who began to dribble with it easily.

Turner got the spheroid away to one of his team-mates and darted across to the opposite side of the court. To his annoyance, Krowder followed him up closely. The ball came back to Turner and Krowder was upon him like a hawk and tied him up until the referee's whistle blew.

"Nice work, Krowder!" he heard one of the Caldwell team on the bench call out to him.

The referee brought the ball up between them and Krowder managed to beat Turner to the jump and sent the ball across to lanky Stretch Jones who bounded down the center of the court like a startled kangaroo.

Pandemonium broke out in the crowded gym as Stretch put the ball through the iron hoop and tied the score.

Krowder felt a warm glow of satisfaction as they lined up again.

No sooner was the ball in play again, than he felt a sharp tug at one side of

his trunks. He whipped his head around to see what it was and realized too late that he had been tricked by Turner with an old device. Before he could recover, Turner had slipped past him on the other side to receive a quick pass, and scored a basket, putting Benson back in the lead. Krowder didn't say anything, but was grimly resolved that he wasn't going to fall for any other tricks.

Stretch signalled for a criss-cross play which would include Krowder at his guard position and meant that he would have to dig for the ball if Stretch got the tap. But as he started to come in for the tap, Turner, scenting the play, darted in front of him to receive the ball. Desperately, Krowder tried to get in front of the shifty Benson forward, but was unable to catch up with him. Fortunately Dougherty, another Caldwell substitute, was able to swing over to Turner's side of the court and forced Turner out of bounds.

It was Caldwell's ball on the outside. Dougherty snapped it to shifty Lou Reese who dribbled across court at lightning speed and then passed to Abels who had cut over for it. Abels darted back to the other side of the court with the ball, closely followed by a Benson guard, and passed to Stretch who was loping down the court.

Krowder found himself loose for a split second and tore like mad to the far corner. Stretch passed to one side of his Benson opponent and sent the ball bouncing across the floor to Frank who scooped it up and began to dribble toward the basket as the Caldwell stands broke out into a wild frenzy.

To Krowder's dismay, he felt a slight tap at one of his legs. The ball seemed to come flying up at his face and he went sprawling out on the floor, unable to maintain his balance. As he rolled over, he caught a glimpse of Jerry Turner recovering the ball which had bounced away.

Krowder leaped to his feet in a rage. He whirled around for the referee, but discovered that the official was following the play. By this time the entire Benson team had worked the ball past the center of the court. Krowder found himself completely out of the play and

he could hear the Caldwell bench shrieking at him to get up and cover fast!

Dismayed, Krowder tore down the court to reach Turner, but it was too late. The wily Benson forward had eluded Stretch Jones, who was trying his best to cover two men, and raced under the basket. A short pass was directed at Turner who sent the ball spinning over his head backwards neatly for two points.

The scoreboard now read: Benson—20; Caldwell—16.

**M**INGLED emotions tore at Krowder's breast. He knew that he had committed one of the cardinal sins of basketball—he had lost his head at a critical moment. He glanced over at the bench at Spike Owen, expecting the signal that would take him out of the game immediately. But Owen was staring impassively at the floor and made no sign to him.

As Jerry Turner came into position next to him, Krowder said in a low, tense voice, "What's the idea of tripping me, Turner?"

Turner's eyes flickered ironically as he replied, "What are you talking about?"

The referee was posed with the ball and Krowder determined not to pursue the argument any longer, for he knew that was precisely what Turner wanted.

Stretch beat the Benson center to the jump and Lou Reese darted in for it. Turner clung closely to Krowder as Reese took the ball on the bounce and shot a look around the court for a receiver. Seeing that all of his teammates were covered by Benson men, Reese lifted the ball into the air in a high arching, shot at the basket. The ball dropped in, straight as a die.

Stretch took the tap-off again and the ball began to dance across the court as the Caldwell team began to click on all cylinders.

Anxious to make up for his previous errors, Krowder snaked away from Turner, but the Benson star kept an eagle eye on him. The ball came to Stretch Jones who dribbled through the center alley and pivoted with the ball. Recognizing the play called for imme-

diately, Krowder stopped short and permitted Turner to go past him.

Krowder promptly cut around Stretch who slipped the ball to him almost in football fashion. By this time, Turner was coming up rapidly from the other side of the court. There wasn't time to think and Krowder dribbled hastily toward the basket as Turner and another Benson player rushed up to cover him. The ball went up into the air as Krowder tossed it eagerly at the basket.

The ball went spinning around the rim for a fraction of a second and finally dropped through the net.

Krowder trotted back to his position happily. Suddenly he realized there was a disturbance at the other end of the court. He glanced around and saw that a group of players were gathered around the referee arguing heatedly and that Jerry Turner seemed to be leading the argument. He looked over at the bench and saw Owen waving at him. For a second he thought he was being pulled out of the game and he couldn't understand. But when he saw Owen stride onto the court, he realized there was some technical dispute.

Krowder joined the excited group around the referee.

"I tell you he took three steps! I saw him do it!" cried Jerry Turner to the referee. "That goal's illegal."

"Aw nuts!" said Stretch Jones in annoyance. "Why don't you try winning the hard way, fellow?"

"Wait a minute," said Spike Owen crisply. "Krowder, we don't want anything we don't deserve. Did you take an extra step?"

Krowder's brain began to race. Those two points were important, they tied the score. They might mean the difference between winning and losing the game and the State Championship. He remembered that when he had received the ball from Stretch on the pivot play he was moving at top speed. He also remembered that as he started to dribble to the basket, both Turner and another Benson player had charged in at him and he had had no opportunity to get set for the shot but had continued down the court at full speed with the



ball. He remembered distinctly the last bounce of the ball as he dribbled and then one-two, yes, three steps without dribbling before making the shot.

Everything in the gym seemed blurred to Krowder as he found himself replying to the coach, "Turner's right—I—I did take three steps, sir!"

"No goal!" the referee called promptly.

The Caldwell stands began to boo as the scoreboard reverted to: Benson—20; Caldwell—18.

Krowder felt sick to the stomach, as he fell into position beside Jerry Turner who paid no attention to him. Why hadn't he denied taking that extra step? Nobody would have doubted him in the heat of the game.

But before he could reason it out any further, the whistle blew and the half was over. Both teams went back into the dressing rooms.

**B**ACK in the Caldwell dressing room, Spike Owen harangued the team for a few minutes.

"All right, men, you're still two points behind. The reason for it is that you haven't been using your heads, you haven't been watching for the breaks. We should be ten points in front of that Benson club! Instead we're a basket behind. I'm putting the entire first team back for the next half. You fellows have had a chance to get your wind.

"That Benson team is tired, remember that! But they're a smart, cagey outfit. The only way you can beat them is by keeping your eye on the ball and your man! You can do it! I expect to see us on the long end of the score when this half is over. That's all!"

Krowder had expected some word of comment from Spike, either scathing or in praise, but nothing at all was forthcoming.

Only Stretch Jones said anything to him and that was, "Too bad, kid. Don't let it get you."

They went out for the second half and Krowder resumed his position on the bench.

A fine mess he had made of his opportunities, he thought bitterly to himself. He had let that Turner guy make

a monkey out of him! Any chance he might have had for clinching that tuition scholarship was gone now, he was sure.

The Caldwell team, bolstered by three refreshed players, began to play a hard and fast game. For several minutes there was no score until finally Dave Saunders cut under the basket for a snap shot and two points that tied the score.

Instead of being disheartened, however, the Benson team began to play at top speed. Turner's game hadn't slowed up even slightly. His electric brilliance was the spark-plug of the Benson team. Krowder sat crouched on the Caldwell bench, his eyes riveted on the Benson star, gloomy thoughts running through his mind.

A personal foul gave Stretch Jones a free try at the basket and the reliable Caldwell center scored on the throw. A moment later, speedy Dave Saunders broke free from his man and sent a sharp toss zooming through the net, bringing Caldwell to within one point of the Benson team.

But an instant later, Jerry Turner dropped a dazzling shot from the center of the court and once again the Benson team began to draw away.

Time ebbed away until, by the middle of the last quarter, the score read: Benson—36; Caldwell—33.

Then another Benson basket was scored after a series of quick passes, putting Benson even further into the lead. But this time Lou Reese, the Caldwell captain, came through with a desperate running shot that brought the score to: Benson—38; Caldwell—35.

Suddenly the Benson style of play began to slow up and they passed the ball lazily to each other.

Krowder realized that they were stalling for time, determined to preserve their lead without further effort. The furious pace must have begun to tell.

But the five Caldwell men were tired, too.

Shouts of derision and exasperation went up from the Caldwell stands. But the Benson team continued to pass the ball about easily.

**A**T THIS point, Biff Reynolds came charging up out of nowhere and managed to snatch the ball away from a Benson player. The Benson team was caught flat-footed for a second and Biff began to dribble determinedly down the court toward his own goal. Jerry Turner cut over to him like a hawk after its prey.

"Pass it, Biff!" Krowder screamed as did everyone else in the gym.

But evidently confused in the heat of the game, Biff tried to twist away and continue to dribble. He lost his balance on the slippery floor and fell heavily on one shoulder. The ball went rolling out of bounds as the referee's whistle blew peremptorily.

Biff lay there on the floor and the Caldwell team grouped about him to help him to his feet. But the stocky guard had taken a hard fall and it was plain that he was in no condition to continue playing.

Lou Reese looked over at Spike Owen on the bench and shook his head dubiously at the coach as Biff finally got up.

Krowder figured that Abels, the regular substitute guard, would be sent into the game. But to his astonishment he heard the coach calling out his name.

"Krowder!" came the order from Owen. "Get in there for Reynolds!"

Hardly able to believe that he was getting another opportunity, Krowder threw off his sweat-shirt.

"Any instructions, coach?" he asked eagerly.

"Just get in there and play your best!" said the coach.

Krowder went racing out onto the court and reported to the referee as Stretch Jones and Lou Reese helped Biff to the side-lines.

As Krowder fell into position, Jerry Turner surveyed him with mild contempt.

"So you're back again?" said the Benson forward.

Krowder didn't bother to answer.

Less than a minute and a half remained of the game. Again the Benson team tried to "freeze" the ball, but this time Stretch Jones quickly put a stop to it by tying up his Benson oppo-

nent when the ball was passed to him.

On the tap, Stretch coolly passed to Dave Saunders who promptly lifted the ball with one hand at the basket for a score. That goal changed the complexion of things completely. Now they were only one point behind and it was anybody's game!

Krowder could hear Jerry Turner cursing softly beside him, but he paid no attention to the Benson man, for he was intent on watching the signal from Stretch at center as the two teams came back into position for the tap-off.

Krowder's eyes narrowed as he saw Stretch call for a corner play which, if properly executed, would bring him into position for a try at the basket. Krowder breathed a silent prayer that Stretch would beat the Benson center to the tap as he had been doing consistently throughout the game.

The lanky Caldwell center went bounding up into the air with the toss and sent the ball glancing across to Lou Reese who came digging in for it and zipped it across to Dave Saunders. Back and forth the ball went, with an aroused Benson team exerting every effort to get the ball away.

The gym was a bedlam of sound.

Jerry Turner was sticking close to him throughout the beginning of the play. As the ball worked over to the left side of the court, Krowder whirled about and began to cut for the right hand corner with every ounce of speed he could muster up. Outwitted for a fraction of a second, Turner began to tear after him.

Ball in hand, Lou Reese saw Krowder shooting for the corner and sent a bullet-like pass at him.

Krowder and the ball reached the corner practically simultaneously. It was a difficult angle shot, practically parallel with the basket. With Turner on his heels, there was no time for Krowder to study the basket and he sent the ball into the air instinctively, just as the final whistle blew!

The net danced merrily as the ball went through and the score-board read: Benson—38; Caldwell—39.

The Benson captain started to protest the basket, but the ball clearly had been in the air before the whistle blew



and the referee waved him away as Caldwell fans began to pour onto the court from all sides.

Back in the dressing-room, the Caldwell team pounded each other enthusiastically on the shoulders. A shower of words of praise fell upon Krowder's head for his most spectacular winning goal.

Just as Krowder was about to escape into the shower, Spike Owen came along and said tersely, "Good work, Krowder." With this brief statement, the coach turned away. But Krowder knew it was the accolade.

Later on, when he was in his clothes, Krowder left the dressing-room and started back for his room. At the gym door, he noticed Professor McLoughlin standing in the dark with another man.

"Oh, Krowder," the Professor called to him.

"Yes, sir," said Krowder.

"I just wanted you to know that both Dr. Joyce here and myself appreciated

the fine spirit you showed in the game tonight."

"Thank you, sir," Krowder replied.

"It was a good game," added Dr. Joyce, head of the History Department and a member of the Scholarship Board.

"By the way," said Professor McLoughlin. "Dr. Joyce used to play basketball himself when he was an undergraduate—a good many years ago, of course. But he knows the game thoroughly."

"I see," murmured Krowder, a little blankly.

"Dr. Joyce saw you take that extra step in the first half," the Professor continued. "I just wanted you to know that we had approved of your scholarship application late this afternoon—and that, if you hadn't been on the square and admitted to that foul, we both would have been forced to revoke it! You showed a nice spirit. Congratulations!"

## THE WHIRL OF SPORTS

(Concluded from page 99)

paying today seem like a fairy tale. There was a time when Christy Mathewson was reported to have signed a contract for ten thousand dollars a year, and nobody believed it. The sum was too incredible. When I signed with the Athletics my first year, do you know what I got? Twelve hundred bucks. That's all. Twelve hundred smackers! Well, I turned in a pretty good job, and it seemed to me that I ought to get a raise. When the contract came in it was fifteen hundred.

"That didn't seem enough; I figured I wouldn't get a dime less than two thousand. So I went to Connie Mack to talk about it. I told him the papers had just printed a story about the Yankees paying Willie Keeler eight thousand dollars, and I thought I was worth at least a quarter as much.

"Connie looked at me gravely.

"'Bender,' he said, 'I'm offering you as much as the club can afford to pay. Salaries like the one being paid Keeler are suicide. Baseball cannot stand it. If that sort of thing becomes general we'll go bankrupt. This game is not built to sustain huge salaries. I've offered you fifteen hundred dollars a year. Of course, it is up to you whether or not you want to take it. But there isn't any use arguing, because I can't pay you more. You can tell me yes or no right now.'

"Well, there wasn't anything else to do but take it. Mr. Mack was right in his viewpoint at the time. He really could not afford high salaries. But it makes me a little sad to look at the payrolls today—and think what we worked for thirty years ago!"

Times change. There are great stadiums now, and higher prices. The investment of the magnates is tremendously greater than it was when Bender was starting to carve out his magnificent career. Yet, I'm quite sure that he was a better pitcher than Feller, Ruffing or Ferrell or others who are getting from six to ten times what he was paid.

I'm in favor of good salaries for ball players. They deserve all they can get, for their careers are short enough, heaven knows! I understand that the business men who own the clubs must get a reasonable return on their investment. But I don't believe the answer is the prices they charge for admissions now. If they cut those prices they'd get so many more spectators in their parks that the income would be greater than it is with the current scale.

Don't forget the railroads cried bloody murder when their rates were slashed. They said they'd go broke. Instead they are doing better than ever. The same thing would work out in baseball. Neither players nor owners would suffer, and the public would get a break—something it hasn't had in years.

# The STORY BEHIND the STORY

By  
**GEORGE BRUCE**  
Author of POP BRENNAN,  
ROOKIE

One day I sat in the bleachers of a minor league ball park watching two bitterly playing teams. The home team's pitching had been belted out of the lot, and all was gloom, because they were blowing a nice lead and a ball game. Suddenly there was a pause, and a tall, rangling grey-haired individual with a face like bleached rawhide, and an enormous "chaw" in his mouth, strolled up to the mound, flipped a



George Bruce

couple of balls to the catcher and settled himself to pitch to the murderer's row of the opposing team.

Just then a 10-year-old, sitting next to me, yipped: "Strike him out, Pop!"

## Eleven Pitched Balls

And Pop, with a little grin, coolly proceeded to put away that murderer's row one-two-three with exactly eleven pitched balls! And every time one of those huskies took a swipe at the ball, the kid would jump up and screech: "Atta boy, Pop—they can't hit what they can't see!"

When it was all over, the pitcher calmly folded his glove, stuffed it into his hip pocket and sauntered off the mound to his dugout. And the kid next to me, eyes shining, and a grin from ear to ear, looked at me and said in a voice that kind of gave me a little shiver: "That's my Pop!" Then he threw himself pell-mell down the steps toward the dugout.

## Remember?

Pop Brennan, the character in my story (which was inspired by the above incident), is typical of the recurrent miracle of baseball. Remember how Howard Emke, hardly more than a bullpen pitcher, an old man in the light of baseball years, suddenly walked out of the A's dugout to

# SPORTS

## JIM RIPPLE SMACKS A HOMER!

*It's His First Hit  
in an Entire Series!*

Imagine this situation: You're in your first World Series, it's the third game, the 1st half of the fifth inning, you're at bat—and you haven't had a hit yet in the series!

That was the spot Jim Ripple of the Giants was in last year. So for his first hit in his first World Series, Ripple calmly smacked out a homer!

## One for the Book

Here's one for the record book: Elton Peterson starred as quarterback for Baker University, but never called any signals nor carried the ball from scrimmage in his entire four years—yet scored 12 points!

He scooped up a fumble once, ran for a touchdown; and the other time intercepted a pass for his second score.



TY COBB

## EYELIGHTS A PREVIEW OF NEXT

*HOW'S THE  
PRO TENNIS SITUATION ?*



WHO SHOULD KNOW  
BETTER THAN BILL  
TILDEN'S FAMOUS  
PARTNER, PRO STAR  
AND NOW PROMOTER  
OF THE SENSATIONAL  
VINES-PERRY  
MATCH ?

FRANCIS T. HUNTER

*The GEORGIA PEACH SITS  
ON TOP OF BASEBALL'S  
MOUNT OLYMPUS, SHADING  
EVEN THE MIGHTY BABE,  
Says JOHN DREBINGER  
of the N.Y. TIMES*

start the first game of a bitter World Series—and fanned so many Cubs that the spectators were in constant danger of pneumonia from the agitated October air? And how Bob Feller, a 17-year-old boy, made his first appearance in the big leagues, and heaved the apple past so many batters that even the official scorer went groggy trying to chalk 'em up?

Every day, month in and month out, baseball produces the same miracles, the same color. Which is why it is the national pastime!

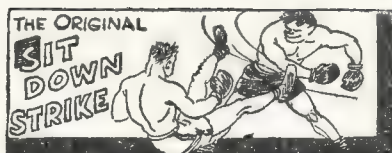
## A Meteor That Surprised 'Em

One of the grandest little fighters of all time flashed to meteoric fame around the beginning of this century.

Terry McGovern won the bantam and featherweight championships and knocked out the lightweight champion—and was through at 211



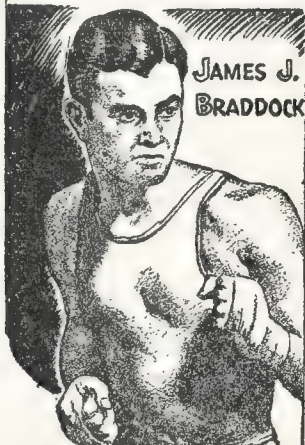
# REVIEW



-----by ORB  
MONTH'S FEATURES



**TONY LAZZERI**  
SO YOU WANT TO PLAY BALL,  
EH? HELPFUL HINTS FROM  
THE WINNER OF THE N.Y.  
SPORTS WRITERS' AWARD



**JAMES J. BRADDOCK**  
  
WILL CINDERELLA'S GLOVES  
RETAIN THE HEAVYWEIGHT  
CHAMPIONSHIP WITH SCHMELING  
AND LOUIS IN THE OFFING?

## What a Record!

Billy Burke and George Von Elm hold some kind of record. In the 1931 U. S. Men's Open Championship they tied at 292 for the 72 holes; played 36 holes for a playoff and tied at 149 each; then had to play 36 more holes with Burke taking a 148 and Von Elm a 149—the only time 144 holes were necessary to win the U. S. Open title!

## THE MASKED MATADOR WINS!

### THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT!

#### *Bull-Fighting Is an Ancient and Popular Sport*

Trumpets blast, drums beat, and a gaudily colored procession marches around the bullring. The crowd roars, the ring is cleared, and a plunging bull enters the arena. Picadores—the mounted men—jab the bull from all sides, while the chulos wave their red banners to distract the bull's attention. Then enter the banderilleros with their ribbon-festooned darts to plant in the animal's flesh.

When the bull has been thus enraged, and the chulos once more have incited him with their red banners, the matador appears. He salutes the president, tosses his hat into the ring and closes in on the bull with his long sword, maneuvering for the fatal stroke.

#### That's Bull-Fighting

That's bullfighting, the sport originating in ancient Crete. Greece and Rome staged elaborate bull spectacles, too, but the Moors brought it over into Spain and started bullfighting off on a large scale.

Don Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar was the first Spaniard to fight a bull back in 1040. He rode horseback and fought single-handed. Since then the rules have changed considerably, many of the innovations coming in the early part of the 18th century, being introduced by Francisco Romero.

#### Some Stunt!

In an exhibition game in Los Angeles, in 1927, Babe Ruth performed an amazing stunt by socking out 125 home runs in the course of one hour!

#### *Who Is the Unknown Toast of the Town?*

In the next issue of **POPULAR SPORTS**, the ancient art of bullfighting will be vividly brought to you in a smashing, glamorous novel by George Fielding Eliot, called **THE MASKED MATADOR**.

Johnny Cornell is an American—one of your lean, hard-muscled, adventurous Yanks, whose very lives depend upon action and the smoke of battle. And in bullfighting he has



found his proper niche. In restless, colorful Gunderica he has made his mark, has his own cuadrilla and is rapidly being recognized by the natives as an espada of merit.

#### A Big Achievement

And that's a whole lot for an American to achieve—those Latin-Americans are jealously proud of their national pastime and are disdainful of an "outsider's" bullfighting prowess.

But Gunderica is also a fiery nation—typical of Central American republics—and political unrest and threats of revolution are always current problems. So Johnny Cornell has to watch his step pretty carefully. Especially when there's a pretty young miss from the States involved, and a conniving popular Don who has his eye on several objectives, one of them being said miss! Then—a victorious and popular Masked Matador takes a hand—and rumors fly wild. There's a thrill on every page awaiting you when you read **THE MASKED MATADOR**, by George Fielding Eliot!

# DAVY JONES' ROCKS

Cast a Sinister Shadow  
Over Jeff Brandon, Who  
Fights with Cold Courage!

By **BENNETT WRIGHT**

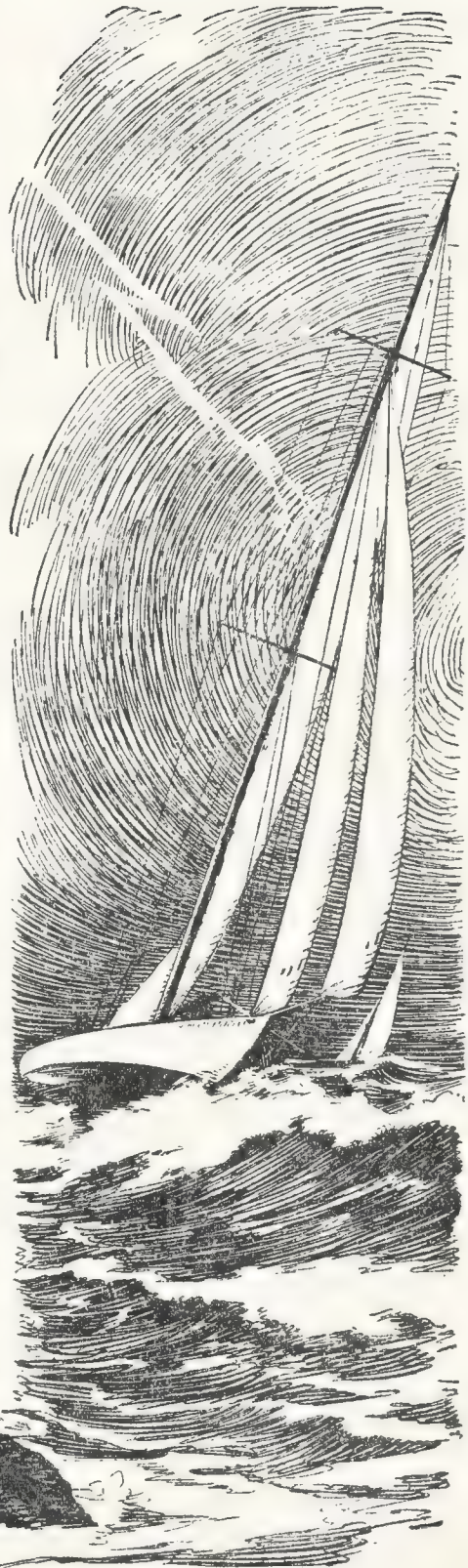
*Author of "Brother Act," "Sky Diver."*

**A** HARD gust of wind ripped across Devil's Bay. It slammed full force into the *Jolly Roger's* big Marconi mainsail. The trim sailing racer heeled sharply. Her slender bow began to rise and fall, spurting torrents of white and green water. Broken seas hissed along her lee coaming.

We were close hauled on a port tack. From my position in the forward end of the cockpit, I waited for Jeff Brandon's order.

"Pay off mainsheet!" he shouted from the tiller. "We're pointing to leeward a bit!"

Nodding I let the mainsheet rope ease through my hands and then set the jibsail to our new position. The *Jolly Roger* took it like the thoroughbred she was—responding to rudder and sail with the grace of a gull.



*The Jolly Roger rose on a sea and heeled over.*



A glance astern showed the green hills behind South Harbor fading into the distance. The flag-bedecked yachts and cruisers assembled for that first race of the regatta season were now mere bright specks across the shimmering expanse of whitecapped water.

For a minute my eyes rested on the boat closest to our stern. It was Bart Strickland's *Venturer*. She was coming on with a bone in her teeth. Strickland's tall form was at the tiller, erect, tense, his yachtsman's cap tilted at a rakish angle. His mate, Tony Fowler, was crouched amidship, regarding the set of our sails intently.

There was something arrogant, beligerent in the attitudes of both.

Of all the sloops about us, it was Strickland's *Venturer* that Jeff wanted most to beat. That—and something else. And Jeff would, too, unless—

**S**ETTING my head against the *Jolly Roger's* bursts of spray, I watched Jeff Brandon's lean face for the first sign of weakness.

Other than a faint grimace about his mouth and a frown above his serious gray eyes, there was none. True, his face was tense, anxious. But considering what he had gone through, that was to be expected. Certainly his eyes were steady enough, and his hand upon the *Jolly Roger's* tiller had lost none of its skill. With each puff of wind, we were putting the *Venturer* farther astern.

But if Jeff Brandon was going to weaken at all—yield to the ghastly vision that must be rampant in his mind—it wouldn't be at that stage of the race. It would be on our last hitch—when we sailed past Davy Jones' Rocks.

Davy Jones' Rocks! Only men who mocked at the sea, could have lain out a small-boat sailing course hard by that treacherous, rock-studded marine graveyard. But the people of South Harbor were like that. For four generations, the blood of seafaring dare-devils had flown through their veins. They were thrill-crazed sailing fans.

To them, a man's courage was tested

as well as his seamanship, when he sailed a sloop past Davy Jones' Rocks during their annual regattas. Some established a name in the community—became respected, awed. A few became, well—like Jeff Brandon.

Davy Jones' Rocks! Maker of men, breaker of men.

It had broken Jeff Brandon. It happened during my year's absence from South Harbor. Jeff was sailing in the season's greatest classic, for the Baccardo Cup, with his kid brother, Roger, as mate. Young Roger Brandon had worshiped Jeff. That alone, I am sure, had overruled Jeff's better judgment in taking him along in an experienced man's place.

For Jeff's boat had wrecked on Davy Jones' Rocks—crushed like an eggshell among the snarling combers and jagged edges.

"Gee, Jeff—we would've won!" had been Roger Brandon's last words before the lethal waters closed above his head. "You're a swell sailor, Jeff!" Later, he had washed ashore among the flotsam—limp, lifeless, the spark of his exuberant young spirit snuffed out forever.

Any wonder, then, that Jeff Brandon might weaken as we slashed through the waves with this gusty March wind in our sails? With lee rail awash, each second raced us nearer that horror-shrouded spot, Davy Jones' Rocks!

**J**EFF was not a quitter. After his tragedy he had got this fine new boat—named the *Jolly Roger* in memory of his brother. He had intended sailing her grandly, proudly, past Davy Jones' Rocks. That was the way Roger would have liked it.

Jeff tried it—just once. A memory, a vision, arose to torture his soul, shatter his nerve. He had failed miserably, turned away from Davy Jones' Rocks—left the race.

"Jeff Brandon is through," said the townspeople. "Lost his nerve. He'll never come back." Fear of the sea was not recognized in South Harbor. Not even before the Spectre of Death. Jeff Brandon was marked, shunned with contempt.

But Jeff and I had sailed together as kids. He was my best friend, and I knew sailing was in his blood. If I could help him find himself again—

"You can lick it, Jeff. You'll have to. Let's race the *Jolly Roger* together."

Jeff's face was strained, tortured. "I—I don't know," he gritted. "It's—the Rocks. When I get there, I see Roger—in the water—sinking—" A tremor ran through his tall, broad frame.

"I know," I said quickly. "Don't think about it. It'll be different after you sail past there again."

It took a week to persuade Jeff. Even then, I think he agreed chiefly because of Mary Denning—and Bart Strickland.

Mary was the prettiest girl in South Harbor. She had tumbling copper hair and a slender, lissom figure. Her small oval face had the sparkle and freshness of the water at sunrise. She and Jeff had grown up together. They were engaged.

As for Bart Strickland—well, he was too handsome, too sure of himself, and too rich. His father owned the shipyard in South Harbor.

Strickland won the race in which Jeff failed. Afterwards, when the townspeople censured Jeff, he started making a play for Mary Denning. I'm sure Mary still loved Jeff, but she seemed at least interested in what Strickland had to offer. He was the man of the hour, and could do lots for her. After all she was only human, and a girl.

Mary was with us on the dock the day Jeff finally agreed to sail the *Jolly Roger* again. She stood with the wind whipping strands of copper hair about her face like tongues of flame in the sunlight.

"Why don't you, Jeff?" she asked. "I think you should."

"You—you really want me to, Mary?" Jeff spoke as if his life hung on her answer.

The girl's long gaze was enigmatic. She seemed to be comparing Jeff with Bart Strickland—against that background of sea and sails. There also seemed to be an appeal in her eyes.

"Yes, Jeff," she replied firmly. "I do."

I thought I saw Jeff catch his breath. When he turned to me, his face was whiter than usual. "I'll make the entry tonight," he said.

Only once after that had Jeff hesitated—just for a second as we stepped into the *Jolly Roger's* cockpit before this race.

"You take the tiller, Dan," he said. "I—I'll handle the sails."

"No, Jeff," I told him gently. "That wouldn't help any. You'll have to do it yourself."

Jeff's lips tightened. Then he nodded understandingly and took his place at the helm.

**I** WATCHED him now as the *Jolly Roger* plunged her bowsprit into the whitecaps, dipped, rose. His face was anxious, uncertain. Or was it? A bombshell of spray burst over the cockpit. The wind was rising, getting squally. I grinned reassuringly at Jeff. But he had glanced astern—at the *Venturer*.

At the first buoy, we held a substantial lead over Strickland's boat. The others were even farther astern. The *Jolly Roger* rushed past the buoy. Jeff tightened his grip on the rudderbar, ducked into the cockpit.

"Clear to come about!"

Uncleating the main sheet rope, I ducked into the cockpit myself. Jeff's voice—had it held a tremor? Or was it the whine of the wind in our rigging? But there was no time to think then.

"All clear!" I shouted.

Jeff put the tiller over hard. The *Jolly Roger* spun into the wind with shivering sails. The boom swung across as the wind filled the canvas again. Then we raced away on our inshore haul.

Inshore! Towards Davy Jones' Rocks. Our next hitch on that triangular course would send us back toward South Harbor—and within two hundred yards of those swirling, rock-infested waters!

Jeff. How would he take it? I shuddered at what *might* happen!

A gust laid the *Jolly Roger* over.



She began to pound and jar—slashing through the heavy seas, taking deck loads of water, throwing them off, plunging on. White torrents curled away from her bow, rushed past the gunwale. Clouds of sun-flecked spray exploded in our faces, stung. The stays whined in crescendo.

We raced toward the dark-wooded shore line. Shortly things became clear—trees, houses, people thronged along the beach watching us come in. And suddenly the last marker was tossing off our bow.

"Buoy!" I sang out, and cleared to come about.

Jeff seemed slower than usual with the helm. Was he afraid to put the *Jolly Roger* around on that last haul—the one that would take us past Davy Jones' Rocks? Finally his shout came, weak against the wind.

"Coming about!"

We made the maneuver, set our homeward course parallel to the beach. The wind now was off our starboard beam. I pulled the main boom in nearly amidships. The *Jolly Roger* heeled farther than ever—lunged, smashed through the breakers like a juggernaut. Only her great leaden keel kept her from going over.

I flattened myself against the high side. In the stern, Jeff braced himself for the kick-backs of the tiller. Stripped above the waist, his bronzed, spray-wet shoulders glinted in the sunlight. He was staring off the port bow—at Davy Jones' Rocks.

Fear? I couldn't tell yet. I wasn't any too comfortable myself, and I'd sailed past those rocks a dozen times!

And then suddenly we were racing abreast of that dreaded place with hissing froth at our lee rail—taunting the sea gods, courting disaster. Davy Jones' Rocks! They were scattered for a quarter of a mile along our course—ten feet high, black, jagged, glistening, foam-swept. The roar of the breakers crashing among them thundered in our ears.

I trimmed the big mainsail—kept it full, drawing. Was Jeff watching our sideslip? The tide, cross currents? Could he feel each tendency of the *Jolly Roger* to pivot toward those

crushing rocks? God, I hoped not!

"Dan!" I suddenly heard him shout. "Dan—there's where—Roger—!" The rest flung off by the wind.

And then I knew. Jeff was scared—scared stiff. That vision had come back to hound him, shatter his nerve. I flung a glance at his face. It was twisted, tortured—bore the agony of the damned. He was sagging over the tiller, knees trembling.

"Steady, sailor!" I yelled, nodding astern. "The *Venturer*—coming on!"

JEFF looked back. He saw the white seas curling away from the plunging bow of Bart Strickland's boat. There seemed something arrogant, mocking, in the very set of the *Venturer's* sails. Her helm was steady, fixed.

When Jeff turned back, his face was set. For a minute I thought he had got a grip on himself. But then the *Jolly Roger's* bow began rolling as his hand on the tiller grew unsteady. I called out another word of encouragement, but the wind must have carried it away.

Because—before I knew what was happening—Jeff had swung us towards the open Bay. The *Jolly Roger* lifted, bow in the wind, with sails flogging and gear threshing. She lost her fine headway, pitched, tossed.

I looked aft in alarm. Jeff was sagging to the cockpit flooring. Shielding his face with one hand from the sight of those rocks off our port side. "I—I can't make it, Dan!" I thought I heard him call.

The *Jolly Roger* hung on the brink of disaster. Without headway, and unmanned, the tide was sweeping us toward those jagged rocks. Quickly, I freed the main sheet rope. Then I made my way aft to Jeff's side.

"It's nothing, old man!" I shouted, giving him a hand. "You take the sheet. We'll be on our way!"

Jeff obeyed dully, in a trance. He was shaking. He kept his back to Davy Jones' Rocks. It took us a few minutes to nurse the *Jolly Roger* around, get her underway again.

Before we did, the *Venturer* slashed past close to windward of us. In pass-

ing, she blanketed our sails, delayed our start even more. And as she drew away, I saw Strickland looking astern with a haughty, triumphant grin on his handsome face.

I swore under my breath. A nice tale that guy would tell spectators at the finish—especially Mary Denning. But she would know. Everyone would know. Binoculars are plentiful in South Harbor during the regatta season.

I grinned at Jeff as we heeled over and got underway again. But I didn't feel like it. I felt damn sorry for him. The suffering that tragedy was causing him! Men have weakened because of far less.

Thirty minutes later a din of megaphoned shouts and marine sirens rent the air. Salutes were fired. Flags and pennants dipped from the mastheads of boats assembled in the roadstead. The *Venturer* was ploughing across the finish line—winner!

A few minutes later the *Jolly Roger* skimmed across, in second place. There was no ovation. Only silence, lowered binoculars. Jeff lived down the harbor a ways. He had a private dock.

"I'll take her home, Jeff," I said lightly. "No need to go into the slip."

Jeff's face was haggard as he lowered sail. But there was something resolute in it too. He looked ashore—saw that hostile crowd lining the yacht club railing, peering down at us. He saw Mary Denning waiting there on the ramp below, with a hand caught to her throat.

Then Jeff turned in the cockpit and said: "No, Dan. Put her into the slip. I'll face them."

Well, that was nerve. Anybody that was going to tell me Jeff Brandon was yellow—was going to be called a damn liar! And I'd back it up.

**WE** tied the *Jolly Roger* behind Strickland's *Venturer*. Then Jeff climbed out and started toward Mary. From the stern, I jumped out and cut in front of him. I wanted to avert a scene. There was a look on Mary's face I didn't like. But if she and Jeff could talk it over alone—

"Well, Mary," I said, "we had a little hard luck. I had the tiller off the Rocks, and—"

"The devil you did! Jeff had the tiller!" It was Bart Strickland. He had come up behind. His thin, handsome face was flushed with triumph. "I saw what happened! I'm not going to let you mislead Mary. I'm going to tell her the truth!"

I guess that got me mad.

"Why, you—!" I started for Strickland. But Mary caught my arm.

"Please, Dan!" she said. "Bart doesn't have to tell me. I know what happened. Everybody knows." She looked straight at Jeff, eyes misty.

"That's right, Mary," he said tonelessly. Jeff's shoulders slumped. "I had the tiller. And I—I failed again."

Silence fell. Mary slipped a ring off her finger and held it out to Jeff. When she spoke, it sounded like a smothered sob.

"I don't want to hurt you, Jeff," she said. "I know what it is. But I can't go on like this. I can't—can't marry a man who is afraid of the sea."

Jeff understood. Mary was a South Harbor woman. He nodded dully, let the ring drop into his hand. He said nothing, but the blow told on his face. He was defeated, broken. I didn't feel very good myself. It didn't seem fair.

"Well, that's that," spoke Strickland harshly. "Let's go, Mary." She let him lead her off by the arm.

Jeff walked away by himself, face white, stony. I tried to follow, tried to tell him that he could count on me to help in any way I could. But Jeff waved me back.

"It's swell of you, Dan. But I've got to settle this thing alone. Thanks."

Well, I didn't see any more of Jeff for a long time. There were plenty of sneering faces, whispers, sardonic laughter, wherever his name was mentioned. Everyone seemed to gloat over his disgrace. Why are people like that?

I often saw Mary and Bart Strickland together. It was rumored they were engaged. But somehow I couldn't believe it. Strickland wasn't



the type for her. And she and Jeff had gone together too long. I prowled around the waterfront a lot, but never saw Jeff take the *Jolly Roger* out again.

The Mid-Season Regatta came. I watched the race from the yacht club ramp, standing alone. I was there at the finish when Bart Strickland came in the winner. Mary was there, too, at the other end.

She looked troubled, sad. Strickland, laughing, wisecracking to admirers, put his arm around her and hurried away. It burned me up. The guy was too damn possessive, cocky.

Another month passed. There were several other races, and Strickland brought his *Venturer* home first in each one of them. He became a tin god, acclaimed, feted.

Then came South Harbor's great sailing classic—the race for the Bacardo Gold Cup. It was the season's highlight, finale. The winner would own the town. And the day before this big race, Jeff Brandon showed up at my shack down the beach.

He looked pretty bad. He was thin, emaciated.

"Look, Dan," he said without preamble, "I'm sailing the *Jolly Roger* tomorrow. I know it's a lot to ask of you—but will you come along?"

And then I saw the light burning fiercely in Jeff Brandon's eyes. It was about the only thing alive about him. But it was enough. I didn't ask any questions. I said:

"Why, sure Jeff. Be glad to."

Jeff seemed to struggle for the next. But he spoke with his head up. "First—I want you to know this, Dan. I—I'm not sure it won't be the same as the last race."

I slapped him on the back. "Forget that stuff, sailor. You're sailing the *Jolly Roger* tomorrow—for the Bacardo Cup!"

**N**EXT day, the harbor was a scene of riotous color. Regatta flags streamed from the mastheads of yachts and cruisers. Spectators thronged the decks and the promenade at the water's edge.

Bacardo Cup!

The sloops luffed and tacked before the starting line, helmsmen impatient. I looked at the weather, while Jeff maneuvered the *Jolly Roger* among the others.

The wind was out of the northeast—strong, gusty. Dark clouds were scattered on the horizon. Squall clouds. I didn't like the looks of them. That channel off Davy Jones' Rocks was treacherous enough in fair weather. Today the *Jolly Roger* had a man at her helm who was not sure of himself!

But Jeff's face revealed nothing. Boom!

We ploughed across the line—sails billowing, heeling sharply.

Strickland's *Venturer* and two others went across nearly abeam of us. The others were scattered astern, trimming sails, maneuvering for wind advantages.

The *Jolly Roger* buried her nose into the choppy seas—flung up each time to hurl spray back into our faces. I eased off on the main sheet—gave it a good full belly. Jeff kept her to the wind. Soon we began to draw away from the others.

As we got offshore, the wind came in blasts.

The sun went under. Lightning zigzagged the sky just as we rounded the first buoy. A peal of thunder followed. I knew then that we were in for it—a squall. Jeff knew it too. His grip tightened on the rudder-bar. But his face didn't change.

The *Jolly Roger* began to pound and jar through the whitecaps. She slashed through the tops of most of them, but a few bigger ones began to toss her about. Spray went up like bursting bombs. I braced myself against the high side, the sheet rope tight in my hands. Jeff had his legs spread in the stern, staring ahead.

Midway on our inshore haul, that squall struck. The sky suddenly went black. Then the rain came—slashing, pelting. More wind, too.

Lightning ripped like giant spears stabbing down at us. Angry seas broke over our decks. Inshore haul! I tried not to think about Davy Jones' Rocks. I hoped Jeff wasn't yet, either.

Something savage was in the plunges of the *Jolly Roger* that day—and I thought, too, in the face of the man at her helm!

Visibility was poor. I strained my eyes against wind and rain for sight of that last buoy. At last I spotted it under a flash of lightning—tossing wildly on the whitecaps. I opened my mouth to shout. But Jeff was already putting the *Jolly Roger* about.

She pivoted sluggishly. A breaker smashed us broadside. For a minute the *Jolly Roger* floundered in the trough. Then the wind swept over her other side, caught the great mainsail. The boom swung across with terrific force. Blocks and shackles jangled. The rigging tautened, stays snapped tight. We heeled dangerously near the capsizing point—then beat off on the homeward stretch.

The *Venturer*. I looked astern. She was wallowing around that last buoy—looming through the weird light and rain like a ghost ship. I thought of boyhood tales—the Flying Dutchman. She seemed to flounder, disappear.

But, no. The *Venturer* came on again, slanting, plunging. Strickland. No matter what else—not a coward!

A great crashing roar off our port. We were alongside Davy Jones' Rocks! I stared—fascinated in spite of myself. They were a maelstrom of swirling foam, lashing breakers, whirlpools. A field of jagged ends—immovable, sinister. I went cold. Jeff—this was his great test. How would he take it?

Something happened. The *Jolly Roger* rose on a sea and heeled over. For a moment she staggered off her course—plunging towards those rocks! The great mainsail thundered, the boom flogged. I flung a look aft. Jeff was leaning over the stern, fumbling with the tiller post.

My heart stood still. Was something wrong with the *Jolly Roger's* rudder? Or was Jeff sick—his nerve shattered again?

"Jeff!" I screamed. "What is it!"

Jeff turned back, shook his head. Savagely, he flung the *Jolly Roger* on her course again. His rain-drenched face was set like granite. His eyes

burned fiercely. He seemed oblivious to storm, sea, danger. You've seen men like that—men who know they have one last chance for redemption.

We plunged on through that storm-lashed channel. The *Jolly Roger* was buffeted one way, then another. I could feel the tremor of the mast running through the sheet rope. Strain!

Too much. I cleated the sheet rope, made ready to jig up the quarterstays. I fumbled for the jig. It wasn't in its usual place in the cockpit. Probably washed under the flooring. I swore. And then prayed that everything would hold.

Somehow it did. We weathered that squall. The *Venturer* never caught us. And there was something grand, proud, on Jeff Brandon's face as we sailed past the last of Davy Jones' Rocks.

A faint ray of sun broke through as we plunged into the roadstead. Jeff put the *Jolly Roger* across the finish line—erect at the tiller, shoulders squared. Amidship, I waited for him to luff into the wind, before lowering sail. But he called out, still under headway: "Lower sail, Dan!"

I thought that strange. But I dropped the big mainsail, and Jeff put the *Jolly Roger* into the slip. She bumped the ramp, hard. I thought that strange, too. But it didn't matter. Jeff was probably nervous, worn out. I know I was.

**I**N the ramp, Mary Denning was the first to reach Jeff. Her clothes were wet, copper hair blowing. But her eyes were shining—and she was both laughing and crying. She flung her arms around Jeff's neck.

"Jeff! Jeff—darling—" she said.

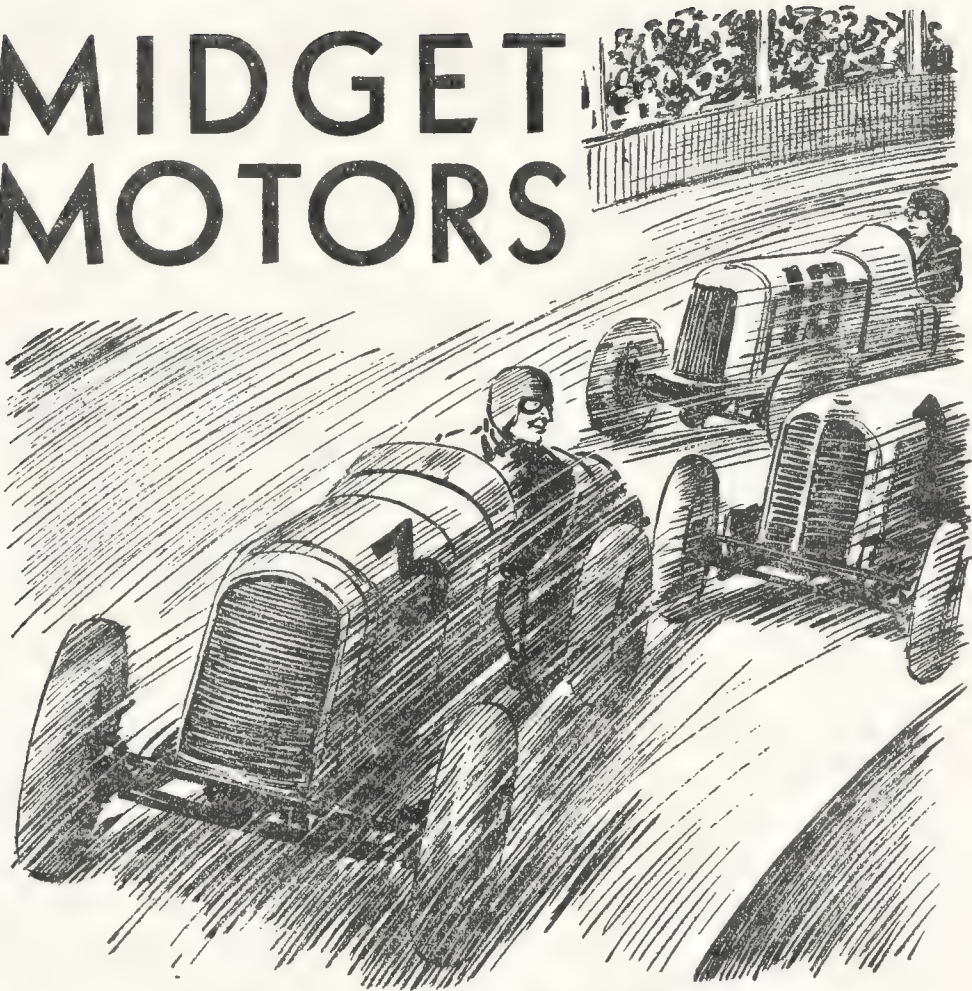
I watched them for a minute. Then I turned back and climbed into the *Jolly Roger*. "I'll take her home for you, Jeff," I called.

I pushed over the rudder-bar. But it wouldn't go over. I looked over the stern. Then I got it through my thick skull. Back there in that squall, Jeff had jammed the stay jig through one side of the tiller post!

He *couldn't* have turned away from the Rocks if he had wanted to!



# MIDGET MOTORS



*Going into the last lap, Number One was the only challenger.*

Even After Pard McGrew Made Him Eat Straw "Castor Oil" Reynolds Proved That He Was An Old War Horse That Could Eat Fire!

**By WILL SANDMANN**

*Author of "Oasis of Death," "Green Demon."*

**F**ROM a seat in the upper row of the stadium it appeared that a dozen brightly colored giant bugs were madly chasing each other around a wide, oval shaped path. A haze of bluish smoke hung over the scene like a thin fog. Eight batteries of powerful searchlights, glaring down from the high, skeleton steel towers, threw a brilliant white light down on the spectacle.

A close-up view showed the whirling bugs to be tiny, streamlined, midget race cars mounted on doughnut-like tires, each with its helmeted and goggled pilot wedged low in a narrow seat in the extreme rear end. Castor Oil Johnny Reynolds, of speedway and dirt track fame, in the gleaming, yellow Number Three Gold Bug, had thought before the start of this first race on the

evening program that his hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle would never compress sufficiently to allow him to squeeze into that seat. But he squirmed, twisted, pushed, finally got arranged.

Reynolds had often complained that the bucket seats of the full sized speedsters that he had tooled so long in the big league racing circuit were too cramped but now he resolved never to kick about them again.

Johnny Reynolds had been brought to the fifth of a mile oval, constructed over the gridiron of the big stadium, as a headline attraction, a drawing card. The appearance of the well known daredevil on the opening card of the meet had kept the turnstiles clicking in a highly satisfactory manner and ten thousand rabid fans were on hand for the fall of the starter's flag.

Reynolds had looked on the driving of one of the midget, four cylindereed speed creations as a lark. But this was real work, a man's sized job, and these boys circling the short track at a giddy, dizzy pace were keen, money drivers. Reynolds could instantly spot a money driver by the chances he took and all of these boys wove in and out around the track, skidded the sharp end turns by hand braking without lifting a foot from the gas, threatened every second to pile into the baled straw cushions outside the curves.

They literally pushed Castor Oil Johnny out of their way, whipsawed him, hubbed him, lapped him, made him look like a rank amateur for the first five, furious laps. And he didn't like it.

**P**ERHAPS the confining influence of a track of merry-go-round dimensions built deep in the great stadium with towering stands on all sides had something to do with Reynolds' showing. The fumes of vaporized gas, of oil, and of his own favorite lubricant which supplied his monicker, castor oil, hung to the ground like a wet blanket. The lights bothered him, reflected in his goggles. All his previous speeding had been done in broad daylight.

But at the end of five laps he began to get his head clear and his second wind, to get the hang of the thing. He

also began to feel the Reynolds' temper rising to the surface, and that generally meant the start of fireworks of some kind.

The first event was a twenty-five lapper, and at the end of the tenth lap he had tooled the Gold Bug into third place from the tail end of the procession. The going had been tough, was getting tougher by the second. He felt that it was the Gold Bug against the field and the field was going to pull every stunt of the game to slow him down.

At fifteen laps only the bright red midget with the big gold Number One on either side of the hood was in front of him. Pard McGrew, a hard driving favorite of the fans, was hunched under the wheel, leaning with the curves, pushing Number One to the limit every foot of the way.

At twenty laps Reynolds had fought, mauled, scraped his way ahead of McGrew and into the lead by a quarter of a lap. And right then the regular gang, the boys who made their bread and butter on the night midget circuit, stepped out to slow him down. It was okay with them for him to appear as a drawing card to swell the percentage purses, but for him to go out and really try and pull down prize money on top of his guarantee—that was something entirely different and unheard of.

When those boys concentrated their technique was a thing of rehearsed precision. They each played their part regardless of their position in the race; the whole idea was to slow down whoever was the usurper. This time it was Castor Oil Johnny.

Evidently they had failed to take into consideration that Reynolds had been around a little himself. You don't win a dirt track championship by being a Little Lord Fauntleroy. They wedged him, pocketed him, tried to "run him out of track." When a man is "out of the track" he is on the outside going into a narrow section and the others hold their places even with him and there is no place to go except off the course.

When they tried this on Reynolds in the twenty-fourth lap the Gold Bug had enough jump left and Reynolds had the



necessary nerve to cut ahead and in front of the group and cause a general hubbing that tied two of the contestants up in such a manner that they were out of the race with ripped front tires.

Going into the last lap Pard McGrew, in red Number One, was the only challenger. He pulled up wheel for wheel with Reynolds, hubbed him violently and deliberately on the first turn. Reynolds held to his inside groove, drove with his left hand, braked with his right, paid no attention to the attempt to shove him off the track.

They stayed even on the short back stretch, roared into the final turn before the checkered flag. McGrew skidded wide with Reynolds, swung his wheel sharply to the left and before Gold Bug Number Three could find traction enough in the loose dirt for its rear tires to shoot it toward the flag the red midget gunned across its nose diagonally for the inside groove.

McGrew swung his tail around as the Gold Bug took the gas and clipped Reynolds' right front wheel with his back end. Number Three jumped like a jack rabbit, veered sharply. With steering knuckle broken by the impact the Gold Bug headed off the track.

The next thing Castor Oil Johnny Reynolds knew he was pulling straw out of his mouth and ears and crawling stiffly from the tight bucket seat. His smoking mount was buried to the hilt, still upright, in a buffer bale, and guards with fire extinguishers were spraying the smouldering straw.

**R**EYNOLDS limped down toward the starter's box. The crowd seemed to think it was a huge joke for the past master of the big tracks to wind up his first midget race so ingloriously. Reynolds was a showman. He grinned, waved his hand in salute. But inside he was boiling mad. The loss of a race, a minor crackup, the fact that McGrew's deliberate idea had been to wreck him if possible didn't bother him so much. He could take care of those kind of boys later, either on or off the track. There would be a payoff.

But somewhere in the stand above,  
(Continued on page 120)



## CORNS

### come back Bigger, Uglier — unless removed Root\* and All

● A corn goes deep: When you cut or pare it at home the root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back bigger, uglier—more painful—than ever.

Why suffer! Use the Blue-Jay double-action method. Pain stops instantly by removing the pressure. Then the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

Get a package of Blue-Jay today. 25¢ for a package of 6.



\*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

## SONG POEMS

our offer. RICHARD BROS., 74 Woods Bldg.,

**WANTED AT ONCE!**  
Mother, Home, Love,  
Patriotic, Sacred  
Comic or any subject.  
Don't delay — send  
best poem today for

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



*Exciting Stories of Federals in Action*  
In

# G-MEN

—Featuring—

**DAN FOWLER**

**At All Stands—Price 10c**

## When Poisons Clog KIDNEYS and Irritate Bladder

### JUST DO THIS

Go to your druggist today and get this safe, swift and harmless diuretic and stimulant—ask for Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules and start at once to flush kidneys of waste matter saturated with acids and poisons.

That's the way to bring about healthy kidney activity and stop that bladder irritation which often causes scanty passage with smarting and burning as well as restless nights.

Remember, the kidneys often need flushing as well as the bowels, and some symptoms of kidney weakness are: Getting up once or twice during the night—puffy eyes—cramps in legs—backache and moist palms. But be sure and get GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—the price is small (35 cents), the good results will fulfill your expectations.



### BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

WRITE  
TODAY

#### BUS AND RAILWAY LINES ARE ASKING US FOR MEN

ACTIVE, BELLARABLE MEN—19 to 50—are placed as Railway and Bus Passenger Traffic Inspectors upon completing our home-study course which trains you in a few weeks. Earn up to \$135 per month to start, plus expenses; advance rapidly with experience. Our record: 18 yrs. of placing our graduates. Write STANDARD BUSINESS

TRAINING INSTITUTE, Div. 8506, Buffalo, N. Y.

## FISTULA

Anyone suffering from Fistula, Piles or any Rectal trouble is urged to write for our FREE Book, describing the McCleary Treatment for these treacherous rectal troubles. The McCleary Treatment has been successful in thousands of cases. Let us send you our reference list of former patients living in every State in the Union. The McCleary Clinic, 697 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

### POEMS SET TO MUSIC

FREE  
examination.

SEND YOUR  
POEMS TO  
**J. CHARLES McNEIL**  
Bachelor of Music, 4153-TF South Van Ness, Los Angeles, Calif.



## ROOFLESS Plates

ORDER BY MAIL AT  
MONEY SAVING PRICES  
**FREE!** Sanitary Wrapped  
Impression Material  
**SEND NO MONEY!**  
These Plates are Held Firmly by

Vacuum Cup Suction. Restores Natural Voice and Facial Expression.  
Don't Delay. Write Today. Send Name and Address for Information.

**60 DAYS  
TRIAL** **Dr. J. S. LIPPERT**  
Plate Specialist with 33 years' experience  
Dept. 330-N, 24 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page 119)

Myrna Bennett was watching the events. He had brought her and her sister Jean out with him, had left them inside the gate with a promise to meet them after it was over at the same spot. And being made the laughing stock of about ten thousand fans with your intended fiancée looking on is not exactly a pleasant spot for an ambitious young race driver.

Maybe Myrna wasn't laughing with them, perhaps she was frightened by the thought that he might have suffered injuries. It wouldn't be the most difficult thing in the world to be killed in one of these mad merry-go-rounds—but "spreading straw" was supposed to be all in fun! Like heck it was, Reynolds thought, as he straightened his aching back.

Reynolds didn't have long to wait to find out what Myrna thought. He turned off into the ramp that led to the locker rooms under the stadium. The sound of Myrna's gay, high pitched laugh stopped him short.

He turned, saw her not ten feet away. She was looking in the other direction, didn't see him, and neither did the snappy, younger edition of the Bennett family, Jean, who was at her side.

Reynolds started a step in their direction, pulled up short. They were talking to none other than bragging Pard McGrew, just coming off the field beaming with victory, blond hair on end from yanking off the crash helmet, face still dirty below the line of his goggles.

"Forget that boy friend, Myrna," McGrew was saying. "That's all in the racket. Eating hay is what initiates you to this whirligig game. He didn't get a scratch—but I bet he looked funny." From the laughter Reynolds surmised that he had. Then McGrew got more confidential but his hoarse whisper carried to the shadow that covered Reynolds from his sight.

"But that bird wants to watch his step. The boys don't like for an outsider to cop and he might get mussed up if he gets too hot. No use standing here waiting for him though—trot right alongside yours truly to the end box up here in the very front row. Pard McGrew keeps that place for just such eye



fillers as you two and it's empty and waiting."

Reynolds was undecided whether to step up or not. Myrna had been looking for him—it hadn't been a joke to her until that big mouthed McGrew had turned it into one. The three moved on down the aisle toward the boxes. Reynolds made his way slowly to the locker room.

Shorty Scanlon hailed him as he entered. Shorty was broad and heavy, battle scarred from many campaigns on the speed tracks and the squared circle.

"Say you, big shot," he called in a bawling voice, "how do ya get that way? You might be a drawin' card but you gotta lighten that gas hoof or somebody'll burn ya down harder than Pard McGrew did a while ago."

"And that goes for me, too," a raw-boned, rangy individual tagged Monty Mack blared. "Lissen, stranger," he went on in a confidential tone as he stuck his face up within two feet of Reynolds', "we got a little committee who looks after visiting firemen around here and if you get too ambitious they'll feel it's their duty to give your case some very personal attention. You're all right with your mug pasted on the billboards—but that stuff don't go out on the oval," he added sarcastically.

Reynolds looked at the pair, glanced at the others in the room, and a hard grin twisted his mouth.

"A bunch of hard boys," he remarked in an offhand manner. "But say"—his tone was biting now—"you baby-cart pushers haven't seen any driving yet. I was just warming up and getting the feel of this kiddie car game when I got loused off the runway by your baboon sidekick, McGrew. He was nice and gentle about it though and my neck's in one piece yet. If any of you babies want to tangle tires and hubcaps with me just let me know when we go back out there and I'll drape you over one of those light towers. So far I've only one compliment to return but I'm expecting others."

"And I suppose I'm the baboon you just referred to that gets hung up first." The voice boomed in Reynolds' ear, a

(Continued on page 122)



### \$50 for a Story

"I am glad to tell you that I have been progressing rapidly with my course and have been able to dispose of a few stories and articles. My last story was sold to *Outdoor Life* and brought me \$50."

CYRIL E. GROZELLE,  
Box 418, Baileybury,  
Ontario, Canada.

## How do you know you can't WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that any one becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

### Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men, whose combined newspaper experience totals more than 200 years, are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the \$25, \$50, and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

### A chance to test yourself

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

**Free**

Newspaper Institute of America  
One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

94F367

(Continued from page 121)  
heavy hand hit his shoulder, jerked him around. But people didn't handle Johnny Reynolds in that way and get away with it. As he spun, off balance, he saw Pard McGrew's scowl and the spin finished with his hard, bony right fist landing flush on McGrew's square chin.

**T**HE wallop didn't drop Pard because Reynolds hadn't been set but he followed with a left in above the belt that brought a grunt and stopped further conversation. McGrew backed away a step to get his head clear then waded in with fists working like pistons. Reynolds swung two rights high to the head, took a jab and an uppercut in retaliation that rocked him to his heels.

He was too mad to be cautious, swung wild and his momentum carried him against a low locker bench. His shin connected violently and he went over with a crash. Back on his feet like a flash, his arms were pinioned by big Monty. Shorty Scanlon was pushing McGrew back against the wall.

"Cut the rough house stuff," Monte growled in his ear. "If you grandstanders want to battle you'll have the rest of the night after we run off the batch of sprints and you can batter your thick heads into dreamland for all I care."

"Okay," Reynolds agreed as Monty released him. "We'll finish this tonight, McGrew." Pard stood pacified and grinning at him. "But there's just one thing," Reynolds continued, "lay off the dames I saw you with out front or I might not wait."

"You mean the Bennetts, I suppose." McGrew's grin broadened. "They were afraid little Johnny might have gotten scratched but I set 'em straight—and told 'em he would if he didn't keep his beak out of other guys' business. Listen, bozo, I knew 'em when you were still pushing a wheelbarrow and for your information they are parked for the rest of the evening in my private little box on the north end—and private means hands off. See? If they'd been there a few minutes ago instead of back in the stands on your rummy comps they'd have had a close-up of you eating straw—like a jackass."

But Reynolds had his temper under control, realized that McGrew was trying to bait him, refused to take up the taunt.

"I'm glad you got 'em close, Pard," he said calmly, "because I want them to have a closeup of your map in the fifty lap main event when I show them the track's not big enough for both of us. They'll have the Gold Bug back in shape by then. I'd suggest, as a friendly tip, that you develop ignition or tire trouble or something that'll give you a good excuse to park yourself on the sidelines. A red car with a yellow hued driver isn't a good color combination."

Reynolds sauntered out the door. Monty's voice roared after him.

"Don't forget what I said about the visiting fireman's committee, big shot."

Reynolds went on, pretending not to hear, as the big gong sounded for the lineup for the next event.

At the temporary garage under one part of the stands he found that it would require about an hour to make repairs to the Gold Bug. It was the property of the Midget Association that sponsored the meet and as Reynolds was merely employed to pilot it it made little difference to him what the damage amounted to so long as the car was put in good shape again. McGrew and several of the regulars owned their own mounts and collected a bigger percentage when they won than did the drivers tooling the Association cars.

It was the last race, the main event that the boys were laying for. It carried first money of three hundred dollars plus five per cent of the gate gross.

The turnstiles must have clicked to the tune of five thousand dollars tonight so that made an additional two hundred and fifty to shoot for. Second and third place paid flat sums of two hundred and one hundred. A dozen entries would be waiting for the flag. It was good pay for a few furious minutes work if you were lucky.

Reynolds made his way to the north end, located the front box where Myrna and Jean Bennett were sitting alone, intent on the little speedsters that flashed constantly by a few yards away. The flimsy railing of the box was only the thickness of the baled straw from the



upper edge of the slightly banked curve and dirt showered up occasionally when a midget took the turn high.

He slipped into the chair beside Myrna without a word. It was a full half minute before she realized he was there. Then she turned the full benefit of blue eyes and dimpled smile on him.

"Johnny!" she exclaimed. "Johnny Reynolds, you half scared me to death when you went into those bales."

"Went into the bales?" He emphasized the "went." He tried to make his voice sound calm. It was difficult to do though with Myrna so close. "The way you say it you must think I was trying to see how much of a wallop it took to bury that yellow rocket in them."

**J**EAN BENNETT broke into the conversation from the other side of her sister.

"Perry McGrew said you might have hurt yourself not being used to that sort of thing and that he'd give you a few tips on this midget game."

"Did you say Perry McGrew?" Reynolds gulped. "Could you mean Pard McGrew will give me—ah—those tips?"

Myrna answered. "Pard on the track and in sports—Perry to his friends, though."

"Oh," Reynolds answered. "I didn't know about the friend part of it. My error. The only difference in committing murder is the type of weapon you use. Some use guns, some knives, some poison—"

"What on earth are you raving about, Johnny Reynolds?" Myrna asked with a laugh. "I'll be believing you bumped your head too hard in that crackup, although Perry said—"

"And some use midget automobiles," he continued as if he hadn't been interrupted. "And before many minutes you'll see a bug race out there that'll go down in history as the toughest, roughest, meanest dog fight this stadium ever saw—or will see."

The conversation dragged from there. Reynolds didn't want them to think he was jealous of McGrew, yet he wanted to know just where Pard fitted in the picture. The three of them

(Continued on page 124)

## Sensational BARGAINS

**Guaranteed**

**\$102.50 Model**

**NOW Only**

**\$44.90** Cash or

**On Easy Terms**

**SMALL CARRYING CHARGE**

**10 Day Trial**

**No Money Down**

Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized \$102.50 office model re-finished Underwood No. 5 for only \$44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including standard 4-row keyboard, backspacer, automatic ribbon reverse, shift-lock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and **FULLY GUARANTEED**.

**Learn Touch Typewriting**  
Complete (Home Study)  
Course of the famous  
Van Sant Speed Type-  
writing System—fully  
illustrated, easily  
learned, given during  
this offer.

**MONEY BACK  
GUARANTEE**

Send coupon for 10-day Trial  
—If you decide to keep it pay  
only \$3.00 a month until  
\$49.90 (term price) is paid.  
Limited offer—act at once.

### INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 688.

Send Underwood No. 5 (F. O. B. Chicago) at once for 10-days' trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 a month until I have paid \$49.90 (term price) in full. For quick shipment give references and occupation.

Name..... Age.....  
Address.....  
Town..... State.....

## High School Course at Home

**Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares you for entrance to college. Standard H. S. texts supplied—Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. HA58, Drexel at 50th, Chicago

## Newly Discovered Hormone Helps Men Past 40

It's a hormone used by many doctors here and abroad to strengthen impaired vigor caused by weakened glands. This hormone, together with other beneficial ingredients, is obtained in Zo-ak Tablets (Blue Box for Men—Orange Box for Women) at all good druggists. Try them uninterruptedly for one month. If you do not feel vastly improved your druggist gives you your money back. Don't accept a cheaper substitute. Zo-ak contains the genuine gland-stimulating hormone. No harmful drugs. Booklet by registered physician free. Zo-ak Co., 52 W. 45th St., N. Y.

## SOOTHE KIDNEYS with real santalwood oil

When the genito-urinary passages become irritated, don't use cheap drastic medicines. Tell your druggist you want genuine Santal Midy Capsules. Used by millions. They contain true East Indian santalwood oil.



## New SKIN ON YOUR FACE



**Visible Pimples and Blackheads, Freckles, Ugly Large Pores and Wrinkles Disappear!**

You thought this impossible, but now you can have a clear, blemish-free, new outer skin **IN 3 DAYS**. Look clean, healthy, years younger and beautiful, this new, harmless, economical way. Learn about it **FREE!**

It is all explained in a new free treatise called

**"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"**

which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address to **MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES**, Dept. 75-E, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased tell friends.

## 8 BLANK REVOLVER

**SAFE AND HARMLESS**

Ball Cartridges cannot be inserted. Shoots 22 blanks only. Construction and finish same as high-grade fire-arms. No permit required. For starting races, theatricals, training dogs, etc. 8 Shot Blank Revolvers, double action 22 cal. . . . . \$4.95

6 Shot Blank Revolvers, 22 cal. D. A., pearl stocks \$3.95

6 Shot Blank Automatic, 22 cal. jiffy ejector . . . . \$4.45

100 Blanks **FREE** with each, Extra Cartridges, per 100 . . . . . 50

\$2 Deposit required on C. O. D.'s

Badges: Private Detective, Sheriff, Special Police, Private Watchman, etc.—Nickel, 85c. Gold Plated, \$1.45.

Bargain Catalog: S&W, Colts, Rifles, Police Goods, Telescopes, Binoculars, Holsters, Belts, etc. Send 3c stamp.

LEE SALES CO., (Dept. 6X) 35 W. 32nd St., NEW YORK CITY.

## WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration . . . . . Send poems to  
Columbian Music Publishers, Dept. 30, Toronto, Can.

BECOME A SUCCESSFUL

## FINGER PRINT EXPERT

Prepare for a Thrilling Career with a splendid, steady income. Write for Free Publication and Particulars.  
**NATIONAL INSTITUTE**, Dept. E, Fremont, Nebraska

## A BABY FOR YOU?

If you are denied the blessing of a baby all your own and yearn for a baby's arms and a baby's smile do not give up hope. Just write in confidence to Mrs. Mildred Owens, Dept. Y, 532 Hanan Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and she will tell you about a simple home method that helped her after being denied 15 yrs. Many others say this had helped bless their lives. Write now and try this wonderful happiness.

## Blood-Chilling Stories

*In Every Issue of*

# THRILLING MYSTERY

**10c—At All Newsstands**

(Continued from page 123)

watched the race that was in progress in front of them.

Reynolds gritted his teeth at the manner in which McGrew threw caution to the winds when the groove was contested. He couldn't help admiring the fellow's cold, calculating nerve. He was a money driver every second. His hair trigger brain enabled him to take advantage of every opening, to sense what a competitor was going to do and beat him to it.

Of course the red Number One car that he handled so expertly played a big part in his success. It had the most remarkable acceleration out of the soft banks of the turns that Reynolds had ever witnessed. He could see that the final event wasn't going to be grabbed from McGrew so easily. Nor would Monty Mack and Shorty Scanlon and the rest of the gang that made up the dozen be taking it laying down.

For almost six hundred dollars first money those boys would throw everything they had into the meleé and it would be a case of the "devil take the hindmost."

McGrew finished in front by half a lap and running easy in the short race, coasted around an extra turn to wave at the girls in his box, looked twice when he saw Reynolds there and a grin broke out beneath his goggles. His teeth looked white against his grimy face.

Reynolds excused himself to go and see how the repairs to the Gold Bug were coming along. He didn't want to miss out in that last event. The fans were there to see him perform in that one more than in any of the others. He didn't intend to go back to the box. Pard McGrew would be sitting out this semi-final twenty-five lapper with the Bennetts and things wouldn't be any more pleasant if Reynolds butted in. Pard was resting during this semi-final for the big race, and he'd let him rest. He'd need it.

When Castor Oil Johnny wheeled his Gold Bug into the starting position he found McGrew had drawn the position on his right and Shorty Scanlon the groove, or number one place on his left, in the front line. Three other cars were in front, the other six entries drawing



second line places. While waiting for the lineup to be completed he could hear big Monty's voice somewhere behind him.

"Don't forget to watch the Castor Oil Kid," he yelled above the din of the roaring motors. "The only time he'll be in front is right now so he better look around while he can."

McGrew yelled across in front of Reynolds to Scanlon.

"Let him make a showing on the north turn. He draws feminine interest and I hope he don't eat another bale of straw or they'll think he's piggish."

The flag fell to stop McGrew's ribbing and Reynolds got the jump on the line because he was paying no attention to the jibes. No one could get Reynolds' goat at such a point in the game.

Reynolds gunned Number Three into the first turn, cut ahead of Scanlon's blue Number Eight for the groove, threw a cloud of dirt into McGrew's face on his right rear. He headed the twelve car procession into the back stretch through the cloud of blue smoke drifting across the stadium floor. His motto had always been that to be a winner all you had to do was to get in front—and stay there.

But it wasn't as simple as that in this midget game. He took the north turn without time to glance a few yards to the right at the box. As he went into the main drag Scanlon's blue speedster shot around the outside, wavered in front of him in such a way that it would be no mean job to pass. While he looked for the opening McGrew tooled his red Number One on the inside and big Monty in his shining white midget pulled alongside on his right.

They rounded the south end that way. As they barreled into the east straightaway both McGrew and Monty gunned ahead and as they passed they swerved toward each other.

Reynolds involuntarily grabbed the brake for an instant to save himself from the pinch they were applying. They were going to make him like it and he was thirty feet to the bad before he got going again and three other bugs had flashed past him besides. He wondered how many of the gang were out

(Continued on page 126)

## HARMONIOUS DEVELOPMENT of WOMEN'S BODIES

### 135

Beautiful Photographs

of Miss Bloch's pupils taken undraped, illustrating clearly the various exercises explained in the text.

Between the covers of this book is an effective system of body culture for improving your figure, and enjoying physical fitness—"an effective guide to charm, poise, beauty."

"The undraped figure was chosen for the illustrations . . . to bring out sharply the lines desired; also to bring out clearly a picture of every detail of the action. . . . To the pure in mind everything is pure and this book is meant only for the mature and serious minded."

—From Preface to 6th Edition

HYGEIA (published by the American Medical Association) says: "Excellent . . . 135 photographs . . . show clearly the action."

Price \$3 (Postage 15c extra)

5-Day Money-Back Guarantee

To get your copy promptly, mail now to

HEALTHCRAFT GUILD

Dept. 867-F, 247 West 19th Street, New York

## for MORE PAY learn From An DRAFTING ENGINEER

GET READY FOR PROSPERITY. Be ready for BIG PAY. I will train you at your home by mail on Practical Drafting until in POSITION, or prepare you for BETTER PAY on the job you have. All tools and drawing table sent at once if you enroll now. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.

ENGINEER DOBE. Div. A-417 Libertyville, Ill.

## ASTHMA

TREATMENT mailed on Free Trial. If satisfied, send \$1; if not, it's Free. Write me for your treatment today.

W. K. STERLINE, 830 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

## FOREST JOBS

available at \$125-\$175 per month, steady. Cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Qualify at once.

Get details immediately.

Rayson Service Bureau, B-56 Denver, Colo.



## STOP FOOT PAINS

by wearing these invisible, scientifically constructed OMNIPED Foot Cushions. Relieves pain instantly from weak, tired, complaining feet thru the gentle, painless, massaging action of these foot cushions. Quick and Certain Relief. Unlike other foot appliances. Try Omnipeds at our risk for a week—money back if not satisfied. Send size of shoe with currency, check, or money order. a pair

OMNIPED PRODUCTS, Dept. TF-8, 1185 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Brighter

# COLLEGE HUMOR

15c Everywhere

## FALSE TEETH



### 60 DAYS TRIAL

I have thousands of satisfied customers all over the country who could not afford to pay big prices. I have been making dental plates

for many years by mail. I guarantee you satisfaction or they do not cost you one cent, and I take your word. Teeth made especially for you personally can be tried for sixty days. In one Pennsylvania town alone, 91 people are wearing teeth made by me. They are satisfied and have saved money.

## SEND NO MONEY

My plates are very beautiful to look at and are constructed to give life-long service and satisfaction. You can look younger at once. They are made with pearly white genuine porcelain teeth. Well fitting and guaranteed unbreakable. Remember you do not send

**FREE** one cent—just your name and address, and we send free impression material and full detailed directions. Be sure to write today for my low prices and complete information. Don't put this off. Do it today.

**DR. S. B. HEININGER, D. D. S.**  
440 W. Huron St., Dept. 650, Chicago, Illinois

## PILES DON'T BE CUT

Until You Try This  
Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a **FREE** sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 421-B11 Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

## Mechanics AND HANDICRAFT

*The Magazine of*

*Science—Invention—Experiments*

**NOW ON SALE AT**

**A NEW LOW PRICE**

**10c**

*At All Stands*

(Continued from page 125)  
to get him. There would be enough of them to make it plenty hot without a doubt.

**B**UT Castor Oil Johnny had paraded the dirt and board and brick speed paths long enough to have a reputation for not taking it laying down. The Gold Bug was roaring sweetly, smoothly, and it handled almost as easily as a motorbike. Reynolds heavyfooted it, hand braked into long side slips on the turns without decreasing his motor revs, picked up on Monty and McGrew.

On the fifth lap they rifled into the west stretch together, Reynolds between them with Monty on the outside. At the south turn Reynolds knew that Monty would try and parallel him around the bank, slip the same amount as he did and cut in at the high point.

But Reynolds held his course straight ahead, didn't touch his brake until high on the bank, threw the tail of the Gold Bug around hard, tipped precariously, righted again. In that brief second Monty was helpless. There wasn't any place for him to go but straight ahead off the track, with brakes screeching. He bumped a bale of straw lightly, backed around, got on the track again a half lap to the bad.

The old "no track" game had worked with the midgets just the same as it had on the dirt circuits and a faint smile curled under Reynolds' goggles. If the boys wanted to play they picked the right guy to play with.

At the south turn on the tenth lap, car Number Twelve, a noisy green midget who hadn't cut much figure in the race, got too close to Pard McGrew on the outside of the skid, got a hub rap, rolled heavily into the bales. Young Jimmy Morton didn't know how it ended because he was unconscious when they pulled the car right side up and disentangled him from the steering wheel.

A minute later another one of the original dozen went out in a burst of blue black, stifling oil smoke as a rod went through the side of the crankcase and hot oil sprayed the track. He pulled to one side safely, hopped out of the seat in record time to avoid a scorching.

Gayer

**COLLEGE HUMOR**

15c Everywhere



At fifteen laps Reynolds, Mack, Scanlon and McGrew were still within feet of each other for first place, following the groove, pulling in and out trying to pass the man immediately in front, sometimes succeeding, other times failing.

At thirty laps only eight of the dozen were still in the mad dash—and the same four leaders were alternating their positions constantly. Reynolds was becoming wary about the north turn and the rut there. McGrew tried to force him into it time after time in the hopes that he would go out of control and have a chance of eating straw again. But Reynolds was watching that rough spot.

At forty laps the track had roughened up in a number of spots and the jostling of the tiny Gold Bug, the constant heavy vibration, was rubbing Reynold's back raw. He wished he had taken the advice of some older heads at the mid-gut whirl and had worn a tight friction shirt or been taped. He leaned more weight on the wheel, tried to keep his back from rubbing as much as possible. Another five laps passed and Reynolds saw by the scoreboard as he flashed down the stretch that he had to begin his bid for the money right then. Only a few minutes and it would be over.

The thirst for a win was on him. He thought only of the checks in that checkered flag—not of the check for the winner. The big lights above threw a bleary light through the haze of smoke, but all he needed to see was that bright red tail end of McGrew's Number One two yards ahead in the groove.

He bulleted the Gold Bug high into the south turn, leaned far to the left and threw the wheel that way. The car literally flew off the bank, cut into the inner path, bounced off a high spot and the red tail was behind him. It was a desperate chance but it worked. Ahead was Monty and Scanlon, almost lapped by McGrew and the Gold Bug. They seemed to have slowed down for the north turn, because he and McGrew, now side by side picked up on them.

He saw then what he was up against—a pocket. The pair were going to pocket him while Pard slipped Number (Continued on page 128)

## MONEY AND A BIKE!



BOYS, 12 to 15: a streamlined aluminum bicycle for you! Fully equipped; flashy, sturdy, a pip! Three hundred other prizes, including watches, clothing, movie, typewriter. Earn what you want. Make money, besides. It's easy! Just obtain customers in your neighborhood and deliver our magazines to them. Need not interfere with school or play. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. Get the jump on your chums. To start on the road to money and prizes right away, write to—

Jim Thayer, Dept. 725  
The Crowell Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio



## Rheumatism

Relieve  
Pain In 9  
Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your worst pain in nine minutes or your money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

## ECZEMA

is not a skin disease, says Dr. Hoermann, well-known Milwaukee Eczema specialist. If you have Eczema, sometimes called salt rheum, weeping eczema, milk crust, scald head, moist tetter, write for book of little-known facts **FREE**. Also learn about Dr. Hoermann's simple home treatment which has produced amazing results in his private practice. Dr. Rud. Hoermann, Inc., Suite 362, 2200 N. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

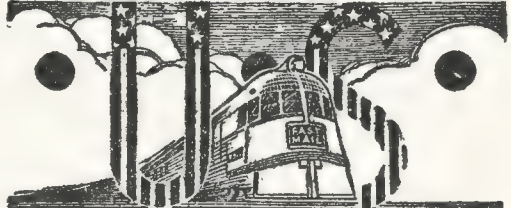
## RAISE GIANT FROGS

FREE  
BOOK



Easy to Start! Market Waiting! Use small pond to begin. Expand with the increase. Easy to ship. Other markets waiting also. Men & Women starting in every state. See what others are already doing. Send for free frog book explaining unusual offer to beginners. American Frog Canning Co. (Dept. 106-H) New Orleans, La.

## WORK FOR THE



## GOVERNMENT

START \$1260 to  
\$2100 YEAR

MEN—  
WOMEN  
Mail Coupon  
Today  
SURE.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE  
Dept. C269, Rochester, N. Y.  
Sirs: Rush without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs. (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.  
Name.....  
Address.....

**How to Get a Well-Paid**

# Hotel Position

**GOOD PAY  
FASCINATING WORK  
LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS**

- Hostess
- Manager
- Asst. Mgr.
- Cashier
- Housekeeper

Previous experience proved unnecessary with unique, low-cost, home-training plan. Salaries up to \$1,500 to \$5,000 yearly. National Placement Service FREE of extra cost—opportunities everywhere in hotels, clubs, restaurants, etc. FREE BOOK gives facts, secrets of getting into this fascinating field NOW! Send this ad with name and address for your copy—no obligation. (Check position in which you are interested)

**LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS**  
Room PG-959 Washington, D. C.

## FREE AUTOMOBILE FOR B.P.A. REPRESENTATIVES

Big cash commissions every month for agents selling new kind of low cost family group life insurance. Also Free Deluxe Ford, Chevrolet or Plymouth to all agents who make good. No previous experience necessary—simple to sell. If you want to own a car and make money write today to Benefit Protective Association of America, 105 Hall Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## DO YOU LACK VITALITY ENERGY

Do you feel tired, weak, run down, irritable? Do you suffer from indigestion, constipation? Many of these ailments are often due to a weak run-down condition. Send at once for a free 15-day treatment of Dr. Rainey's V-Tal Tablets (a \$1.00 supply), also Dr. Rainey's splendid laxatives (25c size).

**15 Days Supply  
FREE**

Just send 10c to cover postage, packing and handling charges.

**The Rainey Drug Co., Inc.**  
108 West Lake Street  
Dept. A-218, Chicago, Ill.

## Prostate Sufferers

Prostate gland acute or chronic, rheumatism, kidney and bladder sufferers send for free trial package, amazing results. Endorsed by doctors.  
**PROSTEX COMPANY, Dept. 31, Miami, Oklahoma.**

# POPULAR WESTERN

**NOW 10c AT ALL STANDS**

(Continued from page 127)

One around the upper edge and into the lead with two laps to go. The old teamwork was working to perfection.

Reynolds tried to edge McGrew to the outside, to get in position to cut at an outside angle through on Monty's right and shove McGrew over and off the track unless he braked. But the red car had the pickup, flashed by with a tremendous burst of speed, went high into the turn.

Reynolds followed in his wake, circled the pocketing pair, and was in the open but in second place with a little over a lap before the scrap would end.

But Monty and Scanlon didn't fare so well. They had been watching Reynolds so closely that one after another they hit the bottom of the north hole, caromed off the track against the bales. They hit them broadside, knocked them around like building blocks, came back on the track. Monty pulled out of the way with a bent wheel. Scanlon speeded after the leaders.

**B**OUNDING the south turn McGrew and Reynolds passed the five contenders still in the race but two laps behind. The whole group went into the stretch in a bunch. McGrew held his lead with Reynolds hanging on like grim death a car length behind. The north turn had taken on an entirely different appearance after Monty and Scanlon had put on their performance. Bales had bounced in all directions, hit the side wall of the stadium, rolled back onto the track. The danger of trying to roll them off the path of the whizzing little demons kept the guards back at a safe distance.

Reynolds was watching the red belching exhaust of McGrew's car, a scant length in front, a length to gain—with seconds to do it in. And it was right then that Pard McGrew let egotism get the upper hand. In his mind the race was in the bag. Half a lap to go—him out in front. Why nobody on earth could get around him—because he wouldn't let them pass even if they had the speed.

Pard saw the girls directly ahead in his box, lifted his hand for a fraction of a second to throw a kiss in their gen-

Better

# COLLEGE HUMOR

15c Everywhere



Reynolds rode across the line alone, the winner. McGrew pulled across ten seconds later with the cheers of "straw spreader" ringing in his ears, ran the midget to the side, crawled laboriously from the seat. Reynolds made an ex-

# GUARANTEED TIRES!

## FREE!

### LANTERN

With Every  
2 Tires ordered



**World's Lowest  
TIRE PRICES**

Tire users by the  
thousands all over  
the U.S.A. vouch for  
the Long Hand Service  
of our Standard  
Brand tires recondi-  
tioned with high grade  
materials and latest  
methods by our tire  
experts. Our 21  
years experience  
makes it possible to  
offer tires at lowest prices, with legal  
agreement to replace at 1/2 price any  
tire that falls to give 12 Mo. Service.



## EVERY TIRE GUARANTEED!

### REGULAR CARRY TIRES

#### BALLOON TIRES

| Size       | Rim    | Tires  | Trucks |
|------------|--------|--------|--------|
| 29x4.40-21 | \$2.15 | \$0.85 |        |
| 29x4.50-20 | 2.35   | .85    |        |
| 29x4.50-21 | 2.35   | .85    |        |
| 29x4.75-19 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-20 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-21 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-22 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-23 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-24 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-25 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-26 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-27 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-28 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-29 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-30 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-31 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-32 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-33 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-34 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-35 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-36 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-37 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-38 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-39 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-40 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-41 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-42 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-43 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-44 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-45 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-46 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-47 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-48 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-49 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-50 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-51 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-52 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-53 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-54 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-55 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-56 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-57 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-58 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-59 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-60 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-61 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-62 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-63 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-64 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-65 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-66 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-67 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-68 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-69 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-70 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-71 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-72 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-73 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-74 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-75 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-76 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-77 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-78 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-79 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-80 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-81 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-82 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-83 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-84 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-85 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-86 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-87 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-88 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-89 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-90 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-91 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-92 | 2.55   | .95    |        |
| 29x4.75-93 |        |        |        |

But Pard McGrew was in no mood for an argument. He just grinned over Jean Bennett's shoulder.



# DO YOU JUST DREAM OF FAT PAY ENVELOPES?



DREAMING is a grand pastime but it will never add a single dollar to your pay envelope. The truth is, the only safe way to get more money is to deserve more money! You will never be surprised in the pay envelope unless you surprise somebody on the job. TRAINING (you can acquire it through spare-time study of an I. C. S. Course) is the answer! This coupon is the first step.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 3269-J, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X: ★

- |                                                                 |                                                                        |                                                                              |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES</b>                         |                                                                        |                                                                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman                | <input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaker                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating <input type="checkbox"/> Ventilation        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineer                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Electric Engineer                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman                          | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Management of Inventions               | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker  | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Locomotives                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signalmen |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Electric and Gas              | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints                | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanic                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals               | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping                               |
| <b>BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES</b>                                |                                                                        |                                                                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship                        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work                              | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College Subjects                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish                                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy                            | <input type="checkbox"/> French                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accountant                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                                  |
| <b>DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES</b>                                 |                                                                        |                                                                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Dressmaking                          | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery                                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking and Designing |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering         |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Foods and Cookery                                   |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer                                     |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge and Building Foreman                         |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry                                           |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy                                            |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining                                         |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Foreman <input type="checkbox"/> Fire Bombs    |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                                          |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing                                |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Woollen Manufacturing                               |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture                                         |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing                                       |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming                                     |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects                               |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects                                |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory                                 |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating                                        |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning                                          |
|                                                                 |                                                                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards <input type="checkbox"/> Signs |

Name.....Age.....Address.....

City.....State.....Present Position.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada







# STOP <sup>THAT</sup> ITCHING AND SCRATCHING



According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28 at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

There are many other names given to this disease, but you can easily tell if you have it.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

## FOOT-ITCH (ATHLETE'S FOOT)

### Send Coupon-Don't Pay till Relieved

#### Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

It has been said that this disease originated in the trenches, so some people call it Trench Foot. Whatever name you give it, however, the thing to do is to get rid of it as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

#### Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows that it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the infected skin and works its way deep into the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

#### Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.



#### H. F. Sent on FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know that you will be glad to send us \$1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

Mail *this Coupon*

CORE PRODUCTS, INC.,  
890 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....